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SPECIAL PICTORIAL:
FRANK HERBERT ON THE FILMING OF DUNE

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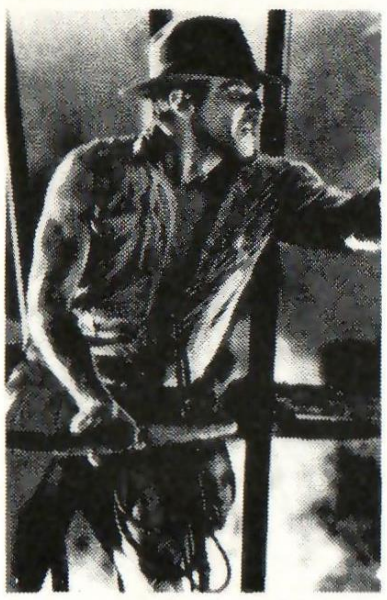
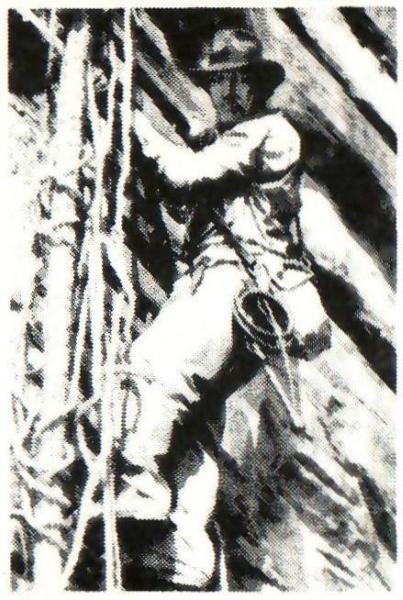


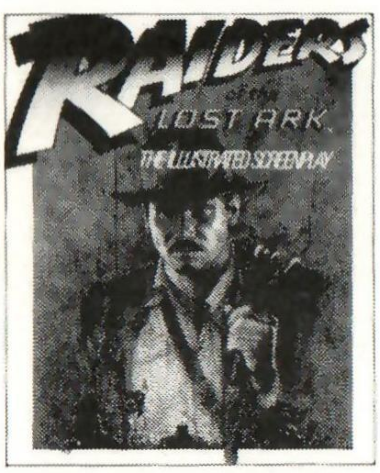
INDY

Indiana Jones Poster Set spotlights *four fantastic images of Harrison Ford* as the whip-wielding adventurer who blazed a new path to cinematic action. *All four* full-color posters at the *lowest price available anywhere.* $10.00 for the set! **Temple of Doom Poster Book** reproduces the best portraits and scenes from the new film in *full-color images* to delight every Indy fanatic! $1.95.



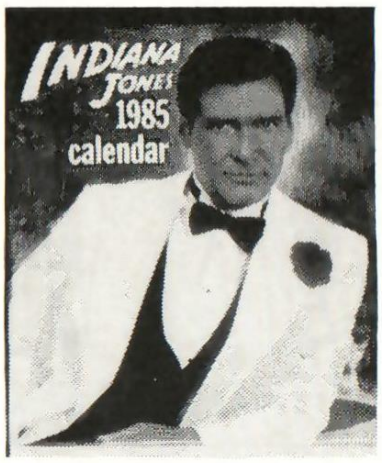
INTO THE WORLD OF ACTION AND HIGH ADVENTURE

Raiders of the Lost Ark: The Illustrated Screenplay is a magnificent shot-by-shot script of Indiana Jones' first pulse-pounding adventure. The high-quality, oversized book features *120 action-packed pages and more than 200 storyboard illustrations* from the film. The big volume also reproduces the *Raiders* poster on its cover, and a special introduction by director Steven Spielberg. $6.95.

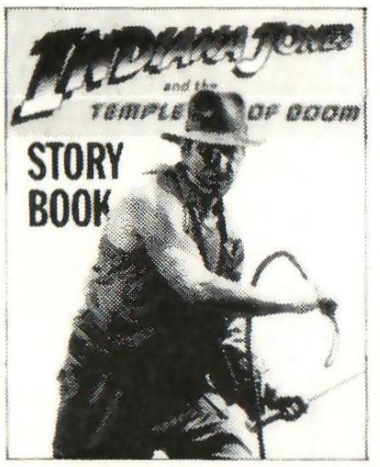


Temple of Doom Collectors Edition captures the *complete behind-the-scenes story* of Indiana Jones' new daredevil thriller. Candid commentary from the stars and the filmmakers—including a special Steven Spielberg interview—cover every whip-cracking minute of the movie, from the streets of Shanghai to the bandit-ridden plains of India. Packed with *full-color photos and art.* Only $3.50.

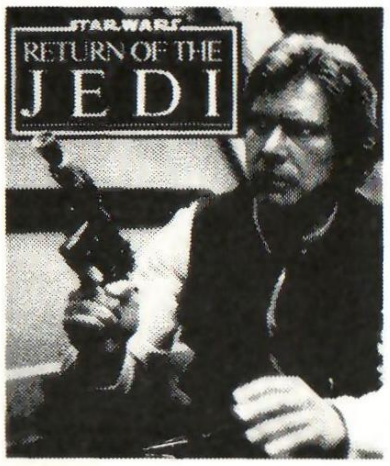
Temple of Doom Calendar features a full year's worth of high-powered excitement in the thundering Indiana Jones tradition. Portraits of Harrison Ford as the world's most famous archeologist will make every day a real cliff-hanger for fans and followers of Indy's exploits. No waiting in line, no bad seats—*just twelve months of furious action in fabulous full-color fotos.* Great! $5.95.

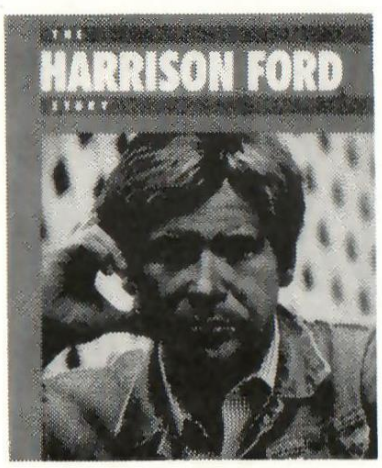


Temple of Doom Storybook is a quality volume which recounts Indiana Jones' latest pulse-pounding adventure. Almost *100 spectacular full-color photos* from the film bring the action vividly to life. $6.95. **Temple of Doom Digest** spotlights another version of the new Indy epic, and features *50 extraordinary images of Harrison Ford and friends* in blazing full-color. Available at $3.95.

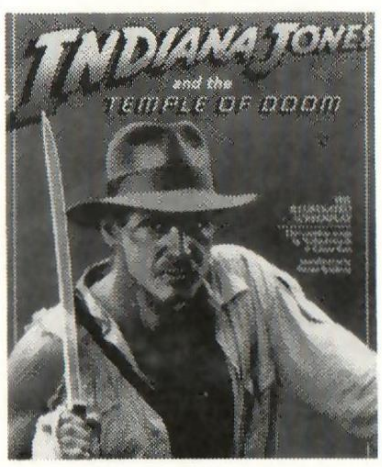


Return of the Jedi Poster Books focus on Harrison Ford and his Star Wars friends in the final adventure of the epic trilogy. Each book showcases a wealth of full-color photos, set designs, behind-the-scenes shots, as well as exclusive interviews. *Opening to a staggering 22x32" in size,* this *set of four* out-of-print poster treasures are available for $10. See Order Form under STAR WARS.

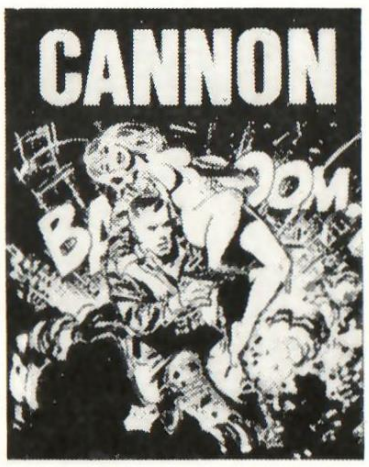




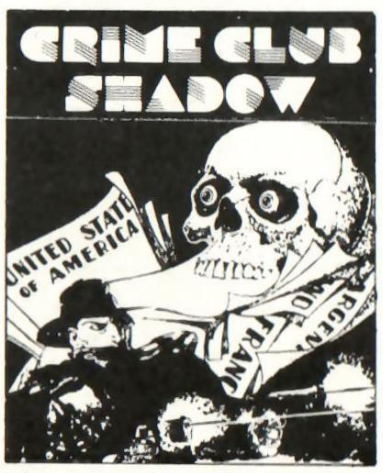
The Harrison Ford Story is a fact and foto-filled album focusing on the actor who brought Han Solo and Indiana Jones to life—and *the man behind the image.* The hefty, oversized format is packed with pictures and portraits—*many in full pages*—stories and quotes, as it follows the superstar from childhood to the *Temple of Doom.* A revealing, intimate biography. Great reading! $7.95.



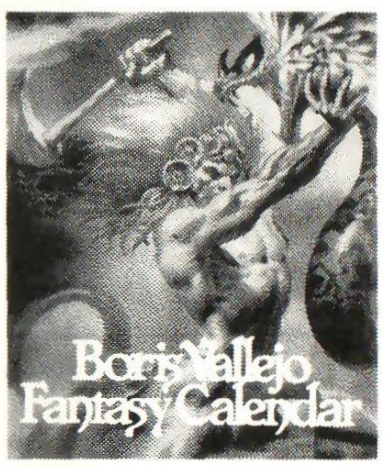
The Illustrated Temple of Doom Screenplay is a big 9x12" volume packed with excitement and adventure in the whip-cracking Indiana Jones tradition. The *complete screenplay* is visualized with full-color stills, live action and special fx storyboards, costume drawings, production paintings, set sketches and blueprints, behind-the-scenes photos—and *illustrations by Steven Spielberg.* $17.95.



Cannon is the sensational super-saga of an American trouble-shooter who pits his strength and skill against international assassins and sex-charged secret agents. Drawn by Wally Wood, these *action-packed 10x12" comic volumes* are riddled with explosive and violent adventures that match the human fighting machine with the deadliest terrorists. See WALLACE WOOD on Order Form.



The Crime Club Shadow volumes each feature two thrilling pulp novels in hardback. Long out of print, these volumes are in short supply. Book 2 contains *The Freak Show Murders* and *A Quarter of Eight*—$17.50. Book 3 features *The Mother Goose Murders* and *Crime Over Casco;* Book 4 retells *Jade Dragon* and *The House of Ghosts:* each for $15.00. See Order Form under THE SHADOW!



Boris 1985 Fantasy Calendar features *thirteen explosively heroic paintings* by the new master of fantasy illustration. From legend and myth to science fiction and sword & sorcery, each outstanding example is reproduced *larger than 12x12" in vibrant color* —including a *double-sized centerspread poster pin-up.* A year's worth of spectacular action-packed visuals. Always a sell-out at $6.95.

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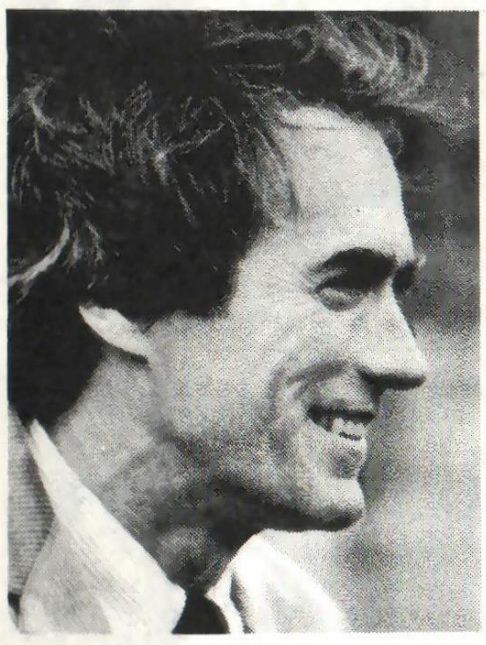
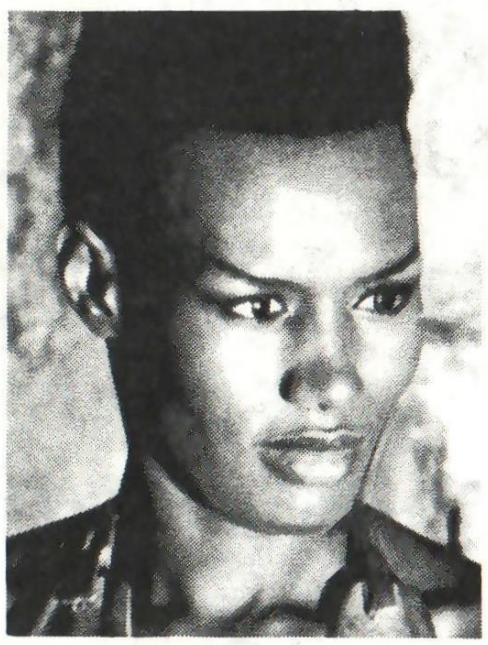
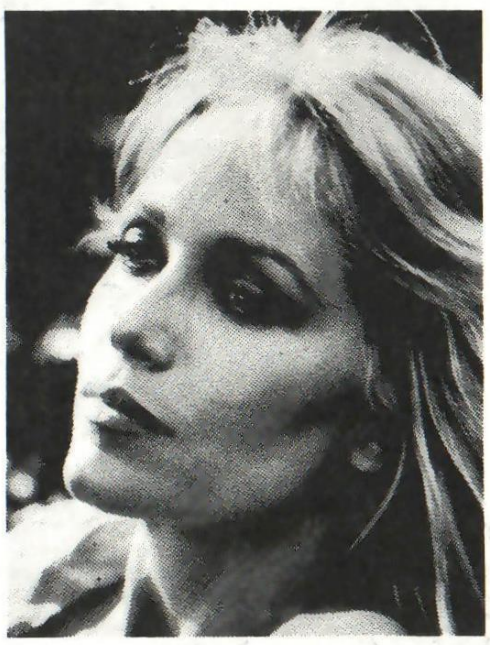
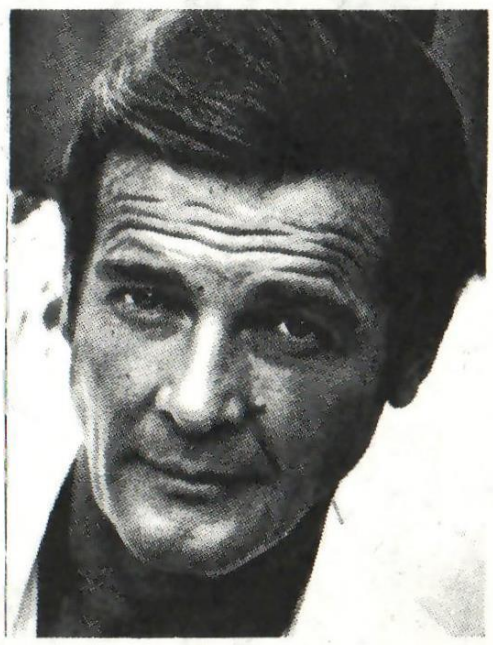
PREVUE

MEDIASCENE PREVUE 57 VOLUME 2 NUMBER 17 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1984

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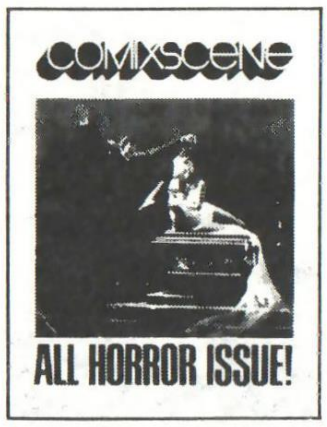
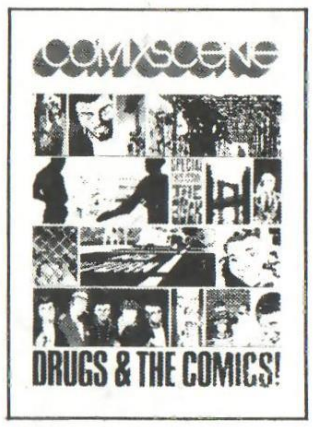


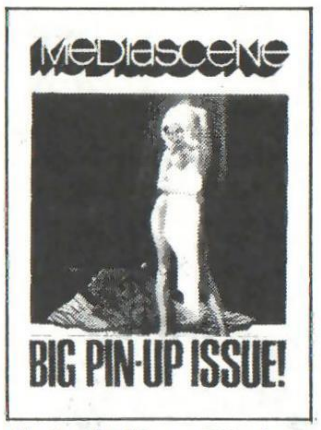
No. 3—Horror Comics, from EC to Marvel, with dozens of cover illustrations. An analysis of the Classic Terror Pulps, and a look into the undergrounds. The color centerspread is a 48-panel experimental comic story without words, by Steranko.



No.4—*The Block*, an original anti-drug comic by Steranko is reproduced, in addition to its development and educational history in schools. A historical perspective on comics' role as social commentary is also featured. More news, views, reviews.

No. 6—An exploration of the Edgar Rice Burroughs heroes. A detailed survey of the Mars novels features a double-page color map and plot chronology, with paperback art and full-page renditions of the characters. The Burroughs pulp history is covered, featuring rare cover and interior illustrations. Loaded with never-before-told stories and news on all the Burroughs heroes.

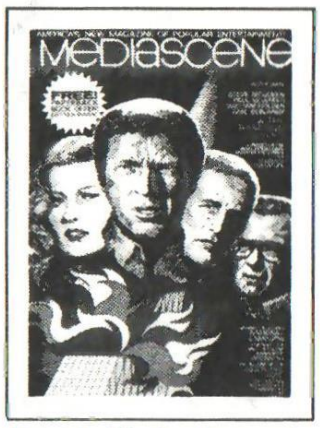
No. 7—First issue to incorporate new title MEDIASCENE. An explosive, provocative interview with Don Pendleton, creator of the *Executioner* paperbacks. A concise review of Clint Eastwood's career. An insider's look at contemporary crime fiction, plus a gallery of detective pulp covers. Centerspread painting of the cinematic Bogart, and cover art by Steranko.



No. 8—The Pin-up Girls, from 1900 to today, from magazines to film. Outstanding examples of pin-up art by Vargas, Petty, McGinnis, Ward, Wood, Caniff and more. Color cover and centerspread painting of Marilyn Monroe by Steranko. Film, paperbacks, comic news.

No. 9—Focus on heroes, from films to comics. Director John Boorman discusses *Zardoz* and its star, Sean Connery. Special photo coverage of the *Doc Savage* movie, *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, and *The Three Musketeers.* Full-page poster map of Tarzan's Africa, and centerspread color painting of Talon by Steranko. Plus reports on paperback series heroes and a comics update.

No. 10—Double-sized Science Fiction Spectacular features SF on TV. *Planet of the Apes* series reviewed. Illustrated *Flash Gordon* coverage. Sexy, Sizzling, Starslamming SF pulps, The Fantastic EC Comics. *Six Million Dollar Man* color centerspread by Mike Hinge. Rare Al Williamson fantasy strip. Full-page space hero poster by Steranko. Cover painting by Wally Wood.



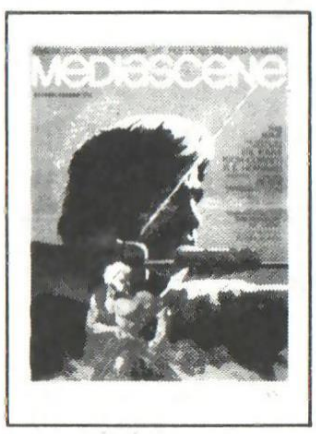
No. 11—Charles Bronson's career in a photo report. The disaster films profiled. Inside *National Lampoon.* Leigh Brackett on science fiction and *Planet Stories.* Return of the pulp heroes. Color centerspread by Steranko. Plus science fiction and film news.

No. 12—Making of *Godfather 2.* Photo history of the Bond films. Roger Moore in *Gold.* A history of screen gangsters. Feature and color centerspread of Lenny Bruce by Steranko. *Murder on the Orient Express. Mad* artist Mort Drucker profiled. Books and comics news.

No. 13—Redford in *The Great Waldo Pepper.* The multi-media career of Sherlock Holmes, with a color centerspread by Steranko. *The Phantom of Paradise.* Reports on *Shampoo, Stepford Wives, At Long Last Love, Billy Jack.* Paperbacks, films, science fiction, comics.

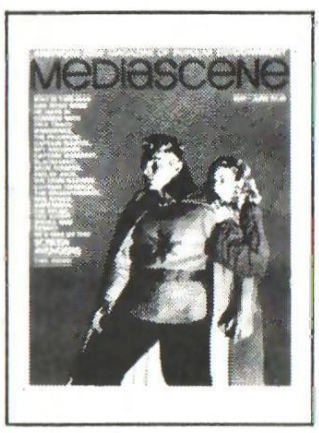
No. 14—Preview of *The Eiger Sanction* with Clint Eastwood. Photo reports on *Tommy, Funny Lady, Prisoner of Second Avenue, Steppenwolf, Mandingo* and *Rosebud.* Detailed examination of the Great Pulp Heroes, with a brief history and their careers and cover gallery. Color centerspread and cover paintings of The Shadow by Steranko. Plus paperbacks and comics news.

No. 15—The first in the new two-section, 36-page size. Reports on *Rollerball, Space 1999* and *Jaws.* Forgotten heroes of Robert E. Howard. Vaughn Bode's incredible last testament on his work and philosophy. Lavishly illustrated profile of Barry Windsor-Smith. Perspective on Neal Adam's work. Full-page art by Smith, Adams, Kirby, Bode and Steranko. Film news.



No. 16—The swashbuckler parody *Royal Flash. Mad* artist Jack Davis profiled. Walter Gibson talks about writing The Shadow pulps. Illustrated interview with Berni Wrightson. Corben's *Bloodstar*, Gil Kane's *Flame Horse.* Vaughn Bode recalled. Film news.

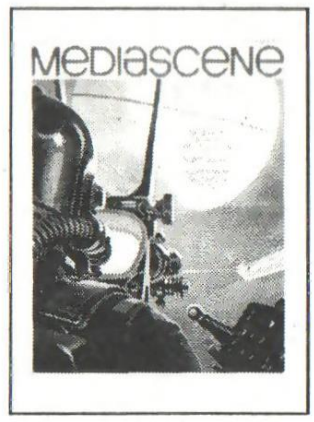
No. 18—Hitchcock's *The Family Plot.* Capsule reports on *Taxi Driver* and others. "How I Paint the Shadow" by Steranko. Origin and centerspread poster of Steranko's private eye, Chandler. The 50 rarest pulps. Pulp heroes gallery. The Shadow in comics. More!



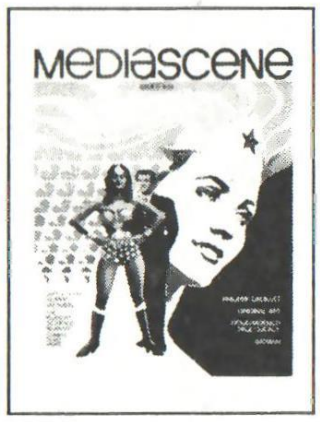
No. 19—Giant history of the Screen Avengers, with almost 50 rare photos from the movie serials, some printed poster size. Behind-the-scenes with *Flash Gordon, Blackhawk, Batman, Captain Marvel, Superman* and more. Color centerspread *Dick Tracy* serial poster.

No. 20—A Sword &Sorcery Spectacular. A photo retrospective on fifty years of fantastic films. Robert E. Howard's "How I Created Conan." Detailed look into the *First Kingdom* saga of Jack Katz, including a map and numerous illustrations. Tolkien. Wally Wood's *Wizard King.* Full-page Conan poster by Windsor-Smith, color cover by Adams, centerspread by Steranko.

No. 21—Animation Special. A lavishly illustrated history from *Little Nemo* to *Fritz the Cat.* Photos of the great animators, with a special focus on Chuck Jones, Bob Clampett, Jay Ward and Walt Disney. Exclusive coverage of the aborted *John Carter* cartoons of the '40s. Color centerspread of the Warner Bros. characters. Plus the *King Kong* remake and film news.



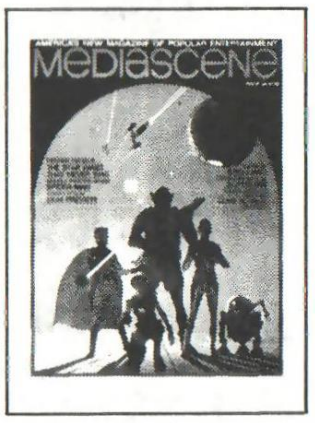
No. 22—Very first *Star Wars* coverage anywhere! Special 3-part feature with extensive production and storyboard material, plus cover and centerspread. *King Kong* poster paintings. Ralph Bakshi's *Wizards*. Supermen in the Cinema. Film news, more.



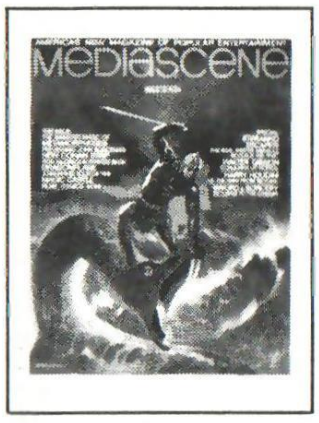
No. 23—Lynda Carter, Lindsay Wagner, *Charlie's Angels* and other Super Women of TV are profiled. The weird visions of Philippe Druillet, including a color centerspread. Collecting pop art. Full-page Batman poster by Steranko. Comics update.

No. 24—Heroic Fantasy in Films. Photo-filled report on *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger* includes a color cover painted by Steranko. An interview with Conan, in his own words from the novels. Color centerspread and fully illustrated profile on artist Alfredo Alcala. The sexy sirens who portray Red Sonja. Full-page barbarian art by Nebres and Steranko. Comics, experimental rock film report.

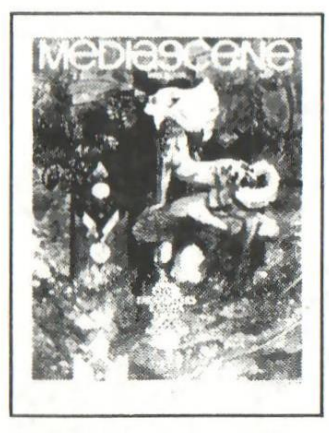
No. 25—Funny Animals, from a gallery of Frazetta funnies to Steve Gerber's insightful essay on writing *Howard the Duck*. Full-page photo portrait of Carl Barks, and a retrospective on his Duck tales. Preview and full-color poster of the animated *Allegro Non Troppo*. George Chastain's incomparable paintings of the screen legend Barrymore Duck. Plus comics and film news.



No. 26—Behind the scenes with *Star Wars* material not in the film, and never-before-seen art. Very first *Close Encounters* story. Christopher Reeve talks about *Superman.* Philippe Druillet's *Lone Sloan* on film, *The Hulk* TV series and a color *Star Wars* centerspread.



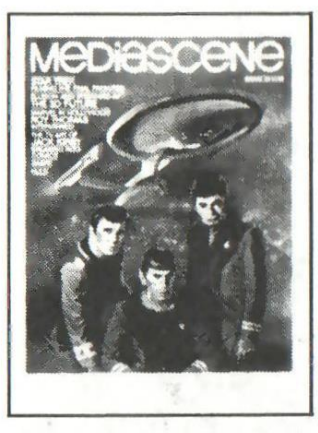
No. 27—The return of the sword-and-sorcery film. The animated magic of *Metamorphosis*, with a color centerspread poster. Steranko's secrets as an escape artist. *Dragonflame. Conan* newspaper strip. Walter Gibson's Norgil. Cover by Steranko.



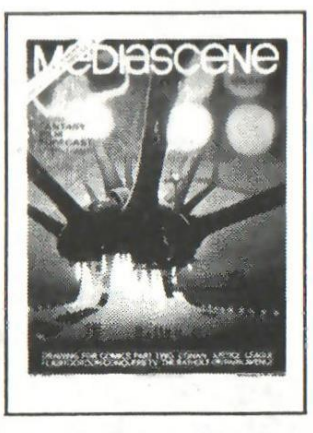
No. 28—The making of *Close Encounters*, with full-page poster by Hinge. Detailed exploration of fantasy art, its moods and subjects. Graphic version of *The Prisoner* by Kirby. Complete three-page story by Wood. Fantasy cover painting by Kaluta.

No. 29—The Making of *Galactica*, packed with production art by Ralph McQuarrie and Joe Johnstone. Caroline Munro in *Starcrash*. The Untold Story of *Superman* with photos not in the film. Twice as much color as before! Film previews, media, comics.

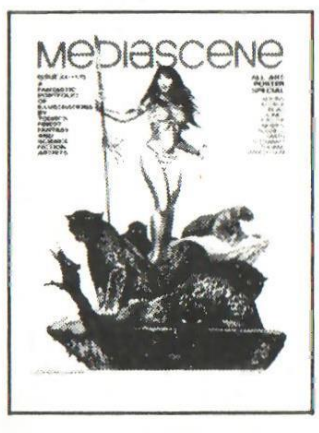
No. 30—*Star Wars* follow-up with news of the sequel and an exhaustive Ralph McQuarrie interview featuring his original design for *Close Encounters'* mothership as a poster centerspread. Also, 13 color McQuarrie paintings from *Galactica.*



No. 31—Photo report on *Star Trek the Movie.* Bringing comics to Saturday morning TV, with art by Kirby. Steranko's extensive guide on breaking into comics. *The Illustrated Ellison.* Color centerspread of the Hulk. Color Star Trek cover. Comics, news, more.



No. 32—Fantasy Film Projects including *Brainstorm, Odysea, Blake's Seven, Conan, Alien, The Silent Flute*, many others. *Meteor* centerspread. Flash Gordon Conquers TV, packed with storyboards, paintings and models. Drawing action figures by Steranko.



No. 33—An *All-Art Poster Issue* with 23 full pages of fantasy drawings by Steranko, Dan Adkins, Alfredo Alcala, Marcus Boas, Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta, Rudy Nebres, Craig Russell, Barry Smith, Berni Wrightson and Frank Thorne. Two big sections.

SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER BACK ISSUES

EDITORIAL: WHO ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN THE CREDITS, AND WHAT DID THEY DO TO GET THERE?

If you're like most viewers who read this magazine, there's a good chance you make an extra effort to get to the theater or turn on the set in "BC" (Before Credits) time. I don't blame you, because watching a movie without credits is like eating a salad without dressing. Nonetheless, I've discovered that, though audiences seem hypnotized while the cast and crew names roll by, comprehension is less than reading a cereal box at breakfast.

The reason is simple: except for the actors, most filmgoers only have a vague idea of what the credits really refer to, or how the people listed on screen actually create the finished product.

Perhaps I can help clear up the mystery, or at least disperse a few cloudy areas by qualifying and defining filmmakers' jobs and titles. I'll begin at the top, with the person at the heart of the production, the man—or woman—to whom everyone else answers:

THE PRODUCER. Why he's called by this title, no one seems to know, because he doesn't actually produce anything—except perhaps a few ulcers (he's more than likely to get a few, however!). It would be more appropriate if he was called The Organizer because he generally develops the project, finds the financing, makes the deal, selects the key personnel and oversees the making of the film. Although he places much of the creative aspects in the hands of others, the success or failure of the effort ultimately rests on his shoulders.

Due to the power of the position, it is not uncommon for stars (Clint Eastwood, Kirk Douglas, Sylvester Stallone, Robert Redford), writers (William Peter Blatty, John Lewis Carlino, James Brooks) or directors (Robert Aldrich, Peter Bogdanovich, Brian DePalma, George Lucas) to produce their own films. Executive Producers usually take care of paper business from their offices; Line Producers handle the day-to-day problems "in the trenches" with the other filmmakers; Associate Producers undertake the problems between.

THE DIRECTOR. Creative power rests in the hands of this individual, whose influence extends from scriptwriting and casting to design approval and editing (except on smaller, less expensive films). He makes the decisions about how scenes will be shot, often how actors will play in them, and whether the action was sufficient or will have to be re-shot with additional "takes."

Some directors (Alfred Hitchcock, Ridley Scott) create "storyboards"—a series of drawings detailing the positions of the elements and the movement of the actors and cameras—during pre-production, and use them as tight blueprints while actually shooting. Other directors (John Huston, Walter Hill) deign their use, preferring instead spontaneous "on the set" innovation.

They also vary widely in their handling of actors. Certain directors (Sam Fuller, Taylor Hackford) know precisely what they want from a scene, and will "block out" the cast's movement, delivery and nuances in detail. Others (Robert Altman, Orson Welles) prefer to give their actors free rein, which often results in a fresh, spontaneous performance. Most directors work midway between the two attitudes.

Assistant Directors carry out their "chief's" instructions, and insure that cast, crew and equipment are ready when he needs them. Some directors (Steven Spielberg, Stanley Kubrick, Francis Ford Coppola) have become bigger boxoffice names—and draws—than the stars with which they work.

THE CINEMATOGRAPHER. Contrary to popular belief, he does not "shoot film" behind a camera. His position might best be titled "lighting technican" or "director of photography." Regardless of screen credit, he is, next to the director, the production's most important craftsman. It is his job to *light the sets,* creating an array of atmospheres which enhance the impact of scenes, sets and performances. Mysterious, romantic, frightening or calm lighting will heighten the drama enormously without an audience's awareness.

Some classic examples of a cinematographer's art may be seen in such B&W films as **Citizen Kane** (Gregg Toland), **Casablanca** (Arthur Edeson), **The Killers** (Woody Bredell) and **Touch of Evil** (Russell Metty), and in color pictures such as **Gone With the Wind** (Ernest Haller), **To Catch a Thief** (Robert Burks), **Ben Hur** (Robert Surtees) and **Black Narcissus** (Jack Cardiff).

Vastly underrated by both critics and fans, cinematographers often have more influence on the "look" of a film than any other single contributor.

At least four other assistants are necessary in the cinematographer's crew: the camera operator (he actually sits behind it), the focus-puller (he adjusts the lenses), the clapper/loader (he wields the clapperboard and loads film into the camera), and the grip (he pushes the camera when movement is necessary).

While we're in the neighborhood, here's the SOUND CREW: the Sound Mixer is responsible for recording the actor's voices on the set, the Boom Operator moves the microphone where necessary, while a Sound Maintenance Engineer and a Sound Assistant work at the recording equipment.

The ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT, which handles everything run by live current or batteries, is managed by the Gaffer, whose assistant is known as the Best Boy. The Key Grip doubles in several areas, between camera crew and construction. The Cinematographer and the Gaffer work quite closely in placing the lights above, behind, in front and often into the sets, which are the responsibility of the Art Department.

THE PRODUCTION DESIGNER. The enormous task of overseeing the creation of sets, costumes and props belongs to the man behind this title (the screen credit, incidentally, is decided on a film-by-film basis in a vote by the Art Directors guild—all PDs are ADs, but not all ADs are PDs. The credit depends on the extent of the individual's contribution and the difficulty of the job: a historical film, for example is more demanding than a contemporary picture).

Because he is involved in purchasing material, approving ideas and supervising the construction of sets and costumes, the PD is often more an administrator than a creator. THE ART DIRECTOR and his staff are responsible for actually developing the film's design work. THE SET DECORATOR and COSTUME DESIGNER are usually under the PD's surveillance. Ironically, the better an Art Director becomes (with escalating pay rate and reputation), the *less* designing he does.

Still, many PDs are responsible for the visual impact of their projects. William Cameron Menzies (**The Thief of Bagdad**, **Shape of Things to Come**, **Gone With the Wind**), Ken Adam (**Goldfinger**, **Thunderball**, **You Only Live Twice**) and Dean Tavoularis (**The Godfather I** and **II**, **Little Big Man**, **Apocalypse Now**) are among those who qualify.

THE FILM EDITOR. As the technician who assembles individual scenes shot each day ("dailies"), he constructs the final print which will subsequently be processed for sound dubbing and musical scoring. The Editor works very closely with the Director (except in minor films and many TV productions), who generally decides which scenes will be used and how they will be "cut" together for maximum effect. Experienced Editors are often skilled storytellers whose suggestions and work can strengthen—and sometimes, save—weak footage.

On major films, Producers, Directors and Editors can, at times, create their own *separate* "cuts" (different versions of the same film) to determine which plays best.

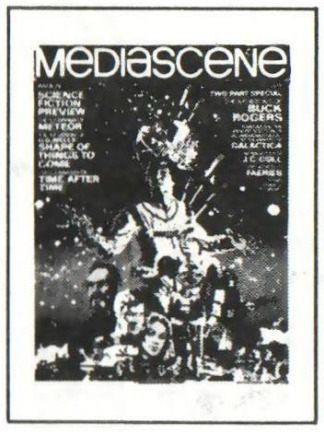
Many other screen credits—such as SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR and HAIRDRESSER—are self-explanatory.

Now that you know what it's all about, look for your favorites and sharpen your cinematic sensibilities by discovering the tricks and techniques that are the filmmakers' trademarks (keep in mind that many of their efforts overlap). With a little practice, you can become the trivia movie champion in your block!

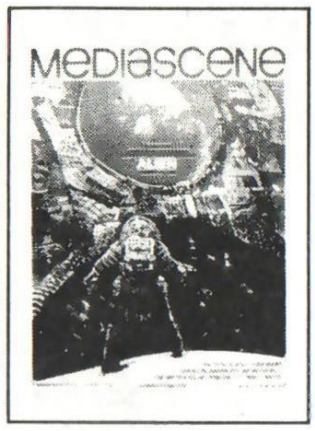
As they say on the set, "it's a wrap!"

Until next time, stay well. ★

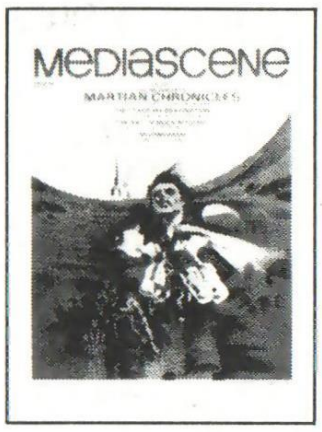
STERANKO



No. 34—Behind the scenes on the *Buck Rogers* film, with exclusive photos, color cover and centerspread by Steranko. Photo features on *Time After Time*, *Meteor*, *Shape of Things to Come*. Fantastic Art of Joseph Clement Coll. The World of Faeries. More.

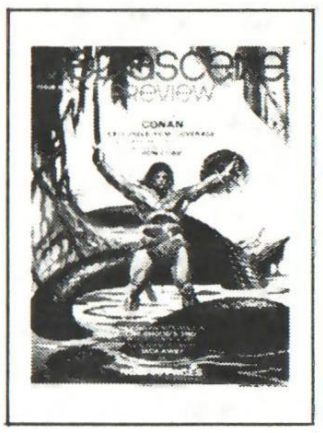


No. 35—The most complete coverage of *Alien* in any magazine, featuring 74 examples of art and photos, interviews, with the filmmakers and writer Dan O'Bannon. The Syndicated Star Wars. Russ Manning. Shogun Warriors on TV. The Brothers Hildebrandt.

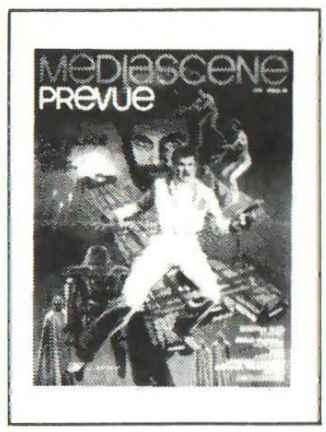


No. 36—Photo preview of *Moonraker*. Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* TV adaptation, plus bonus comics version. Alfred Bester interviewed on *The Stars My Destination*. William Stout's *Buck Rogers* production art. Cover art by Steranko.

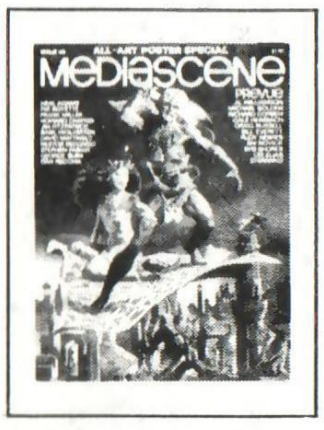
No. 37—The Classic Pin-up Girls of the Comics, from Blondie to Torchy, featuring a giant color centerspread by Bill Ward. A fabulous foto-filled Caroline Munro pictorial. *Star Trek: The Film*. Exploring the *Rocky Horror* phenomenon, lots of rare photos.



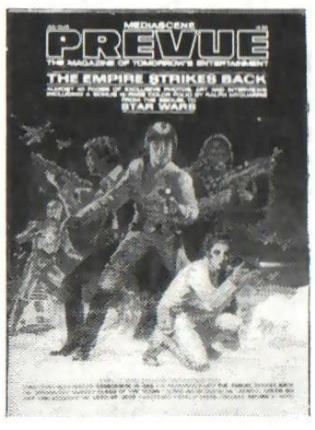
No. 38—First coverage of the *Conan* film anywhere. Illustrated interviews with art director Ron Cobb and storyboard artist William Stout. Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood End* to film. The Futuristic Art of Syd Mead. Color cover and centerspread Conan paintings.



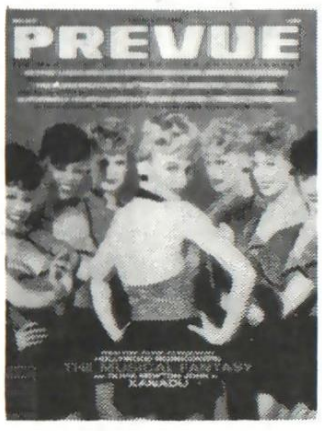
No. 39—Exclusive 3-part pictorial coverage of *The Black Hole*, with production paintings by Peter Ellenshaw and an interview with director Gary Nelson. Illustrated history of *Dr. Who*. Michael Moorcock's visual novel *Swords of Heaven*. Craig Russell interviewed.



No. 40—Another *All-Art Poster Issue*, packed with rare and new full-page illustrations by Neal Adams, Frank Miller, Al Williamson, Craig Russell, Richard Corben, Rudy Nebres, Howard Chaykin, Nestor Redondo, Mike Golden, Mattingly, George Bush and Steranko.



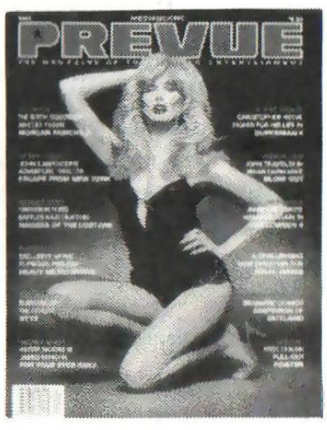
No. 41—Big 100-page magazine format with wraparound cover by Steranko and 40 pages on *The Empire Strikes Back*, plus bonus portfolio book. George Lucas on the Star Wars saga. *Lord of Light* film project. Ray Harryhausen. *Somewhere in Time*. More.



No. 42—Exclusive George Lucas and Gary Kurtz interviews. Behind the scenes on *Empire Strikes Back*. Richard Chamberlain in *Shogun*. *Blues Brothers* director John Landis. *The Man With Bogart's Face*. New Harlan Ellison story. *Flash Gordon* storyboards.

No. 43—*Raiders of the Lost Ark* production art poster book by Steranko. Interviews with directors John Carpenter, David Cronenberg, Joe Dante, Oliver Stone. Frank Oz and Yoda. *Popeye*. *Lone Ranger*. *Flash Gordon*. Two 20-page bonus books.

No. 44—Jane Seymour interview. *Conan*. *Outland*. *Excalibur*. *Time Bandits*. *Dragonslayer*. Fantastic animation preview insert book. Python Terry Gilliam. *Heavy Metal*. *Warp*. *Masada*. *Forever War* project. Martial arts bestseller *The Ninja*. More films.

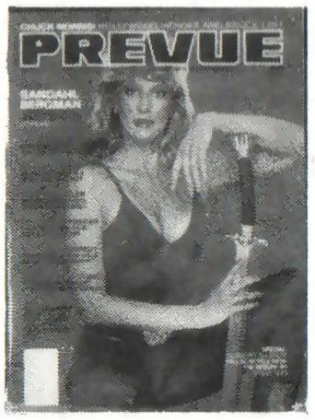


No. 45—Harrison Ford interviewed on *Raiders*. Morgan Fairchild. *Superman II*. Jamie Lee Curtis interview. *For Your Eyes Only*. *Escape From New York*. *Blow Out*. Soul Man Isaac Hayes. 80-page *Heavy Metal* Movie Flipbook bonus. Pull-out movie poster. More.

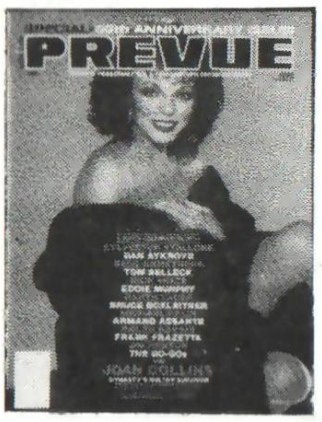
No. 46—Special Bo Derek interview and pictorial, Steven Spielberg on *Raiders*, The Making of *Conan* in color, *Blade Runner*, *Annie*, *Tattoo*, *McVicar*, Nancy Allen profiled, *Shock Treatment*, John Landis interview on *American Werewolf*. More!

No. 47—Exclusive illustrated Arnold Schwarzenegger *Conan* interview, The Art of *Blade Runner*, Debbie Harry in *Videodrome*, Stephen King's future films and books, *Creepshow*, *Deathtrap*, *The Challenge*, *Marco Polo*, *Death Wish 2*, Wallace Wood, more.

No. 48—The Making of *Blade Runner*, exclusive interview with *Conan* director John Milius, Inside *Tron*, Chasing *The Road Warrior*, Clint Eastwood, Steve Martin, Dolly Parton, Richard Brooks, Arnold Schwarzenegger, fantastic Sybil Danning pictorial.



No. 49—Richard Gere in *Officer and A Gentleman*. Chuck Norris. Charlton Heston. *Hammett*. *Blade Runner*. *Beastmaster*. *Gold Monkey*. Sandahl Bergman interviewed. Sting. Robert Bloch on *Psycho II*. Henry Winkler. Michelle Pfeiffer pictorial. More.



No. 50—Dan Aykroyd, Joan Collins in intimate interviews. *First Blood*, *48 HRS.*, making of *High Road to China*. *Return of the Jedi* paintings. Frazetta and Bakshi's *Fire and Ice*. *Dark Crystal* pictorial. Armand Assante in *I, The Jury*. *Bring 'Em Back Alive*. The Go-Go's.

No. 51—Exclusive interviews with Debbie Harry, Clint Eastwood, Bruce Dern. Richard Chamberlain on*The Thorn Birds*. Selleck in *High Road to China*. Sam Elliott as Travis McGee. *Wizards and Warriors*, *Psycho 2*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Winds of War*. The Stray Cats, more.

No. 52—Double-length *Return of the Jedi* feature with exclusive director interview. Sean Connery returns as James Bond. Roger Moore. *Krull*. *Spacehunter*. Monty Python's *Meaning of Life*, Hal Needham feature. *Man From UNCLE*.

No. 53—Mark Hamill bids farewell to the Force in a final double-length interview. Loni Anderson pictorial profile. *Dune*. *Jaws 3-D*. *Yellowbeard*. Maud Adams and the making of *Octopussy*. Mr. T talks tough. Phoebe Cates. Terry Jones. Nicholas Meyer. More.

BACK ISSUES: WHILE THEY LAST!

Many back issues of **PREVUE** and **MEDIASCENE** are almost out of stock. *Our supply is limited*, and available only while they last on a first-come, first-served basis.

All of the interviews, features and previews published in the magazine over the years were created exclusively for the issues in which they ran, and *will not be reprinted*. Many of the photos, paintings, production illustrations and diagrams have *never* been published in other periodicals or books. Many early issues explored offbeat and outrageous media phenomenon, from pulps to pin-ups.

Every back issue is packed from cover to cover with award-winning graphics on the most interesting and innovative of the seven lively arts. *Dynamic page layouts* and *striking typography* underscored revealing confrontations with the world's hottest stars, directors, writers, artists and musicians.

Many back issues feature *super-special bonus formats* such as extra insert books, giant double foldout posters, movie flipbooks, full-color art portfolios and pull-out action posters. They remain readable and collectible to all media lovers.

SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER BACK ISSUES

FIGURING THE TOP TEN

So few movie magazines have the credibility and comprehensive quality of **PREVUE**, so I thought I'd ask if you knew the Top Ten All-Time Films and their boxoffice figures.

Dale Watanabe
Gardena CA

There are many barometers by which to measure cinema success, Dale. For example, because today's ticket prices are so much higher than those of other years, a modest hit now at $4 per admission will gross in dollars much more than a 1973 film with TWICE the audience at $1.75. Foreign and TV rentals also change the order of a movie's financial strength. Another factor would be the cost of MAKING a picture against its bottom line revenue: **Cleopatra**, *for instance, totalled $26 million in boxoffice receipts during its initial release in 1963. Although its ticket gross was among the highest of the year, compared to the $44 million it cost to make, the picture was a staggering flop.*

But, we'll give you a starting point with the following list which has an adjusted inflation factor to relate to today's dollar. The boxoffice gross is in millions, and represents the film's initial release period.

1 **Gone with the Wind** *(1939) $180*
2 **Star Wars** *(1977) $181*
3 **The Sound of Music** *(1965) $180*
4 **The Ten Commandments** *(1956) $171*
5 **Jaws** *(1975) $151*
6 **Ben Hur** *(1959) $146*
7 **The Godfather** *(1972) $128*
8 **Around the World in 80 Days** *(1956) $110*
9 **Dr. Zhivago** *(1966) $107*
10 **Grease** *(1978) $103*

WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT!

Over the past few years, I've been through so many trends and fads, you couldn't count them on your fingers and toes. And **PREVUE** has always been there, from **Star Wars** to **Monty Python**. I had to write to thank you for keeping me up to date, and for your recent coverage of **Ghostbusters** (my latest and, perhaps, final fad). It was a fantastic feature about a fantastic film—and I learned more reading it on these pages than anywhere else.

Amy Peterson
Makanda IL

We try hard to keep a journalistic headlock on what's hot. Last issue's **Temple of Doom/Gremlins/Ghostbusters** *parlay seems to indicate that we're on target.*

THE PERILS OF LAURENE

I'm a real fan of Laurene Landon—ever since I saw her in **All the Marbles**—and I was shocked to read in **PREVUE** 56 how badly she was treated during the filming of **Hundra**. She could have been killed making that scene on the cliff! Talk about physical abuse of women!! Are moviemakers going too far?

Francis Lee Partin, Jr.
Louisville KY

Of course, always have and always will. People will inevitably risk their reputations, fortunes and even their lives in pursuit of fame, wealth, power and the realization of a personal vision. Laurene's stunt work on **Marbles** *and* **Hundra**, *however, was ultimately her decision, not the filmmakers. Whether she's super courageous or just plain crazy is, perhaps, a matter of opinion. There is no doubt, however, about her determination and dedication—and* **PREVUE** *will continue to cover her colorful career.*

Incidentally, her latest picture, **Yellowhair and the Pecos Kid**, *pits the actress in a quest for gold against a Mexican general—and showcases more of her comedic talents than have been seen previously on screen. No release date has been set yet according to our information, but keep an eye on your local listings just in case.*

IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE THAT COUNTS!

I don't know how you do it! Every issue of **PREVUE** is better than the one before it, but issue 56 really topped them all. Your selection of films was right on the nose, and the features were written with so much factual detail, there was no need to go anywhere else.

I had a subscription to **Coming Attractions, The Movies** and **Starlog** (the first two magazines apparently went out of business and kept my money), but **PREVUE** is the only film publication I still get because its quality and content give me the most value for my dollars. Let me explain. I actually counted the photographs in the new issue, and was blown away by what I discovered: in addition to the cover, I counted 104 FULL-COLOR PICTURES—including five full and double-page images—plus an ADDITIONAL 54 B&W photos! Then I counted the photos in the other mags and realized how short they were by comparison.

Putting the books side-by-side, I became aware of how cluttered and boring the others were visually, while **PREVUE**'s layout always makes the most of the photos. I like pictures—and you always give me more *than two or three others mags combined.*

Like I said before, I don't know how you do it. All I know is, I plan on subscribing as long as you keep publishing.

Michael Hartman
Minneapolis MN

It's a deal, Mike. Sometimes even we don't know how we do it, but 12 years of practice must mean something. It's true that **PREVUE** *runs more photos—and especially color images—than almost every other newsstand magazine. It's a very expensive situation that cuts deeply into our budget, but we want to go first-class all the way. Unlike many other magazines, we do not fill our pages just to throw another issue on sale as fast as possible. We take great pride in our work, and care for the material as much as you do. That takes a lot of time, effort and money, but letters like yours make it all worthwhile.*

WE CAN'T WAIT, EITHER!

Thanks a million for your great interview and photo layout of Laurene Landon in **PREVUE** 56. I only hope Hollywood learns how to use her talent better than they have been. With actresses like her, Daryl (**Splash**) Hannah and Michelle (**Blame It On Rio**) Johnson, male movie fans will have a great time with tomorrow's films. By the way, how about a feature with Michelle?

Alain Mirren
New York City NY

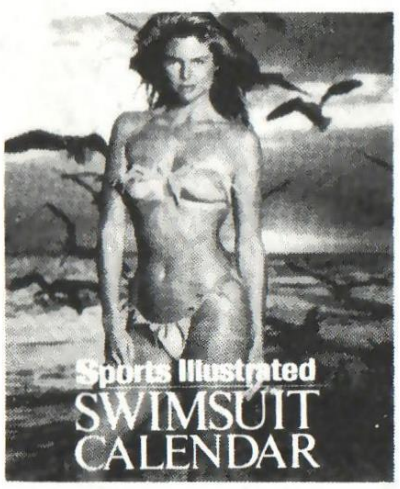
It's all right with us if it's all right with you. We'll try to focus the **PREVUE** *spotlight on her as she makes her next few projects. In the meantime, check out our Shelley Long story next issue, plus Stacy Keach as Mike Hammer; John Carpenter's* **Starman**; *David Lynch on directing* **Dune**; *Tom Selleck's new thriller and a preview of the hottest Christmas films.* ★

FLASH!

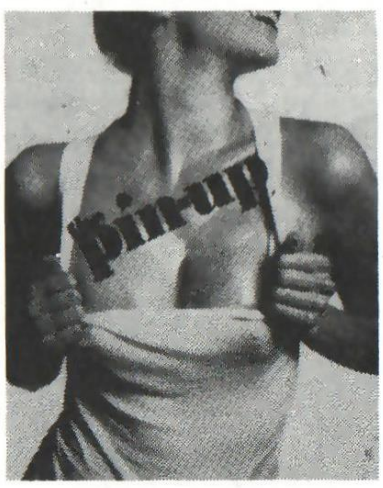
History of the Pin-Up is the definitive words and pictures study of the most sexational curves since Adam saw Eve! *The massive 274-page oversized volume features more than 500 illustrations*, with 50 in full-color, of cheesecake cuties and naked nymphs. A sizzling selection of the best photos and art from calendars, girlie magazines, posters and films. An out-of-print book *in limited quantity*. $14.95.

OUTSTANDING CELEBRITY AND CINEMA BOOKS

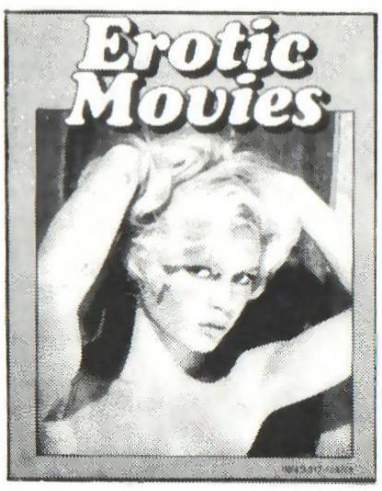
The Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Calendar offers a sizzling series of photos *too hot for the magazines!* Slinky, sexy and seductive, these twelve full-color 15x15" panoramic pin-ups capture the bikinied beauties in lush tropic backgrounds that fuse flesh and fantasy. The special 1982 version showcases *Christie Brinkley!* Out of print 1982, 1983, 1984 editions, plus the new 1985 available at $9.95 ea.



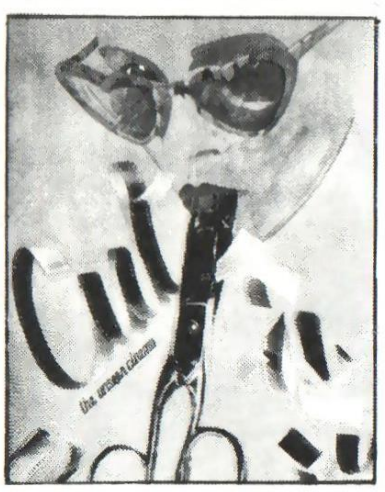
The Pin-Up is an outstanding collection of *full-page photographs* chosen for their sexual impact. The large 9 x 12" format showcases stars, models and celebrities such as Linda Ronstadt, Cheryl Tiegs, Cher, Patty Hansen, Donna Summer and others, including male sex symbols. Packed with hot images, full-color and B&W throughout. A great book at the right price. Only $6.95.



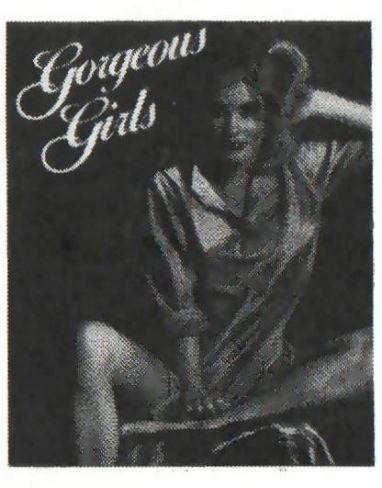
Erotic Movies features sex, sirens and sin on the silver screen. From Jayne Mansfield's cleavage to Sophia Loren's nude scenes, from the naked nymphs of biblical epics to the X-rated exploits of Linda Lovelace, *the history of celluloid eroticism is revealed in a colorful words and pictures study* which ranges from raw to ribald. A 140 page bargain, now only $6.95.

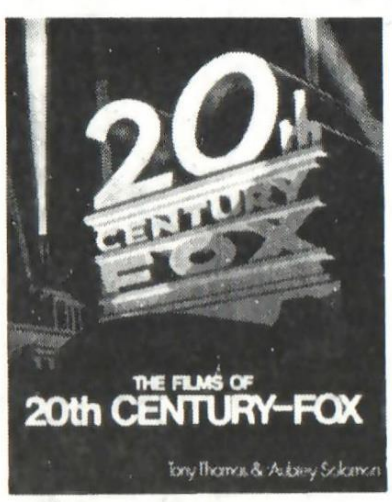


Cut: The Unseen Cinema focuses on provocative, powerful and possibly pornographic scenes that never made it into (or were edited out of) some of the best and worst films ever made. *Almost 200 photos reveal censored scenes* of celluloid nudity, violence, transvestism, drugs, homosexuality, horror, sadism, sex and worse, a fascinating history of condemned footage. $5.95

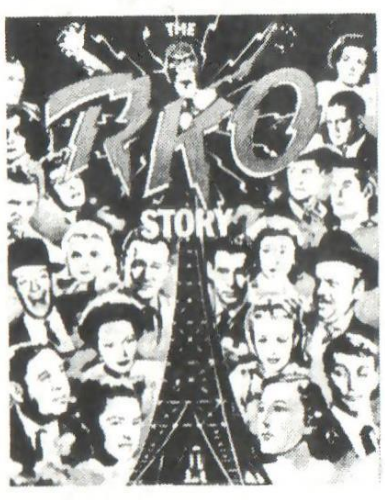


Gorgeous Girls 1985 Calendar features a full year's worth of feminine forms guaranteed to delight the eye—and the libido—of the beholder. A sizzling full-color gallery of beautiful and bountiful pin-up girls posed provocatively *in bikinis, lace lingerie and less* is reproduced in a stunning, high-quality 12x12" format. With pictures like this, could 1985 be so bad? Last year's best seller! Available at $6.95.

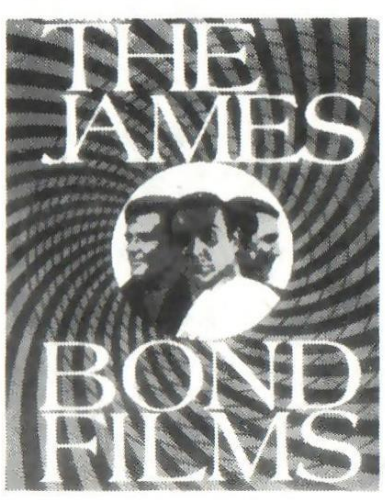




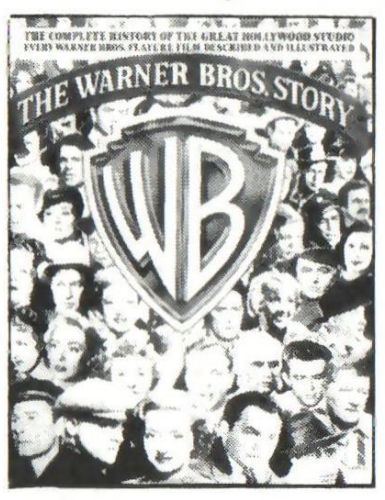
The Films of 20th Century-Fox is a mammoth pictorial history of the studio which stamped its special brand of magic on a myriad of cinematic masterpieces, from *Lloyds of London* to *Star Wars*. In 464 huge 9 × 12" pages, every Fox film ever made is detailed with cast, crew, synopsis and history—and illustrated with *hundreds of rare stills* culled from the studio's archives. Great reference work. $29.95.



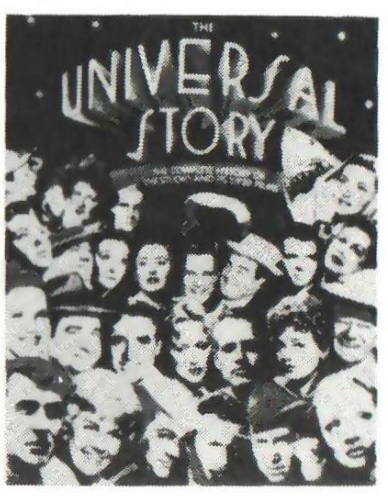
The RKO Story features a comprehensive record of one of Hollywood's most creative and controversial movie studios. The big 9¼x12½" book covers 30 years of filmmaking *with 1,051 motion pictures fully described and illustrated.* Over 1,100 photos depict the behind-the-scenes stories about the studio which made *King Kong, The Informer, Citizen Kane* and others. Now only $24.95.



The James Bond Films is the last word on the cinematic adventures of superspy 007. The complete celluloid saga is recorded in a dossier that includes *over 160 photos*—many never before published. Author Steve Rubin conducted *almost 70 interviews* of Bond's actors, writers, producers, technicians and stunt men, amassing a data-packed file to please every Bond fan. $8.95.



The Warner Bros. Story chronicles the development of the motion picture studio from 1918 to the present. Every film made under the Warner banner—including *The Jazz Singer, Public Enemy, Casablanca, 42nd Street, All the President's Men, My Fair Lady* and *Superman*—is described and illustrated with *more than 1800 photos.* Originally published at $30.00, now only $24.95.



The Universal Story is a mammoth history of a colorful and prolific studio which created an avalanche of laughs, tears and shudders for over 70 years. Only a volume this huge *(9½x13" and over an inch thick!)* could chart the course of the operation's development and provide plot synopses, criticisms, major cast and crew credits, and running times of 2,641 films—*plus 1,200 photos.* Only $24.95.

SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **MOVIE/MUSIC/TV BOOKS, PIN-UP BOOKS** AND **NEW PRODUCTS**

BOOK MARKS

The Citadel of the Autarch
By Gene Wolfe
Pocket Books $3.50 paperback

The fourth and final volume of **The Book of the New Sun** has appeared on the fantasy horizon like a comet on a starless night.

Severain first appeared in **The Shadow of the Torturer** (winner of 1982's Best Fantasy Novel of the Year). As a member of the Guild of Seekers for Truth and Penitence, he meted out punishment directed by the Autarch, the autocratic ruler of his civilization. Yet, when he betrays the sacred trust, he is banished for his sins.

In **The Claw of the Conciliator**, he journeys to the land of his exile, accompanied by a giant, a mountebank and a troupe of actors. Together, they discover the secret history of their world with the aid of a fabulous magical gem. **The Sword of the Lictor** took Severain to his destination and thrust him into mortal combat against staggering odds with the realization that he could not fulfill his dream.

The concluding book follows the Torturer as he unravels the riddle of his origin, the path of his existence and his ultimate destiny which culminates in the prophesied formation of the New Sun.

Wolfe's odyssey into the far future is as powerful, philosophical and poetic as Homer's heroic classic. His strength, vision and scale may make it equally enduring. The dawn of the **New Sun** will not be easily eclipsed. JS

Pay Dirt and Other Whispering Sands Stories of Gold Fever and the Western Desert
By Erle Stanley Gardner
Morrow $15.95 hardcover

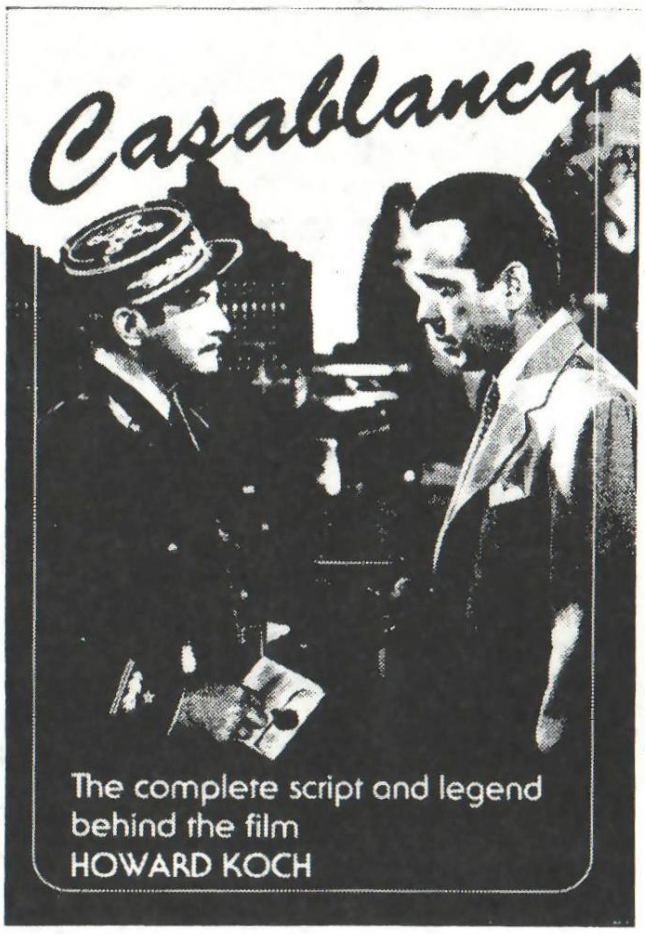
In nine thundering tales of the Old West, one of the world's best-selling authors spins yarns of grizzled prospectors, greedy greenhorns and gold fever in the Painted Desert.

Although most famous for creating infallible attorney/sleuth Perry Mason, Erle Stanley Gardner's desert stories reflect his true passion. The author/lawyer/humanitarian knew the settings he describes intimately from his extensive traveling and camping in the Southwest. His voice in the *Whispering Sands* adventures is prospector Bob Zane, a hard-bitten realist who digs for buried gold, outwits outlaws, rescues distraught damsels and evades poisonous alkali springs while delivering an occasional sand-encrusted gem of wisdom. But, even at his most philosophical, the gritty desert rat keeps one hand on his gun. With rugged descriptions of wilderness survival that rival Jack London's prose for their intensely brutal realism, Gardner evokes a powerful picture of desert dangers.

First published in **Argosy** between 1931 and 1934, the *Whispering Sands* stories revive the rip-roaring romance of western lore. Armchair adventurers panning for entertainment will find **Pay Dirt** a mother lode of fictional gold. BS

Casablanca
By Howard Koch
The Overlook Press $15.95 hardcover

"Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine!"



When Rick Blaine uttered those famous words in 1943, none of the filmmakers realized how enduring they would be to critics and viewers alike. Although the passionate jigsaw of Rick, Ilsa, Laszlo and Renault was assembled into one of the cinema's classic adventure/romances, few students of film know that their exploits in the French Moroccan saloon were puzzled together without a finished script at hand.

Howard Koch, one of the film's screenwriters, has created a behind-the-scenes overview of the film, which, in addition to the complete script, a series of evocative images from the film and analysis, reviews and other data make it a definitive book about a definitive film. Besides the volume's solid proof that Bogart did not say, "Play it again, Sam," all the great hard-edged lines and touching moments are captured for Casablancaphiles and others who have a soft spot for real entertainment.

An evening in **Casablanca** will prompt an old nostalgic toast, "Here's lookin' at you, kid."

Tapping the Source
By Kem Nunn
Delacorte Press $14.95 hardcover

Deserted by the sister he idolized, Ike Tucker thinks he is doomed to spend his whole life in the nowhere desert town of San Arco, nursing his aged grandmother and a wheezy Sears Roebuck cooler with equal care. It is only the arrival of a stranger in a white Camaro bearing news of Ellen's mysterious disappearance that prompts the 18-year-old to go in search of his missing sibling.

Armed with three names and his life's savings, Ike heads for Huntington Beach, the last place Ellen was seen. He knows a tough trio of surfers took his sister to Mexico—and that they returned *alone*. He locates them, and, while gaining their confidence, is drawn into their world—the seamy underside of the California dream.

A haunting portrayal of a young boy's journey into manhood, Kem Nunn's first novel is a chilling search for identity among those who have tapped the source—and tapped out. PR

Trouble in Bugland
By William Kotzwinkle
David R. Godine, Publisher, Inc.
$12.95 hardcover

There's villainy afoot!

Holmes and Watson race through foggy London alleys in hot pursuit, their only guide, the Master's infallible antennae.

Antennae?

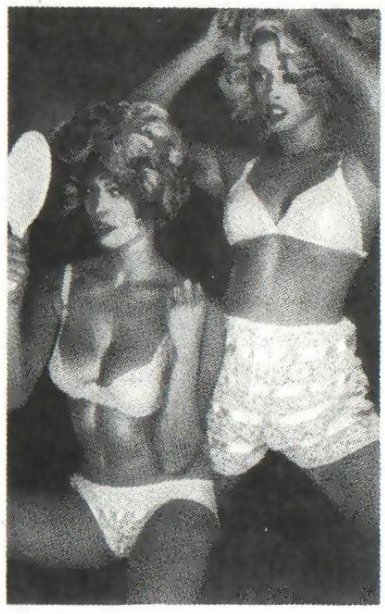
A slight twist is evident in William Kotzwinkle's latest genteel satire. Sherlock is a praying mantis. Watson is a grasshopper. Bugland replaces London. Flea Street, that famous reporters' domain, runs through the center of town in this brilliat and original homage to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Five tales of fast-paced insect investigation lead Inspector Mantis and Doctor Hopper through city streets, across raging seas and into exotic lands as they molt and bolt, stumbling aross cocoons and clues up to their compound eyes.

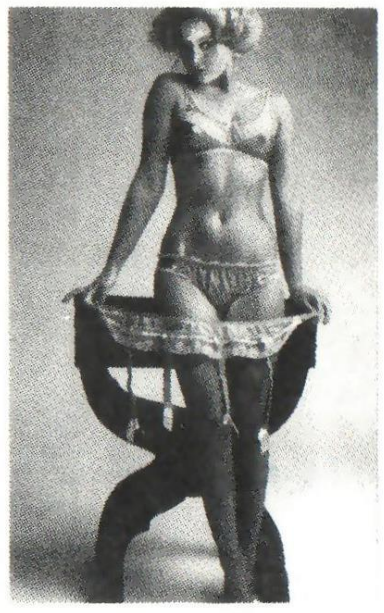
Fifty Joe Servello illustrations (ten in full color) depicting the amiable arthropods in their incredible adventures lend a dimension of Victorian life to the high-flying, skin-crawling suspense.

So, don your deerstalker and light the gasogene. The solution is elementary, my dear Watson. BDS ✦

LACE

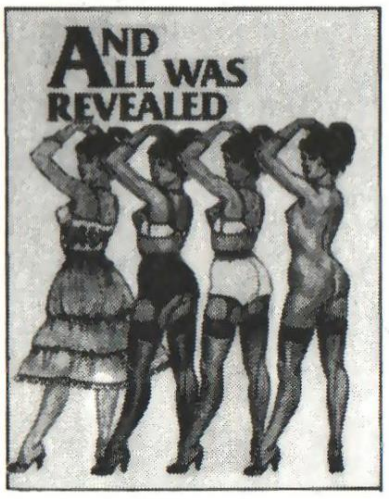
Chastity in Focus is an exquisite showcase focusing exclusively on satin, lace, silk and skin—the erotic fascination with women's underwear. *More than 235 sizzling photos in color and B&W*—many in full and double-page spreads illustrate this superb 9x12" hardbound volume. One of the most extravagant and sensual lingerie books in our line, produced in Europe. Beautiful, kinky, sexy, sweet, hot! $30.00.



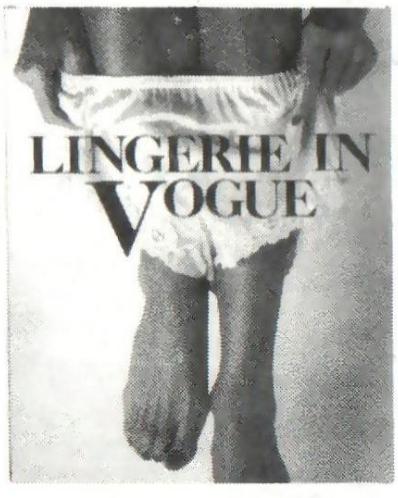


A PROVOCATIVE SELECTION OF PIN-UP BOOKS

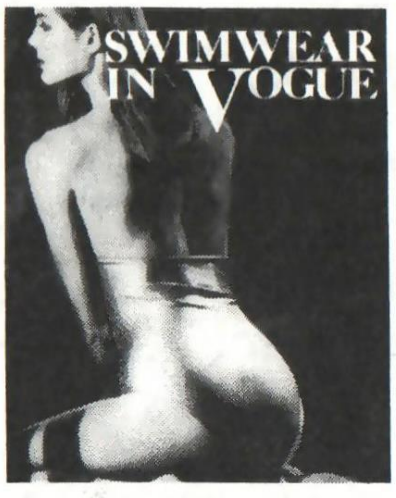
And All Was Revealed is a witty, watchful and wonderous witness to milady's underwear from the turn of the century's tightest corsets to today's sexiest see-thru body stockings. Every mystery is neatly uncovered in this nifty hardbound volume which highlights *a full-color illustration on every page*. From silk stockings to waist cinches, all is in full view. $8.95.



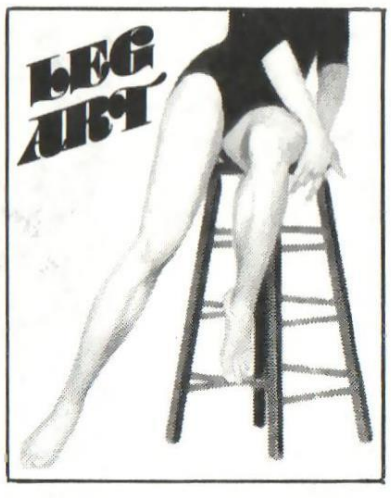
Lingerie in Vogue traces the pictorial history of women's underwear, as revealed in the pages of the leading fashion magazine for the past 70 years. From the practical to the exotic, the secrets of milady's most personal wardrobe are bared in *140 reproductions* (many in full color), envisioned by the world's top photographers. Sensual, sweet, sexy, saucy. $9.95.



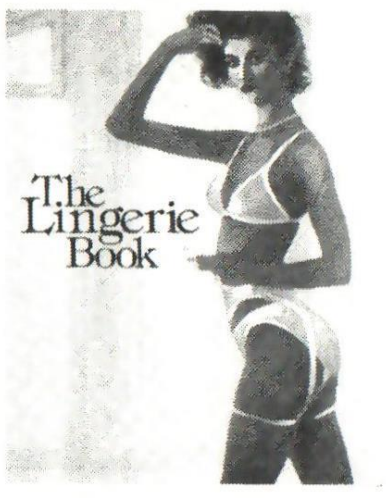
Swimwear in Vogue is a lush companion volume to *Lingerie* in format and style. Here are the century's most elegant bathing beauties—seven decades worth—in a *provocative pictorial study* that ranges from the Gibson Girl's modest swimwear to the tiny, shiny bikinis of today to the no-suit look of tomorrow. A progressive and delightful expose. $9.95.

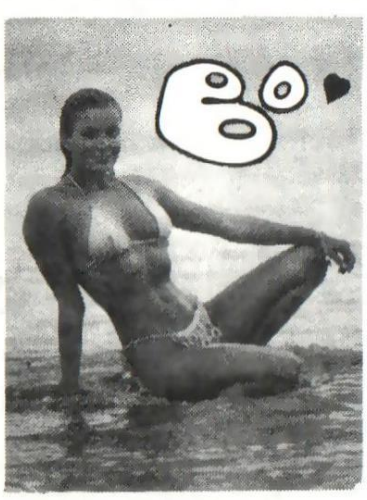


Leg Art is *300 pages* of Hollywood's hottest cheesecake stars in their most provocative poses. From Lili St. Cyr to Marilyn Monroe, from Betty Grable to Raquel Welch, the hefty volume is packed with glamour photos focusing on female gams. Quality reproduction and *thousands of shapely stems* make this sumptuous hardbound volume a torrid treat. $19.95.

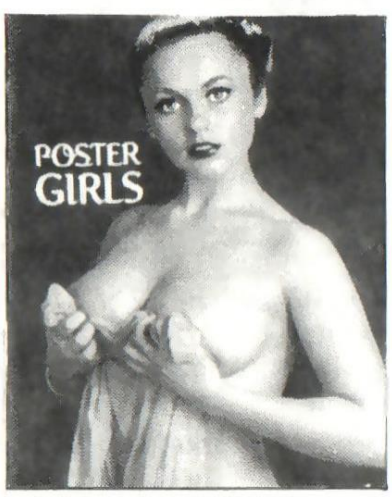


The Lingerie Book. From teddies to t-shirts, from garter belts to g-strings, the emphasis here is on the sensual. Sexy undergarments are traced through the decades in the most revealing and intimate photographs—*most in full-color*—which project a fantasy-like, voyeuristic peep show into the undie world. $10.95. Hot stuff! Great visuals!

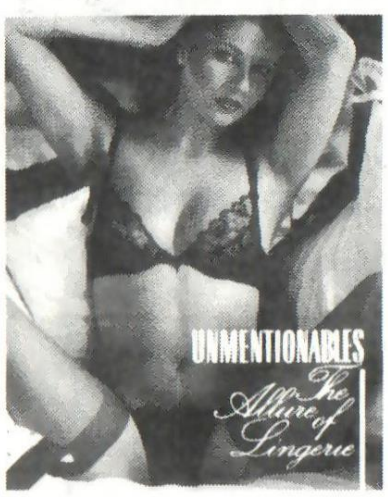




Bo pays a dazzling pictorial tribute to the lady who showed us how beautiful a "10" can be. Here is Bo doing what she does best—in the sun, in the sand, in the surf. Whether she's in a filmy robe, a wet T-shirt or nothing at all, Bo is radiant with the stuff that has made her America's newest sex goddess. A full-color book without words! $9.95

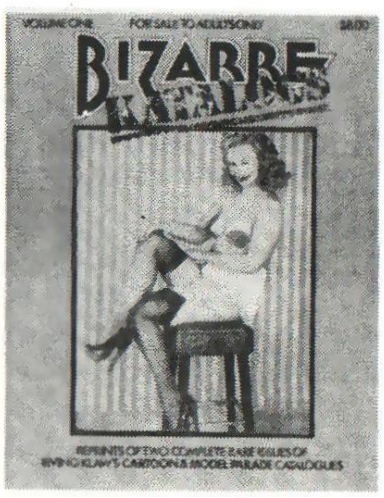


Poster Girls is an outstanding (no pun intended) collection of voluptuous models in poses reproduced in a *huge 10 × 14" volume*. Each spectacular beauty is envisioned in *life-like full-color* and various stages of undress. From towels to bikinis, cool and dry or soaking wet, these lovely ladies flash their awesome attributes in the purest pin-up style. $9.95.



Unmentionables is a visual and erotic exploration into The Allure of Lingerie. *More than 100 provocative photographs* serve as a voyeur's eye view into the secret and sensual world of silk and satin, lace and ribbon, the filmy, enticing and, more often than not, revealing garments that are closest to the bare essentials. Steamy fantasy volume. $13.95.

Betty Page provides a private peek at the most provocative figure model in pin-up history. Betty at home! Betty in stockings and high heels! Betty girl-fighting! Betty in bondage! Betty in lingerie! Betty in nothing at all!!! *More than 120 revealing photos,* are reproduced in full-color and B&W of bondage's hottest pin-up queen. Each volume for only $7.00.



Bizarre Katalogs are reprint editions of the rare and collectible *Cartoon and Model Parade*. Each catalog offered hundreds of photographs, illustrated comic stories and films featuring female domination, girl-fighting, bondage, strip tease series, female impersonations and the hottest cheesecake pictures *in thousands of images!* Two volumes. $8.00 each.

SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **PIN-UP BOOKS** AND **NEW PRODUCTS**

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Tom Selleck (**PREVUE** 50, 51, 54, 55) has just wrapped his latest feature film, **Runaway**, which was shot entirely on location in Vancouver, Canada. Like Hawaiian lawman Thomas Magnum, he plays police Sergeant Jack Ramsay, a dedicated cop in relentless pursuit of a homicidal maniac, an electronic genius specializing in bizarre new methods of high-tech murder and mayhem.

Co-stars include Cynthia (**Staying Alive**) Rhodes, Kirstie (**Wrath of Khan**) Alley and heavy metal rock musician Gene (Kiss) Simmons—who will appear *without* his bizarre make-up. The fast-paced thriller was lensed by Michael (**The Andromeda Strain**) Crichton from his own screenplay, and is scheduled for release this Christmas. Look for a special preview next issue.

Other Selleck films in production include **Second Wind**, a romantic comedy co-starring Mary Steenburgen, and **Early Autumn**, adapted from the novel by Robert B. Parker, whose tough, witty private eye, Spenser, is rated beside those of Hammett and Chandler.

Also on the police blotter: Chevy Chase has been inked for the lead in **Fletch**, Gregory MacDonald's wise-cracking investigative reporter. While posing undercover as a beach bum/drug addict to get a story, Fletch is approached by a man who wants to be murdered. The irrepressible newsman *agress to do the job* and, using various identities and disguises, attempts to unravel a mystery that may just cost him *his own life.* The comedy-thriller features Joe Don (**Walking Tall**) Baker, Tim (**A Little Sex**) Matheson and Richard (**Sharkey's Machine**) Libertini. Michael (**Semi-Tough**) Ritchie is directing from a screenplay by Andrew (**Blazing Saddles**) Bergman for Summer 1985 release.

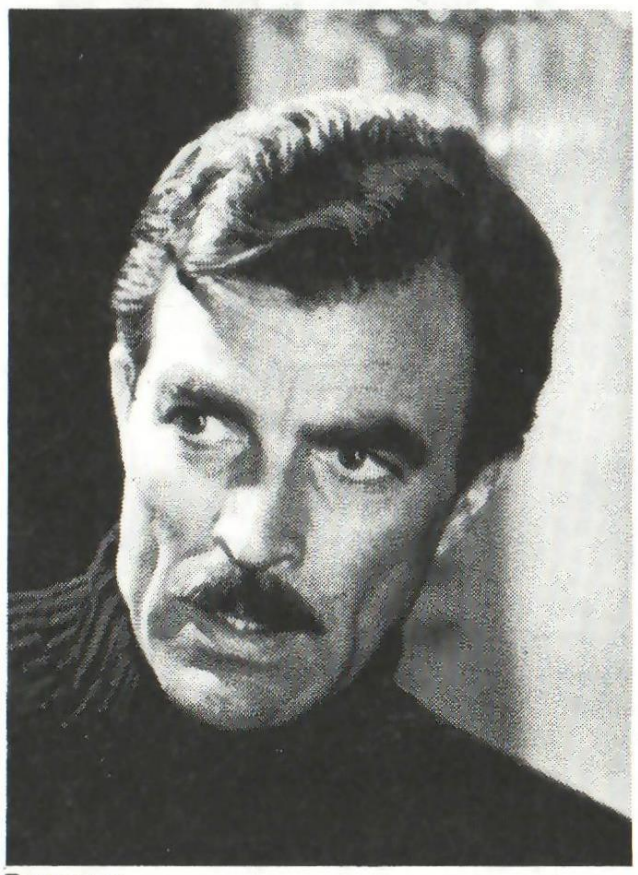
While Jack Nicholson is considering to reprise his hardboiled detective J.J. Gittes from **Chinatown**, America's favorite Hill Street cop, Daniel J. Travanti, has momentarily turned in his police badge to co-star with Sophia Loren in **Aurora**. Not to be outdone, master sleuth Sherlock Holmes is back in action in **The Masks of Death**. The game is afoot in London starring Ray Milland, John Mills, Anne Baxter and Peter Cushing.

Lewis (**Alligator**) Teague is set to direct Drew (**Firestarter**) Barrymore in Stephen King's humorous horror script **Cat's Eye**, a tale based on the author's **Cycle of the Werewolf**. Special fx master Carlo (**E.T.**) Rambaldi is creating the flick's monster which will be shipped to producer DeLaurentiis' new North Carolina studios for some *very nasty* doin's!

Other King stories serve as the basis for **Creepshow II** which director George Romero is currently prepping, in addition to **The Sisterhood** and terror trilogy, **Day of the Dead**. And, if that doesn't scare the pants off of you, beware of **The Howling II**. The new fear pic, lensed by Phillipe (**The Beast Within**) Mora, features Christopher Lee, Annie McEnroe, Rob Brown, and Sybil Danning as a 10,000-year-old blonde werewolf.

After her role as the high priestess of the

Do cops watch *too many* movies? Remember Dom DeLuise's 1979 comedy **Hot Stuff**, written by Donald (**Cops And Robbers**) Westlake? Well, apparently Miami police did when organizing a fake fence set-up that nabbed scores of local felons and a ton of stolen merchandise. The "sting" operation used the film's insidious ploy of posting sexy pin-up posters near *a hidden surveillance camera* to con crooks into full-face photos. Police are waiting for a sequel to determine their next move.

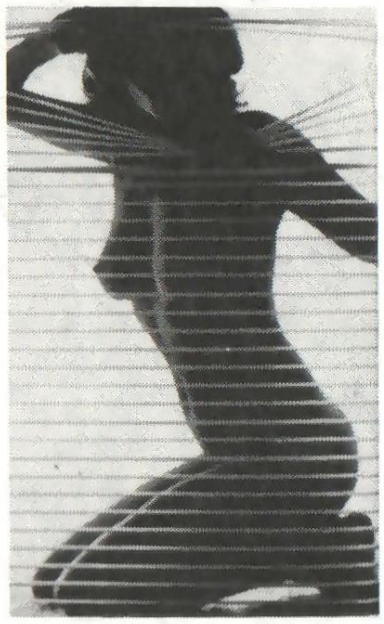


Runaway

Until then, we're all faced with a rash of other sequels. Audiences will be itching to view **Porky's Revenge**, **Meatballs III**, **Annie II** and the return of the galaxy's favorite hedonistic space ace in **Flash Gordon and the Cosmic Cheerleaders**. Sylvester Stallone will be slipping into his old battle jacket when **Rambo: First Blood, Part II** winds up for shooting in the Mexican jungle later this year. Summer of '85 is the target date. **Joe II** with Peter Boyle, and **The Wild Geese II** (with Edward Fox replacing Richard Burton) are also in pre-production.

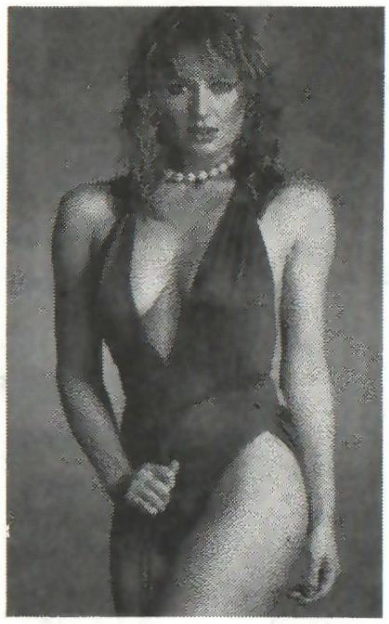
Two Heads Are Better Than One Dept.: A pair of aces have collaborated on a film adaptation of Colin Wilson's chilling novel, **The Space Vampires**, which stars Steve (**Helter Skelter**) Railsback and Frank (**The Three Musketeers**) Finlay. Tobe (**Poltergeist**) Hooper directs from a script by Dan (**Blue Thunder**) O'Bannon, with special fx by John (**Star Trek: The Movie**) Dykstra. The plot involves an earth-bound spacecraft which encounters the bodies of frozen creatures. The aliens, hungry for life, target Earth as their *new* feeding ground.

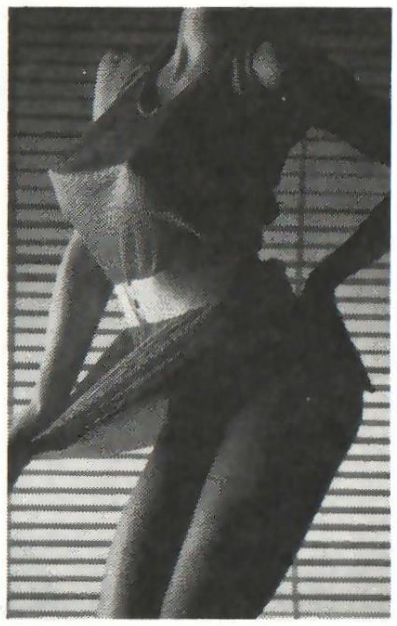
O'Bannon recently completed his first directorial assignment, **Return of the Living Dead**, which was shot from his own screenplay. The fear flick is alive with opening graves, helpless victims and animated cadavers—including *one beautiful nude* guaranteed to put a sizzle in your screams. Another O'Bannon project set to roll for Dino DeLaurentiis, **Total Recall**, will be lensed by David (**Videodrome**) Cronenberg. The director recently made his acting debut in John (**Trading Places**) Landis' offbeat comedy **Into the Night**, which also stars Jeff Goldblum, Dan Aykroyd and Michelle Pfeiffer.



GLAMOUR

Classic Glamour Photography is *a pin-up lover's dream.* Models chosen for their sex appeal, highly erotic poses and imaginative settings typify this high-quality hardbound 9 x 12" volume of explosively exciting photos. A host of top lensmen reveal their techniques with a sizzling selection of *the hottest images we've ever offered!* All full-color! A must! Available now for $19.95.





ALL-NEW PHOTOGRAPHY AND FILM TECHNIQUE BOOKS

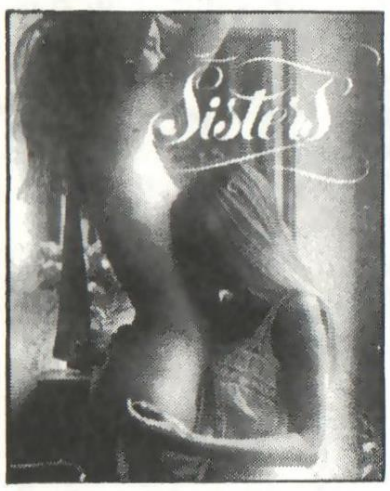
Sisters is a voyeuristic study of two young and beautiful girls as they discover their budding sensuality. Between the innocence of childhood and the full-bodied sexuality of womanhood is a moment of physical awakening captured by David Hamilton's probing camera. Their secret explorations and most intimate touches are revealed in *144 pages of provocative photographs*. $12.95.

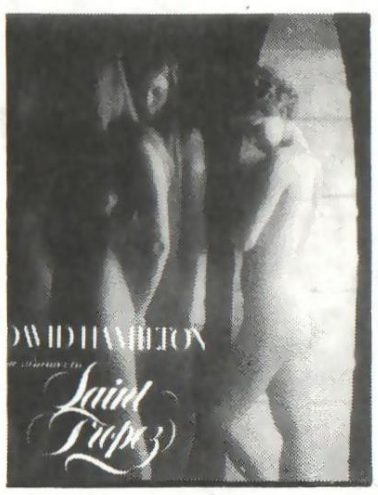
Summer in Saint-Tropez follows six very young and beautiful girls as they explore their awakening sensuality under the luminous Mediterranean sun—and into the cool *Cote d'Azur* nights. Together and alone, they discover their kindling passions, playing, eating, dancing, bathing, sleeping, and learning the pleasures of making love. *An erotic hardbound treasury*. $19.50.

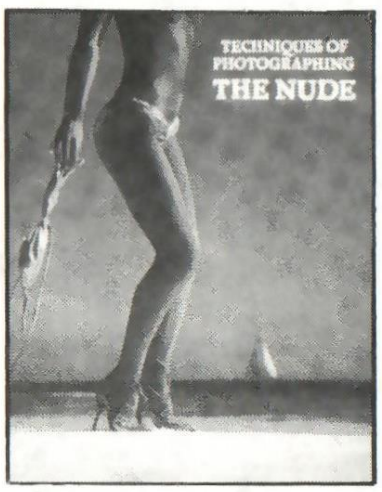
Techniques of Photographing the Nude features *almost 400 fantastic examples of the female form*, both draped and undraped, with props and without, in natural and studio settings—*all in vivid full-color*. Romantic eroticism to classic nude imagery to hot, eye contact pin-up poses, are covered in text and pictures with a host of beautiful models. Oversized hardbound format. $18.95.

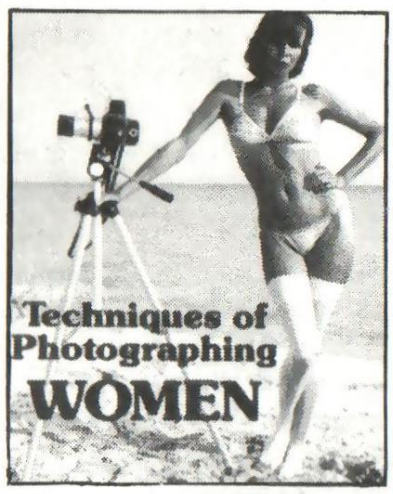
Techniques of Photographing Women is a pin-up collector's dream packed with practical information and profusely illustrated with *almost 325 of the kinkiest, most imaginative and evocative images available anywhere*. An emphasis on high heels, stockings, erotic symbolism and fantasy fetishism gives the oversized volume its extraordinary approach. *Full-color*. $18.95.

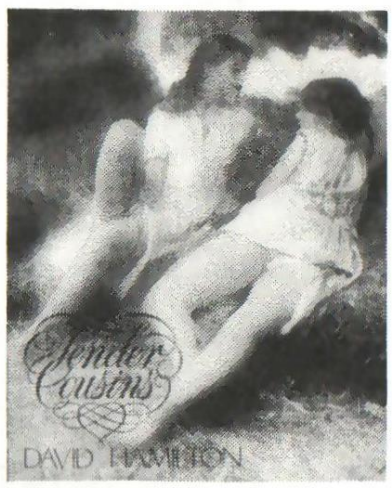
Tender Cousins tells the fascinating story of virginal youth on the threshold of sexual discovery. David Hamilton's powerful erotic images focus on the first touch and the flood of passion as cousins experiment with their blossoming desires and growing physicality. The intimate pleasures which take them from adolescence to adulthood are revealed *in full-color.* $12.95.

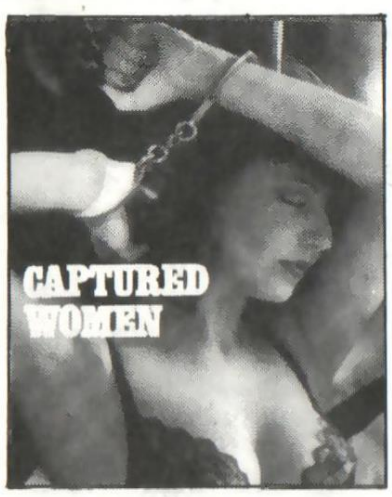


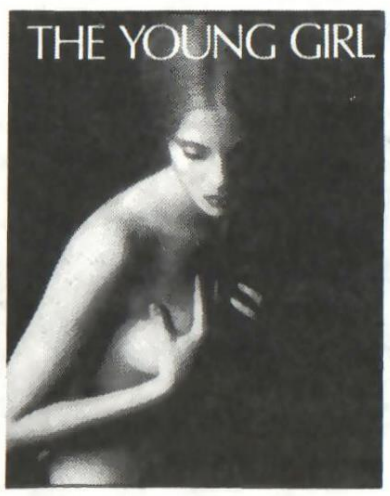


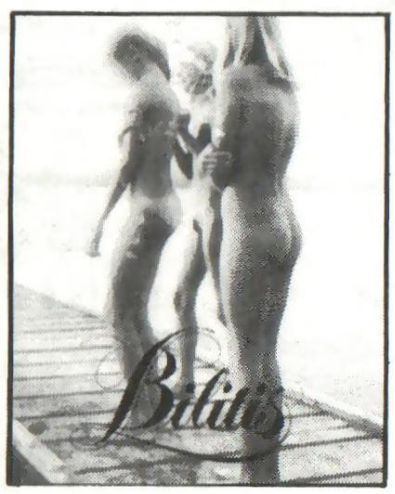


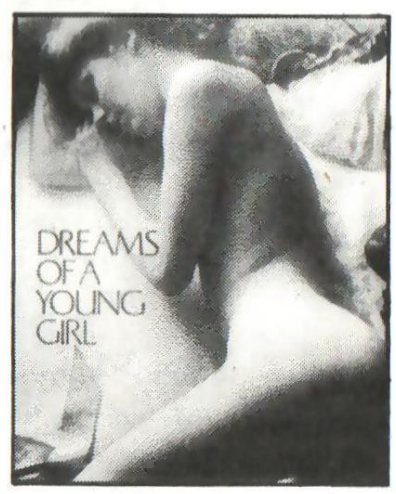












Captured Women is a book of erotic photographs unlike any other on the market. The high quality, oversized hardbound format features *112 pages of full-color images* ranging in content from bondage and fetishism to candid and surreal situations. Surprising, sensuous, bizarre, inviting, but always beautiful—a captivating pictorial study of female sexuality. Limited supply. $24.95

Private Collection represents David Hamilton's personal selection of erotic images taken during sessions with thirteen beautiful young models. He combines their supple, naked charms with open sensuality and subtle fetishism to produce an unforgettable gallery of full-color photographs reproduced in a *high-quality 128-page volume*. A showcase of the feminine form. $12.95.

The Young Girl is an all-new collection of David Hamilton images celebrating the emerging sexuality of maidens on the verge of full-bodied womanhood. His voyeuristic lens reveals the fascinating transition in a provocative series of photographs that explore every form and facet of feminine beauty. The volume, featuring *more than 120 pages of reproductions*, is in hardcover. $22.95.

Bilitis records the making of David Hamilton's erotic cinematic masterpiece. His selection of colorful, dreamlike settings blends perfectly with scenes from the film, which includes the group of young schoolgirls bathing nude, dressing for an intimate drama and learning the pleasures of making love. *Over 100 pages of sensual photography* in a high-quality oversized volume. $12.95.

Dreams of a Young Girl is David Hamilton's first—and still one of his best—books. His visual pre-occupation with the dawning sexuality of young girls exploring their newfound physical maturity is revealed in *a gallery of tasteful, yet powerfully erotic and evocative photographs*. In grassy fields or rumpled beds, these nubile nymphs are as beautiful as they are compelling. $12.95.

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werewolf clan, the sensational Sybil (**PREVUE** 48, 55) will head for Spain where she'll recruit **The Panther Squad**, a "teeth in cheek" adventure perhaps best described as a cross between **Airplane** and **The A-Team**.

Another kind of intrigue will envelop viewers when sex goddess Sylvia (**Emmanuelle**) Kristel plays WWI's most notorious female spy, **Mata Hari**. Curtis (**What's the Matter with Helen?**) Harrington directs the film, which is being shot in Budapest. Exotic Santa Fe, New Mexico served as the setting for Paul (**Death Race: 2000**) Bartel's new mind-scorching flick, starring Tab Hunter and Divine. We'd bet there's nothing *polyester* about this production which has all the earmarks of a real cult classic. Keep your eye—and your Id—peeled for **Lust in the Dust**.

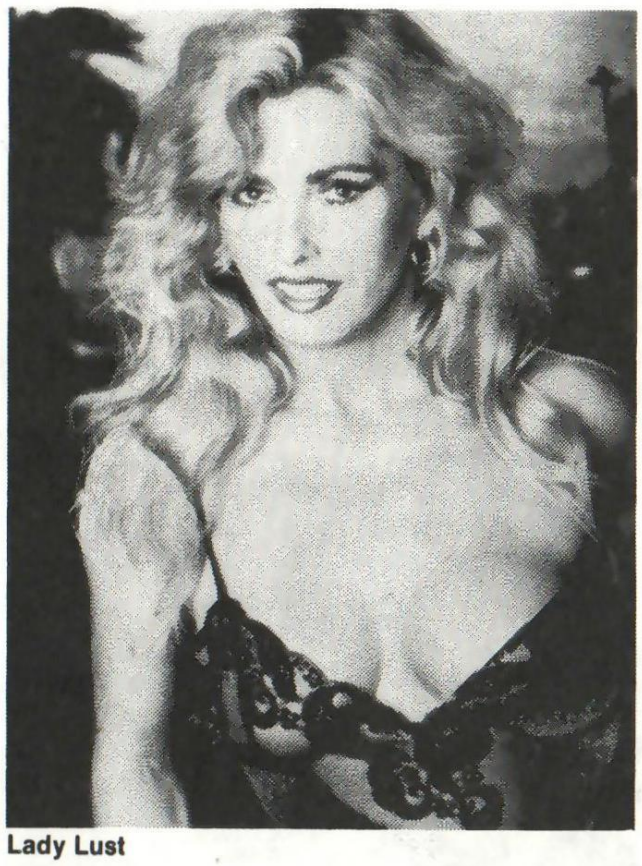
Cinema cult queen Edy (**Beyond the Valley of the Dolls**) Williams has crossed over the "R" line to the forbidden "X" zone in the new erotic adventure **Lady Lust**. The former wife of sexploitation director Russ Meyer, last seen in the nude lesbian scenes in **Chained Heat** with Sybil, Stella Stevens and Linda Blair, has crossed the rating barrier to show a side—maybe an aspect—of her never seen before. Co-starring with porn vet Sharon Mitchell and a host of nubile newcomers, Williams plays a jaded cosmopolite—the opposite of her sexually repressed sister—who yearns for the simple home life (well, that's the way we heard it).

"If my films succeed," confesses Bo Derek, "I want to have been involved in creating that success. And if they fail, I'll be part of that failure." With as much integrity as she has beauty, the cinema's most famous "10" puts her reputation—and almost everything else—on the line in **Bolero**. The bodacious blonde star (**PREVUE** 46) is raising temperatures and boxoffice grosses as a young woman on a quest to lose her virginity in a romantic adventure hailed as her sexiest performance yet.

Directed by husband John Derek, the sensuous romp was lensed in Morocco and Spain, where bullfighting is as common as baseball in the States. Intrigued by the sport, the Dereks opted to shoot the arena action with Bo (an experienced rider) challenging the animal on horseback, instead of as the traditional matador. Violence in the bullring was minimized by the filmmakers' precautions to keep the animals from being harmed, a feat which was lauded by the American Humane Association. The real action audiences seek, however, is in the bedroom, not the bullring—or, as one group of nature lovers shouted as the film came to a climax, *"Ole!!"*

No bull!—Tom (**The Big Chill**) Berenger has definitely been signed for the coveted role of Rex O'Herlihan, the singing cowboy star of **Rustler's Rhapsody**. The western comedy, written and directed by Hugh (**Police Academy**) Wilson, will lense in Spain and include the legendary "Spaghetti Western" town in Almeira.

Other laffilms currently in production include **Miracles** with Teri Garr, Tom Conti and Paul Rodriguez; **The Man with One Red Shoe** (based on the French film **The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe**) with Tom Hanks, Dabney Coleman, Carrie Fisher, Charles Durning and Jim Belushi; **Wise Guys** with Joe Piscopo and Danny DeVito; **Back to School** with Rodney Dangerfield; **I'll Meet You in Heaven** with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin; **The Purple Rose of Cairo** with Woody Allen and Mia Farrow; **Secret Admirer** with C. Thomas Howell and Dee Wallace. And if all that doesn't tickle your funny bone, Bill "Jose Jiminez" Dana is currently writing **Out of the Mouth of Babe** and **Sexual Harrassment and How to Get It**.



Lady Lust

Take two people who are total opposites: a baseball player with the Atlanta Braves and a beautiful rock star who wants to further her career. Marry them, set them on a path toward a universal truth, then drop them in the middle of the baseball season with one belting out his 52nd home run, while the other leaves their house and jumps into a car with a handsome stranger. If you haven't recognized the elements by now, we'll give you a hint: this triple-play comedy/drama/romance was written by the man who managed **The Odd Couple**, **The Sunshine Boys** and **The Goodbye Girl**. Looks like Neil Simon may have scored another home run with **The Slugger's Wife**, featuring Michael (**The Great Santini**) O'Keefe and Rebecca (**Risky Business**) De Mornay.

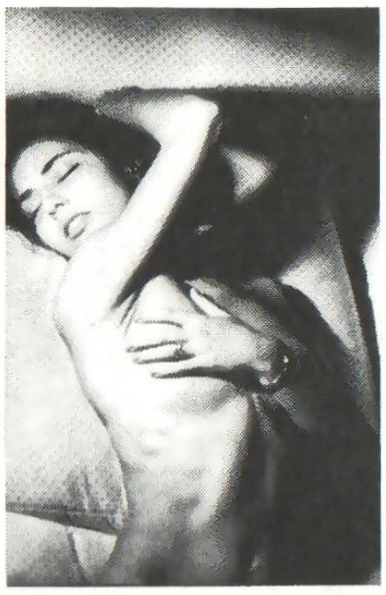
Simon coaches his players through a world series of bases-loaded situations, emotional pop flies and heartbreaking grounders. In a rare appearance as an actor, director Martin (**Norma Rae**) Ritt pinch hits as Braves manager Burly DeVito, a coach desperately trying to keep his team and his life together. Director Hal (**Coming Home**) Ashby brings his stars across home plate for the big game this Spring.

Richard Pryor is also up at bat with a scoreboard full of cinema projects, including a fictionalized bio set to roll early in 1985. By then, **Brewster's Millions** (a remake of the 1945 Gregory Peck flick), will be in theaters. The comedy co-stars John Candy and Stephen Collins, with Pryor as a man who must spend a bundle of money *within a certain time* in order to inherit a much larger fortune. The comedian was also scheduled to team with Burt Reynolds in a Laurel and Hardy-type predicament for director Blake (**Victor/Victoria**) Edwards titled **Music Box**. If that doesn't play, however, Pryor may join Joe (**Made For Each Other**) Bologna and wife Renee Taylor in **Song Birds**, then join Michael Caine in **Slim and None**. **Escape Clause** may be next. Beyond that, he's still planning to film the life of jazz tenor great Charlie Parker.

Trouble is a prerequisite for laughter, which is probably why Peter Falk and Alan Arkin are in **Big Trouble**. Arkin portrays a hardworking insurance salesman with a dream of sending his three sons to Yale. Unfortunately, he just can't make enough money to afford giving his kids a ticket out of middle-class limbo. Falk is a con man with a plan, a hair-brained scheme which will embroil the unwitting and innocent businessman in a chaotic scam to rob from the rich and give to the poor—mainly *themselves!* Helping them achieve their goal is seductive Beverly (**Maternity**) D'Angelo. Charles Durning, Robert Stack, Valerie Curtin, Paul Dooley, Richard Libertini and Moses Gunn complete the maniac cast in the screwball comedy directed by Andrew (**The In-Laws**) Bergman.

Cerebral comedy—in the strictest sense of the word—will be analyzed by audiences who see **The Secret Diary of Sigmund Freud**. The spoof on the origins of the doctor's psychological theories stars Bud (**Harold and Maude**) Cort in the lead with Carol (**Taxi**) Kane, Klaus (**Schizoid**) Kinski and Carroll (**Harlow**) Baker in supporting roles. His techniques could be useful in unravelling the plot of the zany new African film **The Gods Must Be Crazy**. The action-packed comedy follows an empty soda bottle heaved from an aircraft by a "civilized man" into a peaceful bush country settlement. The mysterious object throws the tribe into chaos as they argue about its meaning. Finally, one of the clan sets off on a mission to toss the terrible object off the "edge of the world." Released in Japan and France, the film has already driven international audiences crazy.

Rob desperately wants to be a father. He's married to Micki—she's a lawyer. But, he's having an affair with Maud—she's a cellist. Micki wants a career, and Maud wants a husband. If that's not confusing enough, Maud discovers she's pregnant, and marries Rob. Then he discovers Micki's pregnant, too. All of a

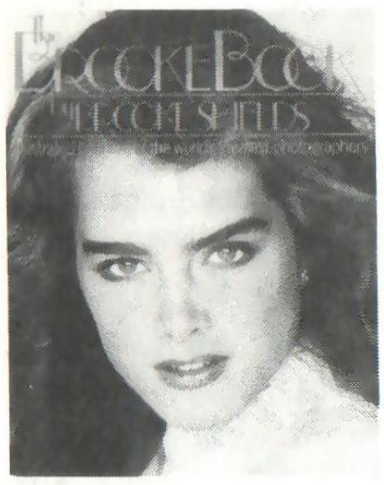


HOT!!

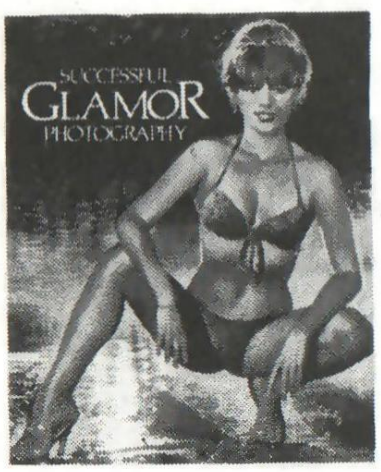
Mistress is a secret voyeuristic look at the kinky, sensual, passionate and often bizarre world of kept women. Full and double-page images capture a host of fetishes from exhibitionism and bondage to lesbianism and masturbation. A masterpiece of provocative photography, it discovers ladies in lingerie, panties, heels and less—in their most erotic private moments. *A superb 10x13" hardbound volume.* $27.50.

A NEW COLLECTION OF PIN-UP AND PHOTO BOOKS

The Brooke Book is the only illustrated volume on one of America's most beautiful, popular and controversial personalities. From child model to movie star, Brooke Shields tells her own story in *more than 100 full-color and black & white photos*—many never-before-published. A stunning words and pictures portrait follows her career from *Vogue* cover girl to the *Blue Lagoon.* Only $9.95.



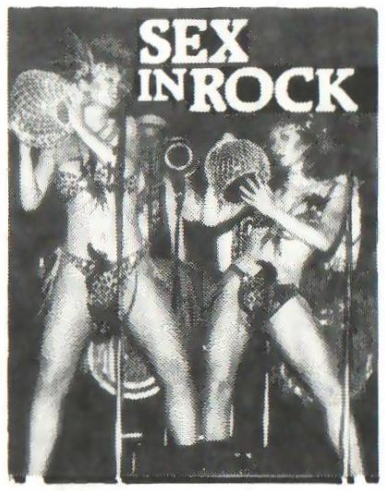
Successful Glamour Photography is a top-quality pin-up volume packed from cover-to-cover with dynamite images of scorching sexuality. *Over 425 fabulous full-color photos* are distinguished by the wide variety of models and locations, super-charged eroticism of the poses and vivid reproductions. *Highly recommended* for every photo pin up fan. Hardbound. $25.00.

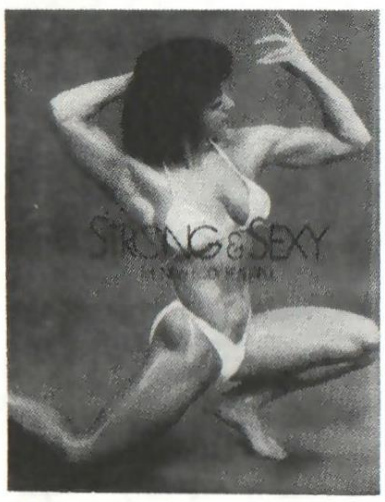


Stolen Sweets is the delightful discovery of the sultry and silk-clad cover girls who graced the racy and risque magazines of yesterday. A large 9 × 12" quality volume, the book reproduces an outstanding selection of art from *French Follies*, *Spicy*, *Gay Book*, *High Heel* and *Silk Stocking Magazine*. A pin-up pageant of garter-belted femme fatales and naughty nudes. $24.95.

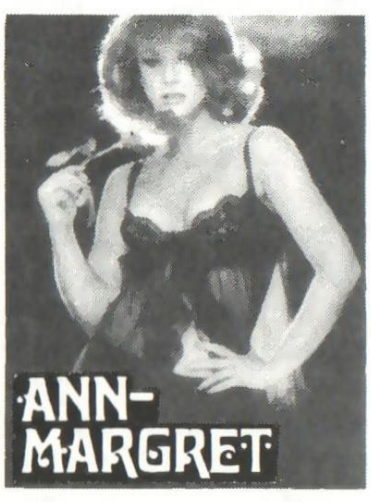
Skin to Skin is a heavily illustrated study of *eroticism in dress*, from the past to the present. From Lady Godiva to Lady Di, all trends are amply uncovered with more than *160 photos and drawings*, and a lively text which links sensuality to the clothes we wear. From the see-through, topless and mini look of today's generation to the silk, satin and lace lingerie of yesterday. $19.95.

Sex In Rock illustrates what such diverse performers as Debbie Harry, Tina Turner, Grace Jones, Stevie Nicks, Donna Summer, Dolly Parton, Olivia Newton-John, Hot Gossip, Sheena Easton, Cher and a host of others including Sting, the Stones and Rod Stewart have in common—raw and dynamic sex appeal. *Almost 300 explosive color photos and erotic portraits. Only $8.95.*

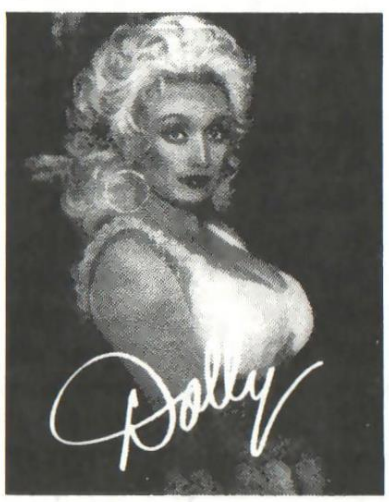




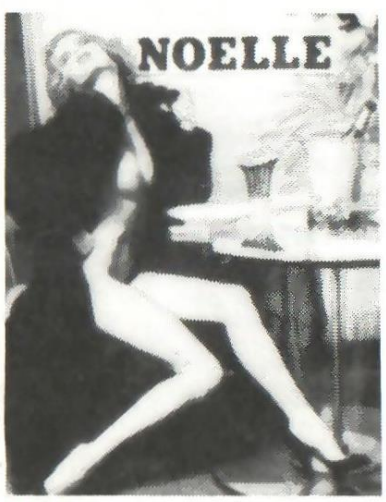
Strong and Sexy is a provocative picture book of America's leading lady bodybuilders. Almost *150 oversize pages of color and B&W photos* focus on a host of modern-day amazons who have honed their bodies into sleek, strong, sensuous athletic machines. In leotards or leather, bikinis or t-shirts, they have defined the new body beautiful. Lively text throughout. $9.95.



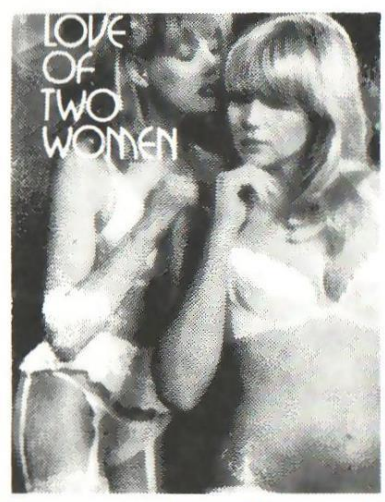
Ann-Margret throws a glittering words and pictures spotlight on one of the sexiest and most celebrated dream girls in American entertainment. In more than 250 oversized pages (with 32 in full-color), her career is traced through films, TV specials, hit records and personal performances. *Over 850 revealing photos* follow her progress from go-go girl to pin-up girl. Hardbound. $24.95.



Dolly Close Up takes a deep and revealing look at the beautiful country singer-turned-movie star at a critical turning point in her career. Page after page of the buxom blonde Venus in denim and chiffon showcase her vibrant charm, energy and sensuality. *A high-quality photographic record* sure to please every Parton fan. Fabulous full-color portraits throughout. $9.95.



Noelle has always been a time for joy, celebration and surprise, and our recent discovery of this out-of-print book again proves the point. Here are the erotic x-rated x-ploits of an uninhibited woman during the twelve nights of Christmas. *Almost 300 sizzling photos* capture her sexsational encounters which disprove Santa does not only come once a year. $19.95.



The Love of Two Women is a powerfully erotic picture book *without words* that explores the sexual relationships between *four female couples*. In a large 9½ × 13" super-quality format, the beauty and heat of their passions are played out in *230 full-color photographs*—many in single and double-page spreads. An x-rated European import for adults only. $35.00.

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sudden, Rob is a man with *two* wives—*expecting two babies!* Director Blake Edwards delivers **Micki and Maud** which stars Ann (**Annie**) Reinking and Amy (**Yentl**) Irving in the title roles with Dudley Moore as the hapless husband.

Okay, it's official: 21-year-old Danish beauty, Brigitte Nielsen, will play the title role in **Red Sonja**. After months of searching, producer Dino DeLaurentiis and director Richard (**Conan The Destroyer**) Fleischer have found the perfect female barbarian-type with that right combination of talent, beauty and athletic prowess required to bring the comic book character to life. Nielsen, who stands 5'11½" and lives in Copenhagen, had never acted in a film, yet was the overwhelming choice for the role of Conan's old flame. The producer admits to losing count of how many girls were considered for the part and adds, "Once we tested Brigitte, we knew we had the perfect girl."

One of Conan's more recent female counterparts, Grace (**Conan The Destroyer**) Jones is busy adding her special brand of intrigue to the latest James Bond thriller, **A View to a Kill**. John Glen is lensing the new pic in London, Switzerland, France, Scotland, San Francisco and Iceland. Veteran scribes Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson fashioned the tale from Ian Fleming's short story.

One of the adventure's most interesting scenes features Her Majesty's favorite superspy escaping from his enemies in a submarine disguised *as an iceberg!* The action was shot near the 8,300 square mile Vatnajoekull Glacier in Iceland. The neighborhood observers were shocked, however, to discover polystyrene icebergs floating in their local lagoon—apparently the real thing was just *too cold* for even Bond to handle.

This time Christopher (**Brainstorm**) Walken joins the ranks of 007 villains, while Roger Moore returns to share sexcapades and secrets with Tanya Roberts. **PREVUE** will countdown the action in a forthcoming issue.

Other star vehicles include Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret and Ellen Burstyn in **Twice in a Lifetime**; Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni in **Macaroni**; Rutger Hauer and Jennifer Jason Leigh in **Flesh and Blood**; David Bowie and Isabell Adjani in **Benya the King**; Robert DeNiro and Meryl Streep in **Falling in Love**; John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis in **Perfect!**; and Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline in **Violets Are Blue**.

Rob Lowe and Patrick Swayze are appearing in **Youngblood**; Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon in **Protocol**; Ernest Borgnine and Lee Van Cleef in **Wild Rainbow**; Harrison Ford in **Witness**; Eddie Murphy in **Beverly Hills Cop**; Alan Arkin and James Woods in **Joshua Then and Now**; Paul Newman in **Troubles**; Teri Garr and Tom Berenger in **First Born**; and Anthony Perkins and Kathleen Turner in **Crimes of Passion**.

"An American tradition is being annihilated by the systematic stripping away of the family farm," says Jessica Lange, who conceived, co-produced and stars in **Country**. "We hoped the picture could dramatize the plight of the midwestern people who seem to have been *forgotten* by the rest of the nation."

The drama, starring Sam (**The Right Stuff**) Shepard, focuses on a hard-working farmer's wife as she battles government powers forcing foreclosures on her family's farm. Directed by Richard (**Heartland**) Pearce, the tale was lensed on the flatlands of Iowa on a 12-week schedule that whipped the filmmakers with freezing rain and below-zero temperatures. Only the tornado sequence was shot on a Hollywood soundstage. **Country** will blow into theaters this Fall.

Orson Through the Looking Glass: In a bizarre circumstance not unlike others in his extraordinary career, Orson Welles has been signed to direct **The Cradle Will Rock**, his first American-lensed film released since 1958's **Touch of Evil**. The title refers to the legendary pro-labor opera which Welles created with John Houseman in 1937.

The Slugger's Wife

The action centers on a 22-year-old Welles when his innovative theatrical techniques electrified critics and audiences alike. After a series of successes under the auspices of the Federal Theatre, **Cradle** promised to be his most remarkable production to date. Just *before opening,* however, the WPA ordered the production closed, leaving the company without theatre, sets or costumes. Taking matters into their hands, the entrepreneurs led the first night throng from their locked theatre to another, some 20 blocks uptown. Bound by a ruling to keep the production off-stage, the actors delivered their lines and songs from areas *on the floor* of the auditorium, accompanied by the composer playing his score on a *rented piano.* The ploy was hailed as "brilliant," with subsequent performances recreating the make-shift situation. The event led to the creation of the participants' own Mercury Theatre, and such famous radio broadcasts as the nation-shocking **War of the Worlds**.

Welles was so enthralled about the making of the historic milestone in his life that he decided to helm the project after rewriting the script from his own experiences and memories. British actor Rupert Everett will portray the young Welles. John Landis and George Folsey, Jr. are executive producing the screenplay by Welles and Ring Lardner, Jr. Shooting is scheduled for ten weeks in LA with a week of second unit work in Manhattan. As the man who created **Citizen Kane**, **The Magnificent Ambersons** and **Lady From Shanghai**, he adds yet another convolution to his legend: Welles directing Welles *directing Welles!*

Other directors' projects include Martin (**Raging Bull**) Scorcese's **The Last Temptation of Christ** and a remake of **Night and the City**, Arthur (**Altered States**) Penn's **On Target**, Akira (**Seven Samurai**) Kurosawa's **Ran**, Sam (**The Big Red One**) Fuller's **Thieves After Dark**, John (**Return of the Secaucus Seven**) Sayles' **Matewan** and **Chinaman's Chance**, Richard (**Elmer Gantry**) Brooks' **The Fever**, Louis (**Atlantic City**) Malle's **Port Alamo**, Michael (**Heaven's Gate**) Cimino's **Year of the Dragon**, Roman (**Rosemary's Baby**) Polanski's **Pirates**, Sidney (**Prince of the City**) Lumet's **Garbo Talks** and Stanley (**The Shining**) Kubrick's **Full Metal Jacket**.

Gotta Sing! Gotta Dance! Dept.: A new wave (if you'll pardon the expression) of breakdancing films is momentarily about to engulf audiences. The energetic craze has stimulated a series of productions including **Delivery Boys** with Mario van Peebles (son of Melvin), **Jail Breakin'**, **Cry of the City** and Sidney Poitier's **Fast Forward**. Classic film footwork of the Astaire/Kelly style will be seen in **That's Dancing!** and **That's Dancing, Two!**

A dance contest spotlights the main action in **Girls Just Want to have Fun**, a film about a small-town femme who dreams of dancing her way to fame. The comedy/dance/musical was inspired by Cyndi Lauper's hit (not the hardcore porn video of the same name, although it seems like a natural extension of the idea to us).

Pop Stars on the Big Screen: Names making the transition in upcoming films include Sting and Tracy Ullman joining Meryl Streep and Sir John Gielgud in Joe Papp's **Plenty**; Madonna with Rosanna Arquette in **Desperately Seeking Susan**; Leif Garrett in **Thunder Alley**; Al Jarreau in **The Nat King Cole Story**; and Irene Cara with Peter Fonda in **A Certain Fury**.

Action from the '50s will be the subject of the Frankie Avalon/Bob Marucci project **The Rock Garden**. The tale details the rise of ten rock 'n' roll stars who boarded a bus in New York 25 years ago and criss-crossed the country for 91 one-night stands. Among them were Avalon, Buddy Holly, Sam Cooke, Bobby Darin, the Big Bopper and Jackie

WARRIOR GODDESS

Ghita of Alizarr is a sweeping visual novel starring sword and sorcery's most sensuous warrior-woman. Artist Frank Thorne's flame-haired, full-bodied mistress of the crimson blade comes to life in a handsome, oversized *114-page volume packed with sex, seduction and supernatural adventure.* A special section of the x-rated heroine's pin-ups and photos is also included. Great art! $9.95.

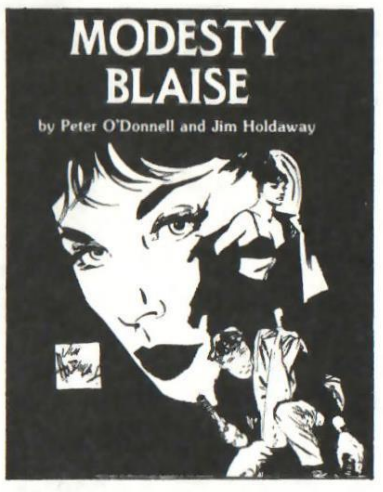
A NEW SELECTION OF GRAPHIC NOVELS & COMIC ART

Bizarre Comix is a collection of *erotic comic stories and illustrated serials* spotlighting women in peril, female domination and physical bondage. Each 84-page volume bristles with cruel, powerful but beautiful mistresses and their lush and lovely victims who play out their adventures in a fantasy world of leather and lace, of chained subjugation and incredible torture devices. *In limited supply!* $8.00 each.

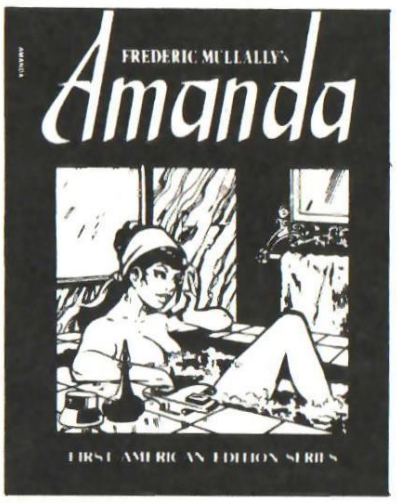
Justine tells the story of a sensual and beautiful woman who is subjected to the most bizarre forms of humiliation for her passions. The English edition of the European *graphic novel* by the Marquis de Sade is a fascinating and frightening excursion into the darkest recesses of human sexuality. *Illustrated with thousands of images.* An x-rated hardcover for adults only. $25.00

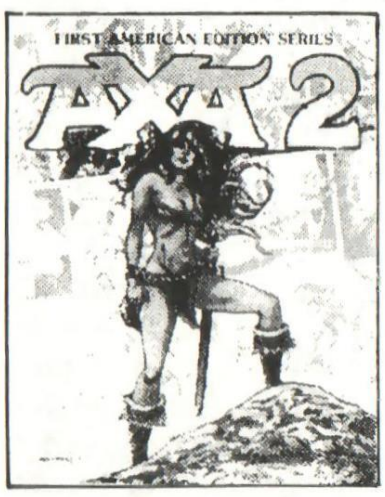
The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline is back in print! Here are four cartoon serials that read like X-rated versions of *The Perils of Pauline.* A dastardly villain, a mysterious countess and a secret agent—all of whom do their best to keep our heroine under wraps—be they leather, rubber, rope or chain. Hardbound with 140 pages, 16 in color. Bizarre sensuality. **$16.50.**

Modesty Blaise stars in *four new volumes* which reproduce her action-packed adventures in comic strip form. Each book features *two complete stories* drawn by Jim Holdaway which have never appeared in American print. With her sidekick Willie Garvin, the strong, sexy super-spy battles her way through James Bond-type thrillers with explosive results. $5.95 each—available NOW!

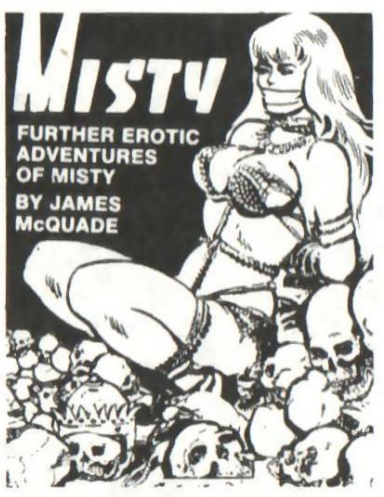


Amanda follows the amorous adventures of a beautiful, sexy and passionate millionairess who has a terrible time keeping a grip on both her clothes and her composure. A scandalous storyline takes her on an erotic romp around the world, from boardrooms to bedrooms. A wild, new book of *sizzling comic strip exploits* from the creator of *Oh, Wicked Wanda.* $5.95.



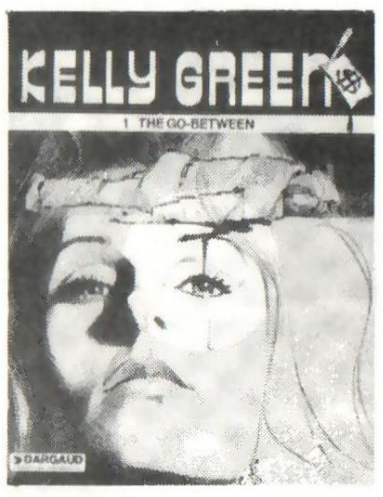


Axa chronicles the perilous adventures of the blonde warrior woman in the post-holocaust age of 2080. Sex, swordplay, and super-science stand in the way of the naked goddess in her quest for personal freedom. These 68-page volumes are *drawn* in the tradition of Modesty Blaise and Barbarella. Delightfully *bizarre and X-rated.* $5.95 each—available NOW!



Misty is a heroine in a future world ruled by machines, the only human remaining whose body has not been modified by transplants and plastic parts. At odds with her environment, she faces a continuous assault from a war-torn society obsessed with her beauty and rampant sexual nature. An *adult graphic novel* in oversize format packed with x-rated action. Volume two only $12.95.

The Supergirls Calendar—a deadly dozen demure but devilish damsels in a giant 10½ × 18″ format featuring a super spectrum of scintillating colors. Lovingly rendered by Steranko, The Supergirls are for those who like *women in their comics.* Twelve terrific temptresses—an expired calendar, an inspired collector's item. Outrageous, kinky, seductive, *always beautiful.* $4.00.



Kelly Green is a woman with a steel soul and a deadly mission—*she lives for revenge!* Her husband was a cop, killed in the line of duty. But, by who, gangsters or policemen? She's out to even the score, whether it's against crime bosses or crooked cops, a flame-haired vigilante who uses sex like a .357 Magnum. These action-packed comic novels are available at $4.95 each.

Women in the Comics is an illustrated history of the females in the funny papers, from the jungle girls to the plain janes, from the secretaries to the super-heroines. This *big 230-page volume* details the lives and loves of the perennial paper girls with hundreds of illustrations from the original comics. From Little Annie Fanny to Zora the spy, they're all here. $9.95.

SEE ORDER FORM ON LAST PAGE UNDER **COMIC ART/GRAPHIC NOVELS** AND **PIN-UP BOOKS**

Wilson. Avalon, now 44, will be portrayed by his 21-year-old son, Frank. He will also co-star in **Beach Party '85** with Annette Funicello.

Chorus girls need not apply to Taylor (**Against All Odds**) Hackford, who is currently producing **White Nights**, a dramatic film about a pair of dancers—one who defected to Russia, the other, a Russian who defected to America. Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines team in a contemporary story of a ballet star and a tap dancer who unexpectedly cross pats and dance steps. Model Isabella Rosselini (daughter of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rosselini) and Helen (**Excalibur**) Mirren help them pick up the tempo.

Gone but not Forgotten Dept.: Richard Burton passed away in July at age 58. His commanding screen presence and resonant voice thrust him to stardom in such classics as **The Robe**, **Alexander the Great**, **Beckett**, **Night of the Iguana** and, of course, numerous films with his ex-wife Elizabeth Taylor. British actor James Mason died at age 75. His most memorable roles include **The Seventh Veil**, **Odd Man Out**, **The Desert Fox**, **20,000 Leagues Under the Sea**, **A Star is Born** and most recently **The Verdict**.

Other deceased notables include John (**The Godfather**) Marley at age 77, Dame Flora (**Wuthering Heights**) Robson at age 82, Estelle (**The Adventures of Robin Hood**) Winwood at age 101, Richard (**The Dick Van Dyke Show**) Deacon at age 62, composer Meredith (**Music Man**) Willson at age 82, Truman (**In Cold Blood**) Capote at age 59, author Lillian (**The Little Foxes**) Hellman at age 79, novelist J.B. (**The Good Companions**) Priestley at age 89, screenwriter Carl (**High Noon**) Foreman at age 69, and novelist Irwin (**Rich Man, Poor Man**) Shaw at age 71.

Fantasy/adventure is the theme scheduled for the next film by Joe Dante, whose Summer smash, **Gremlins** (**PREVUE** 56), put him on top of the list of Hollywood's hottest directors. In **Explorers**, three young boys make a fantastic discovery, which leads them into incredible peril and excitement. Producer Mike Finnell plans to start lensing the picture in LA in October for Summer '85 release.

Keeping pace, Steven Spielberg is prepping his next project, **The Goonies**, a story about two young brothers, their friends and a museum map, which spurs them on a modern-day treasure hunt. Along the way, they encounter a trove of dangers and surprises, from a long-lost pirate ship to a giant squid and a cave full of crabs.

Spielberg's production slate also includes a next Summer start for his version of **Peter Pan** with a projected Easter '86 release, and **Young Sherlock Holmes** which Barry Levinson will direct. The most significant news is that the wunderkind filmmaker is currently blueprinting the first of the nine Star Wars epics, the picture which intros Obi-Wan Kenobi, Darth Vader, Luke's mother and a host of other characters scheduled to appear throughout the "Journal of Whils" supersaga (Spielberg originally discussed the project with **PREVUE** over two years ago in issue 46).

Enemy Mine may not mean anything to science fiction audiences at the moment, but, in the months to come, it will have them on the edge of their seats. Touted as one of the year's major pictures, it dramatizes the struggle of two beings fighting to survive after both crash land on a deserted planet, Fyrine 4. Dennis (**The Right Stuff**) Quaid plays the Earthman, while Lou (**An Officer and a Gentleman**) Gossett, Jr. portrays the Drac, an alien creature which will require heavy make-up. Based on a novella by Barry Longyear, the epic is set 100 years in the future just after a shattering war between Earth and an army of alien invaders.

Starman

Wolfgang Petersen, who directed **Das Boot** and **The Neverending Story**, has taken over helming the production after the plug was pulled on Richard Loncraine after two weeks of shooting. Reportedly footage lensed at Iceland locations was not acceptable, and the new German director relocated the operation to an island off the west coast of Africa with interiors shooting in Munich. Other major characters include a woman pilot and a young boy. Lucasfilm's ILM has been contracted to produce the picture's special fx.

Battlefield Earth, Scientologist L. Ron Hubbard's sprawling intergalactic novel is another blockbuster currently slated for production. Two films will be adapted from the book, each tagged at $20 million, and using the same sets, much in the manner the first two **Superman** movies were shot. Helmer Ken (**The Pirate Movie**) Annakin has been working daily with writer Abraham (**Avalanche Express**) Polonsky, whose 1947 script for **Body and Soul** was nominated for an Oscar.

The epic takes place in the year 3000, and details the efforts of a handful of surviving earthlings who fight to overthrow an alien force. Richard (**Star Wars**) Edlund has come aboard as fx advisor.

Another big name in SF films, George Lucas, is producing a dramatic TV production based on his own furry creations from **Return of the Jedi**. **The Ewok Movie**, to be directed by John (**Twice Upon A Time**) Korty, is scheduled to air this Fall, and promises to be for kids of all ages.

Studio executives are so enthralled by the boxoffice returns from **Star Trek III: The Search for Spock**, they are talking to Leonard Nimoy about the possibility of writing and directing **Star Trek IV**, which would naturally bring the director back in the role of Mr. Spock. Nimoy says, "When we set out to make **Star Trek III**, the original goal was to do about 25% less business than **Part II**. Now, we're hoping to equal **Part II**'s performance." Obviously, the pessimistic attitude was far from justified.

Other SF films of note include **Bio-Hazard**, co-written, produced and directed by **Dragonslayer** team Matt Robbins and Hal Barwood, a thriller about chemical warfare experimentation gone wrong. Cast includes Sam (**Capricorn One**) Waterston, Kathleen (**Sunday Lovers**) Quinlan and Yaphet (**Alien**) Kotto. **2010**, by Peter (**Outland**) Hyams, continues Arthur C. Clarke's cosmic epic, and stars Roy Scheider and John Lithgow. **Legend**, by Ridley (**Alien**) Scott, recounts the timeless struggle between the powers of darkness and light in a heroic fantasy populated by goblins, faeries and unicorns. Tom Cruise and Tim Curry star.

John Carpenter films are usually events to the science fiction and fantasy audience, and **Starman** should be no exception. The tale follows a young Wisconsin widow as she meets a mysterious figure who is the *exact double* of her recently deceased husband. Soon she discovers he is a stranded alien, who has three days to make a 2000-mile journey to Meteor Crater, Arizona where he will be picked up by his mother ship. Although unwilling at first, the woman decides to help the deserted Starman, even as they are pursued by a U.S. Army agent determined to trap the Alien. During their three-day venture, a strange and wonderful relationship develops between the loving young woman and the galactic stranger.

Jeff (**Against All Odds**) Bridges and Karen (**Raiders of the Lost Ark**) Allen topline the romantic adventure that gives director Carpenter an opportunity to reprise some of the most suspenseful and surprising cinematic elements since **Halloween**, **The Fog** and **Christine**. Special fx by Roy (**The Thing**) Arbogast include a full-scale forest fire, a freeway tanker-truck crash and a host of other-worldly creations. **PREVUE** visits the **Starman** set for an eye-witness account of the high-tension chase—and details the events *next issue.* ★

MILO MITCHELL with CHRIS BROOKS and TED ROBIDAS.

EASTWOOD
CROSSES A TIGHTROPE OF TREACHERY

FILM FEATURE BY BRENDAN STRASSER

tīght'rōpe, *n. 1. a tenuous foothold steadied by added burden to maintain a balance across a wide and dangerous chasm.*

This fall, Clint Eastwood's new suspense thriller, **Tightrope**, will elicit a shiver through audiences as it plots a deadly course across a cinematic high wire. Portraying New Orleans homicide detective Wes Block, Eastwood headlines the $11-million psychological terror tale about a sex-killer stalking his prey through a maze of jazz bars, masked Mardi Gras throngs and shadowy French Quarter back alleys.

"Wes Block is a cop who discovers he has a lot in common *with the killer*," the tall actor explains in his usual clipped, understated manner. "When moments of vulnerability start to close in on him, he has to reach back for special resources in his character. I liked his human qualities, but I also found the script's tension very appealing. One doesn't know which way he'll turn. He just might be *closer* to the killer than anyone thinks."

As a series of brutal rape-murders claims the lives of several of Block's intimate contacts—all beautiful young women—the lawman is forced on a lethal quest into the seamy underworld of the bayou city. But, when his vendetta changes from professional to personal, his association with the murder victims reveals a sinister similarity between the hunter and the hunted. Finally, the intricate web of circumstances spins tighter around the divorced cop's two young daughters and his new lady until they become targets for the sadistic madman. Ultimately, Eastwood must confront the criminal and his own conscience in a high-tension showdown that ends at the heart of his own family's existence.

Wes Block, the steel-spined detective, is a natural for Eastwood. From the cheroot-chomping Man With No Name of **A Fistful of Dollars** to the hard-as-brass-knuckles "Dirty" Harry Callahan of **Sudden Impact**, his screen persona has forged a new kind of big screen anti-hero whose personal code of ethics transcends the law—and the living.

Eastwood's latest characterization has much in common with his former roles, but Block's humanity is a marked divergence. As a lawman, Block is cool and confident, but, as a divorced father with temporary custody of his two daughters, he is as uncertain as a trapeze artist with acrophobia. "The film provides some insight about the pressures that policemen come under in their work," the 54-year-old star says. "It also has a dark, almost sinister quality to it, which works with the unexpected elements in the story. We definitely offer a few *surprises* in **Tightrope**."

The film marks Eastwood's third effort as producer, preceded by **Firefox** (**PREVUE** 48) and **Honkytonk Man** (**PREVUE** 51). Helmed by first-time director Richard Tuggle, who scripted Eastwood's **Escape From Alcatraz**, **Tightrope** co-stars Genevieve (**Coma**) Bujold as Beryl Thebodeaux, the strong-willed yet compassionate head of the New Orleans Rape Center, and Dan (**Buckaroo Banzai**) Hedaya as Detective Molinari, Block's perceptive partner on the sex-killings case. The star's twelve-year-old daughter, Alison Eastwood, makes her screen debut as Block's oldest child, Amanda, accompanied by Jennifer (**Father Murphy**) Beck as Penny, her sister.

The murderer, ex-cop Leander Rolfe, who observes Block's every move and kills those closest to him, is chillingly portrayed by Marco (**Night of the Juggler**) St. John. His victims include Rebecca (**Savage Streets**) Perle, Randi (**Deal of the Century**) Brooks, Jamie (**Falcon Crest**) Rose and Margaret (**Ryan's Hope**) Howell. Screen newcomer Regina Richardson plays the exotic prostitute Sarita, who supplies Block with vital information—and an off-the-job tryst.

Despite the capable cast, Eastwood energizes the picture with his remarkable presence. His passionless, green-eyed glare, granite features and athletic stature make him a magnum force to be respected and feared—all traits which certain recent films such as **Bronco Billy** and **Honkytonk Man** tended to downplay. "People sometimes think I'm *purposely* changing my image," he says. "I'm not really doing that at all. I just choose material which appeals to *me*. I suppose there are certain elements in the characters I identify with, but no one character is *me*."

Born in Oakland, California, Eastwood had bit parts in numerous assembly-line productions before roping a role in **Rawhide**, the western TV series which rode the range fron 1959 to 1966. During that time, he signed with Italian director Sergio Leone to film **A Fistful of Dollars**. International success followed, and the "spaghetti western" was born. Two Leone sequels were followed by **Hang 'Em High**, **High Plains Drifter**, **Joe Kidd** and **The Outlaw Josey Wales**. In addition to creating a big screen icon, Eastwood forged a San Francisco cop with enough hardware and hard-boiled tactics to rival Sam Spade. With **Dirty Harry** and its three follow-ups each scoring more than $50 million in revenues, the actor became the world's number one boxoffice star.

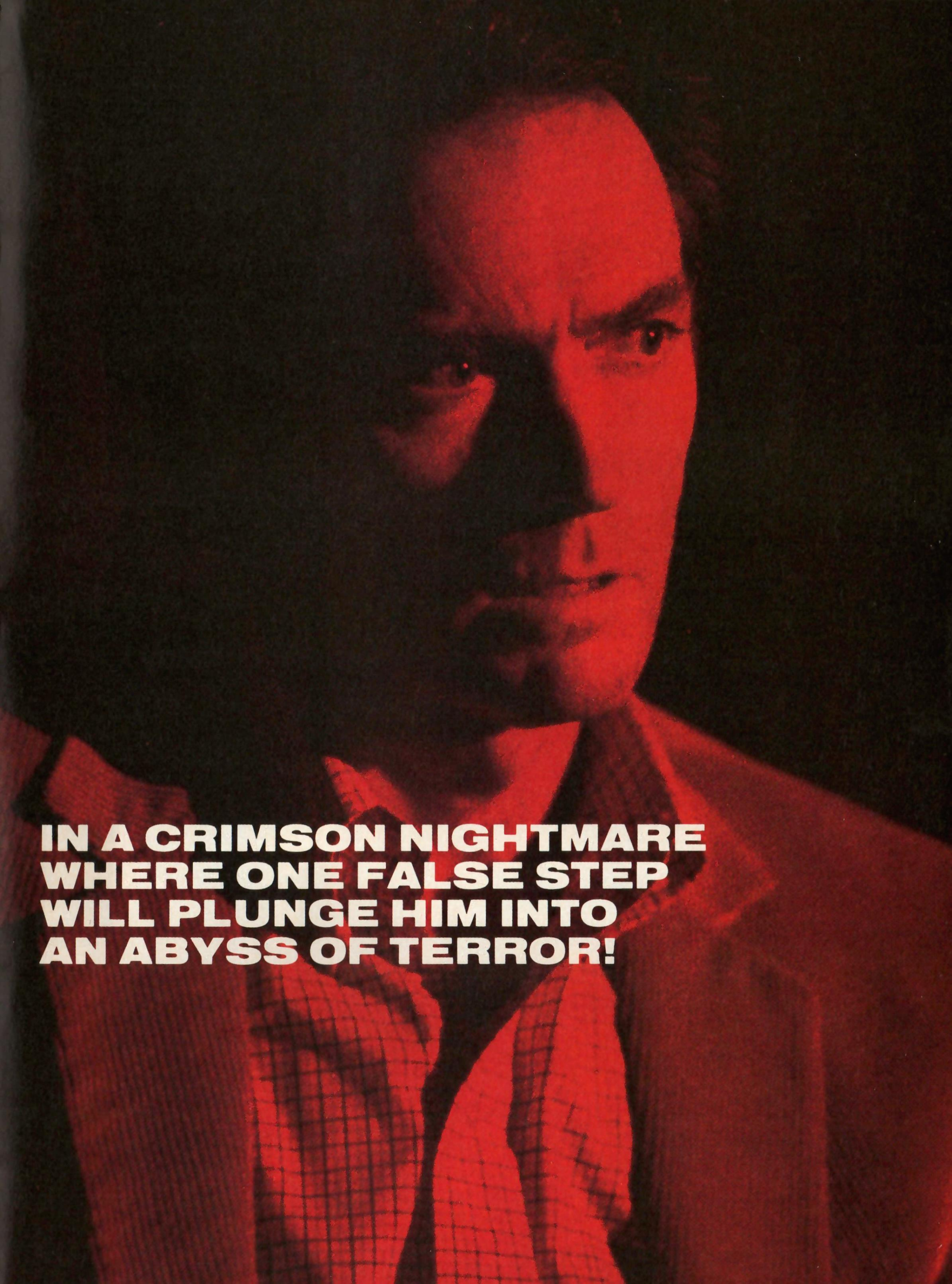
His reputation and knowledge of filmmaking have led Eastwood in recent years to direct and/or produce his own projects, beginning with the suspense-charged **Play Misty for Me**. Over the past decade, his hits include **The Eiger Sanction**, **Every Which Way But Loose**, **Any Which Way You Can** and **Firefox**.

Eastwood's stylized underplaying has allowed him to create memorable characters vigorously opposed to convention, appearing like phantoms in the night and drifting away without even a backwards glance. His performing philosophy is to convey feeling through movement and attitude rather than dialogue; the absence of explanation, he believes, requires a more active viewer participation. "Let the audience write *with* you," Eastwood says. "Let them imagine *with* you—play a scene with an economy of words. Building a mystique is something you manage with a certain intensity and an active thought process. You don't have to say much because what's *inside* is speaking to the audience. *That's* the fun of movies."

tight'rope, *n. 2. a thin, taut, wire strand connecting two opposing points which must be crossed using balance and equilibrium.*

Richard Tuggle has all the qualities of a fine circus acrobat.

For example, the opportunity to direct his first film, **Tightrope**, was an extraordinary feat of timing, skill and balance. After graduating from the University of Virginia as a political science major, Tuggle spent two years in the army before visiting San Francisco and Alcatraz Island, site of America's former highest-security federal prison. The story of inmate Frank Norris' unsolved 1962 break-out from "The Rock" inspired his screenplay, **Escape From Alcatraz**. Moving to LA in March, 1978, Tuggle sent the script to Don Siegel, noted for his direction of male-oriented suspense adventures such as **Dirty Harry** and **Coogan's Bluff**. Siegel, in turn, forwarded it to Eastwood, who bought it immediately. The film was in production by October, 1978.


IN A CRIMSON NIGHTMARE
WHERE ONE FALSE STEP
WILL PLUNGE HIM INTO
AN ABYSS OF TERROR!

"I liked the story," Tuggle recalls, "purchased a book on screenplay writing and simply *wrote*. It involved an unsympathetic character and no women, which is unusual, but I couldn't change *anything* because it actually happened! **Alcatraz** was almost like a play because all the action occurs in four or five rooms—and I couldn't exactly bring in 1,000 cowboys riding off into the sunset!"

Then, after being hired by several studios to work on **Earthquake II** and **Rough Cut**—and the resentment of writing by committee—he began a new screenplay which he planned to direct. In development for more than two years, **Tightrope** details the effect of violence on a police veteran.

"I was curious about a career cop's reactions to the crimes he's exposed to," Tuggle says. "I talked to the San Francisco Police Department—patrolmen, lab specialists, forensic scientists, rape counselors, four or five of each. I asked if rape, murder, all the blood and guts aroused them. Interestingly, one vice cop told me it made him treat his wife *more tenderly* in bed.

"I'm tired of the slasher movies with violence against women, where the cop is *never* affected. So, I combined a policeman's private reactions with an actual series of rapes that happened while I lived in Berkeley. **Tightrope** is about a cop chasing a killer through the sexual underground, and coming out of it *whole* rather than messed up."

The script, reminiscent of such screen classics as **On Dangerous Ground** and **Detective Story**, emphasizes the struggle between good and evil both *within* the volatile Wes Block, and *between* him and his elusive antagonist—he must become *like* the killer to track him down.

"The more savage the character becomes," Tuggle confides, "the less an audience will sympathize with him. First, I wrote a good script, but had an unlikable protagonist; then, I made him likable, and he wasn't very interesting. I felt like I walked a tightrope until I found the right combination."

Balance was achieved after ten screenplay drafts and a myriad of titles, including **Unnatural Acts**. Again, Don Siegel read it first, then gave it to Eastwood for consideration during the **Sudden Impact** shoot. Both liked it, but the new script included a stipulation: no sale unless the author directed the picture. Tuggle, knowing Eastwood had helmed many of his own recent projects, expected a refusal, or at least an argument. He did not count on the star's willingness to nurture aspiring talent, but the reply told it all: "It's OK—*you* can direct."

"I didn't know a thing about directing," Tuggle confesses, "but felt I could do better than the mediocrity I was seeing. I figured I'd struggle through if I didn't sink immediately. Hollywood doesn't operate on sense or ability—I was hired because I

Clint Eastwood grapples with the crazed killer in **Tightrope**. © 1984 WARNER BROS. INC.

(Above and Below) Genevieve Bujold becomes the murderer's next target.

Wes Block and Detective Moliari (Dan Hedaya) examine the latest victim.

forced the situation."

Although the script had not been penned with Eastwood in mind, the flinty performer fit into the role like a cartridge in a .44 magnum cylinder. He also filled another lead, that of Block's daughter, with his own child, Alison. "When I read the script, I thought it might provide a nice opportunity for her," Eastwood reveals, "especially since Kyle, my son, had performed well in **Honkytonk Man**. The screenplay stresses the love and sympathy between father and daughter —that closeness is one of the movie's best points. It overcomes the rape, murder and perversion. Alison understood the character's elements, and really makes her believable. She has talent—her work will speak for itself.

"I also felt it would give us some special time together—and that was most important to *both* of us."

tīght'rōpe, *n. 3. (a) a precarious line of stability in the midst of chaos; (b) [Colloq.] a strand of truth in a network of deception.*

Capturing **Tightrope** on celluloid has at times been as uncertain as balancing on a thin wire with no net.

Lensed entirely in New Orleans, the film combines a riveting plot pulled tighter than a hangman's noose with a city known for its colorful fountains, flowers, architecture and atmosphere.

Originally set in San Francisco, **Tightrope** depended on an interesting background to lend texture and contrast to the plot's shock value. Eastwood, however, having just completed **Sudden Impact** in the Golden Gate city, nixed a back-to-back shoot in the same locale; a rapid rewrite changed Chinatown to the fabled French Quarter, the Embarcadero to Lake Ponchartrain and the flower conservatory to Mardi Gras costume warehouses. Tuggle, who had been stationed in New Orleans in the army, collaborated with Eastwood and co-producer Fritz Manes to make the 2,300-mile transplant.

"We wanted **Tightrope** to reflect New Orleans on two levels," Manes explains. "We captured the city's historic charm and tradition, and also caught its jazzy, sultry, sensual quality. **Tightrope** is very suspenseful, and New Orleans offers more mystery than just about any other American city."

Filming there, however, provided enough palm-sweating experiences to make even Dirty Harry crack an appreciative sneer. Beginning in October, 1983, after four location scouting trips, 30 of the total 42 shooting days were spent in New Orleans. Narrow streets replete with balconies of lacy iron grillwork in the old French Quarter slowed large production vehicles to a crawl, making on-set activity resemble a pot of chicken gumbo. Other delays resulted from reconstruction for the 1984 World's Fair, and long waits for sunset, since most of the film utilized night lensing for heightened mystery.

The most ambitious scheduling blitz occurred on Halloween night, the "autumn Mardi Gras." Fifteen thousand celebrants decked out in gaily-colored costumes, masks and capes poured into Bourbon Street, creating an unscripted madhouse resembling a Hieronymus Bosch painting. To capture the spontaneous fervor, hand-held cameras were used as Eastwood mingled with the throng of cavorting, masked revellers. The movie crew, unable to see each other's set-ups in the milling swarm, communicated by walkie-talkie during the action.

The veteran production unit lensed **Tightrope in** *film noir* style, often using the first take, with only one or two camera set-ups. Total exposed footage was a scant 85,000 —*one-eighth* that for the average movie.

"Clint is very economical," Tuggle explains, "and has the knowledge of what *not* to shoot—it's basically a matter of *where* to set the camera. He's intense, and if things aren't happening, he's bored. We came in under schedule because of his experience. Directors like George Stevens and William Wyler shot a lot of film, and assembled their movies in the editing room. Clint prefers the John Ford/Howard Hawks method of shooting just what he needs and moving on. So do I."

Eastwood's advice concerning filming angles was usually regarded as "the word", although he and the director had several differences of opinion, which Tuggle conceded—unless he could convince the star/producer otherwise. "I knew Clint always had the *final* decision," he admits, "and, since that's the case, *he doesn't argue!* It was like being *married* to him!"

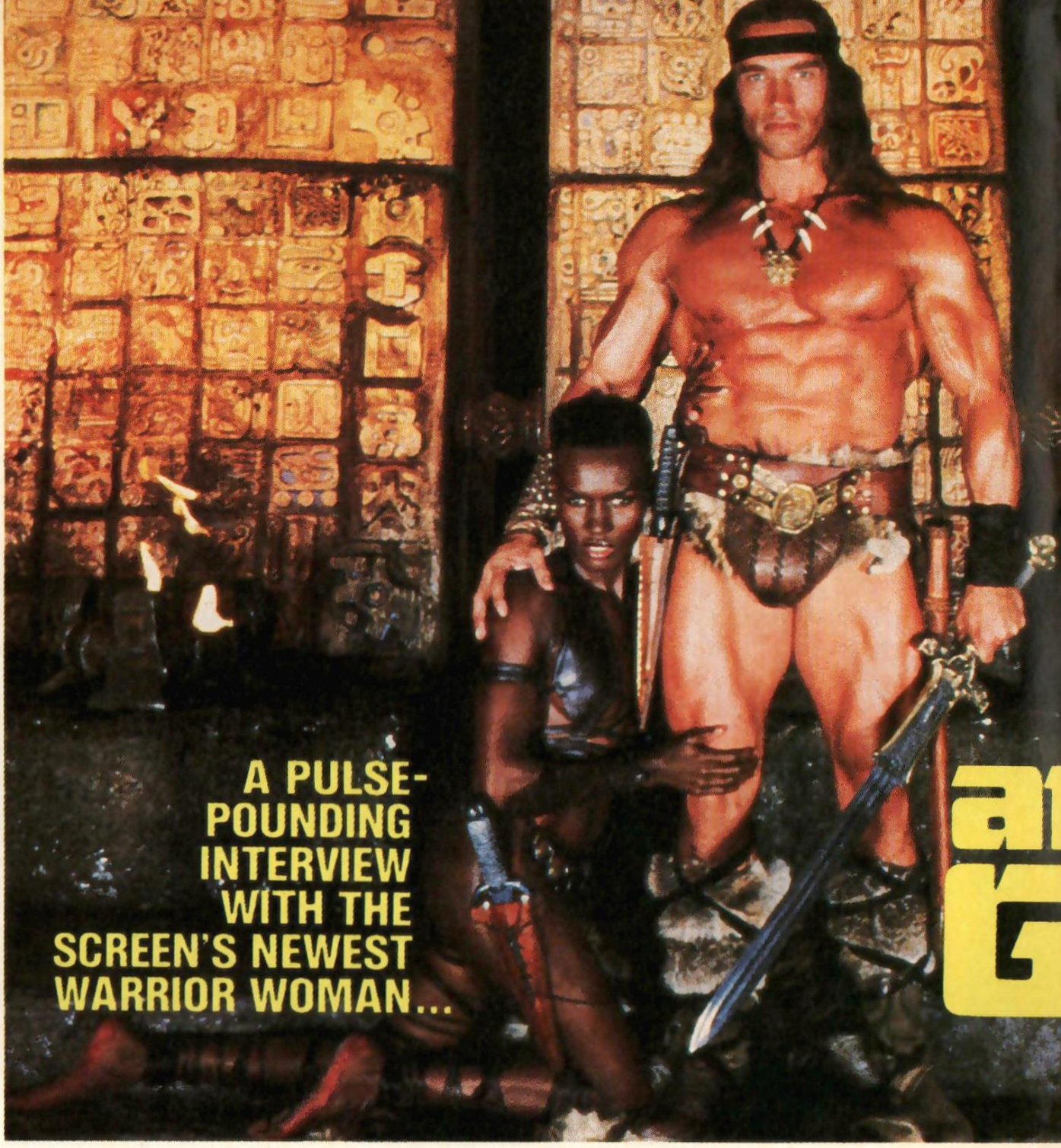
Tightrope is further enhanced by a hot-as-creole-cuisine score provided by jazz giant Lenny Niehaus. And, one of the film's most musical scenes showcases Eastwood on piano, performing one of his own compositions.

The star also eased shooting chores with a wry, self-deprecating humor when he blew lines, and exercised patience in dealing the technical difficulties—including a long, walking sequence utilizing a Panaglide camera which required *17 takes!* His intense commitment cut extra hours from the filming schedule; twelve-hour days allowed for cast and crew to enjoy New Orleans in free time.

As the bayou sun drops into the horizon, Eastwood calls for the day's final scene. In police headquarters, a department psychiatrist explains to Block hos corruption and virtue conflict in the human soul. The cameras roll, the crew listens intently as the words sum up the film's real drama.

"There's a darkness inside *all* of us—you, me, the man down the street. Some have it under control, others act it out, and the rest of us try to walk a *tightrope* between the two."★

Grace Jones as the indomitable Zula.



Grace Jones and Arnold Schwarzenegger star as two warriors battling magic and treachery in **Conan the**

A PULSE-POUNDING INTERVIEW WITH THE SCREEN'S NEWEST WARRIOR WOMAN...

STAR INTERVIEW BY STERANKO

She's part peacock and part black panther. She's a Dragon Lady with a right angle flattop cut and a barbed wire persona. She's a triple-threat performer whose cult following is in danger of being eclipsed by mass appeal.

Grace Jones has moved from modeling to music to movies like a theatrical thunderbolt in a media mega-storm. The multi-faceted star was born in Spanishtown, Jamaica, the third of seven children. Her clergyman father traces his roots back to Nigeria, while her maternal great-grandmother was half Scotch. A touch of Chinese blood, she says, may account for the almond-shaped eyes and high cheekbones.

At age twelve, she moved to Syracuse, New York, and subsequently enrolled at Syracuse University as a Spanish major. During that time, she discovered theatre, and left school to pursue the art. Moving to New York City, she made ends meet by working at the Wilhelmina Modeling Agency, and eventually migrated to Paris, where she became one of France's top models, with covers of **Elle**, **Vogue** *and* **Stern** *to her credit.*

At the insistence of a friend, the 5'8", 120-pound mademoiselle entered the recording studio and landed a contract. Soon afterward, she signed with Island Records, cut I Need a Man *in 1977, and went on to make five albums, which include 1981's number one Black record,* Pull Up To The Bumper.

During that period, she became the high priestess of "disco theatre," with a remarkable show featuring motorcycles and live tigers. Her relationship with French art director Jean-Paul Goude shaped many of the visual elements in her act, produced a unique photo book titled **Jungle Fever**, *and their delightful four-year-old son, Polo.*

While film appearances include her live performance in **A One Man Show** *and the ear-biting Honda commercials with Adam Ant, Jones made her feature film debut as Zula, the warrior woman in* **Conan the Destroyer**. *She will be seen next as a villainess in the upcoming James Bond thriller,* **From A View to a Kill**. **PREVUE** *spoke with the actress in her elegant West Village, New York apartment. She was energetic, candid, vivacious—and punctuated the conversation with laughter to reveal the woman behind the image.*

PREVUE: Your character Zula is a fierce, dominant female, similar to your performing persona. Could you have been a warrior woman 10,000 years ago?

JONES: Definitely! I really feel like I've been on Earth *before,* and that I have the power to expand my abilities because of it. Something in me takes over, but I know how to control it. And when I do, my whole body tingles!

PREVUE: That sounds like good, old-fashioned sexual energy.

JONES: That's one of the things I bring out in people. I make them feel their primal drive—raw sexuality!

PREVUE: So some Zula is in Grace Jones !"

JONES: More than you know! She's a survivor, a warrior who only knows fighting. Zula is a mercenary who gets paid for dangerous combat and risking her life.

PREVUE: How did you prepare for the role?

JONES: I've lifted weights for a long time, and I rode horses. I've always been athletic. Learning to fight with the staff made me develop certain other areas in my shoulders that I didn't use before. The weapon was heavy, and I carried it all the time. On the set, I worked out with Arnold every day. He was surprised that I'd pumped iron for a year. Although he was aware of me, I don't think he'd seen any pictures of my body. He was surprised that I worked out as much as I did.

PREVUE: What else surprised Arnold?

JONES: My acting surprised him a lot. I think if he'd have known I was going to be *that good,* he would have tried harder.

PREVUE: Is it a good idea to upstage Arnold

nazing RACE

Destroyer.

Princess Jehnna (Olivia D'Abo) brings the god, Dagoth, to life with the sacred horn.

Schwarzenegger?

JONES: My whole attitude was to take over the picture.

PREVUE: Like Zula during a raid?

JONES: Yeah, but Zula doesn't have any sense of competition.

PREVUE: Did you take over?

JONES: I hope I did; otherwise, I failed.

PREVUE: How was your first meeting with Arnold?

JONES: Great! I was thinking about how I'd react the first time Zula would meet him! I concentrated more on remembering what my initial feeling was: is he nice? easy to talk to? my impression of him physically.

PREVUE: What surprised you most about him?

JONES: His sense of humor. Mine probably surprised him, too. He thought he'd be really brash, and shock me. But, I'd shock him *right back!* It was fun playing that game.

PREVUE: That must have kept reaction between both of you alive during filming.

JONES: You bet! I stayed in my room a lot off camera so I could concentrate on putting more into the role. That got to him. Arnold thought I didn't want to socialize with him—that I was being a snob. It was solely because I needed to be by myself rather than going to lunch, for example, with everyone in the canteen. I had no time to study unless I took my food and holed up in my dressing room.

PREVUE: Your role obviously required some stunt work. Did you have a double?

JONES: At first, they couldn't find a female match for me, so I had a male double. That was a trip because he chewed tobacco, and *spit about one inch* from your toe—all the time! This guy was so primitive, it was ridiculous!

PREVUE: One would have to be primal to wear Zula's costume.

JONES: Unfortunately, he wasn't primal enough. Halfway through filming, there was a stunt where Wilt Chamberlain and Zula collide on horseback, and the damn horse fell on my double's leg. He disappeared after that. There were no more doubles to be found, so I ended up doing the rest of my stunts *myself!* But, I never fell off a horse, even though some of the experts bit the dust. One horse kept throwing everybody. He was just doing it for fun, but I made it a point to stay away from him.

PREVUE: Didn't your legs and thighs hurt from all that riding?

JONES: At first, I got very bruised and chafed because I didn't have any protection—I was barelegged. The saddle rubbed me *raw,* really sore. But, I guess a warrior woman should expect such things.

PREVUE: What's your attitude about dangerous stunt work?

JONES: Ooh! *I love it!* I would have done even more if they'd let me!

PREVUE: Were you ever afraid?

JONES: Well, a little. But, once I decided to do it, I went through it with the philosophy that whatever happens, happens. I love trying dangerous things for the first time. Sure, it's a rush, especially if it's successful.

PREVUE: Were you ever in serious danger?

JONES: Oh yes, especially when we climbed a rope down a very deep waterfall. If something had gone wrong, *that* would have been the end of Zula and me. The waterfall itself was more than 80 feet high. We only had to climb halfway down, then the doubles took over. You see, it was hazardous because I *didn't* have a safety harness—my costume was too small—so I just went hand-over-hand. That was the most frightening stunt. I also did some pole vaulting, which wasn't that difficult because I already knew how. I used my staff—it served many different purposes in the story.

PREVUE: Did you get injured?

JONES: I got hurt all the damn time! I whacked out two vertebrae in my neck, and couldn't even look over my left shoulder for awhile. I had more bandages than King Tut's mummy because I was barefooted during the whole picture. I had lots of cuts.

PREVUE: Were any others hurt on the shoot during stunts?

JONES: Arnold had one serious accident. He jumped from a high balcony, and knocked his neck out of joint. He doesn't like to discuss it because he's supposed to be unbreakable; he prefers not to talk about his injuries.

PREVUE: Being a hero is never easy. Did **Conan the Destroyer** fulfill any Grace Jones fantasies?

JONES: My opening sequence, where I battle a group of men to a standstill—*by myself!* I loved it! I could have taken on *the whole cast* that day, that's how high I was.

In another scene, I joust Wilt right off a horse. That was easy, because my staff's very long, and I came at him with everything I had. Then, I broke into a laugh—I don't know if they'll keep it or not—like the Wicked Witch of the West. God, it was wonderful!

PREVUE: It's not everybody who gets unseated by Grace Jones.

JONES: In the beginning, Wilt hated being knocked off a horse, or being bested in any way. He didn't look at it as acting; he just thought of his friends watching him be humiliated!

PREVUE: And the more he hated it, the more you loved it?

JONES: Well, I guess I have this thing for men—a love/hate relationship!

PREVUE: Was filming in Mexico also a love/hate relationship?

JONES: Only as long as I was on location. I couldn't stand Mexico City, where we did the last six weeks of studio shooting. The city was just too dirty, no clean air. My skin started breaking out, but I toured Mexico before, and was aware of all the problems. I got an apartment with a cook, and made sure she put disinfectant stuff in the food. That reminds me of a bet I had with Arnold. When I got there, I said, "I bet you I *won't* get sick." And he said, "I bet you will." Then, everyone got sick but me. He *still* owes me $100!

PREVUE: Who went to Mexico with you?

JONES: My mother and my son, who had a ball! Such an imagination! I gave him my sword every day to play with.

PREVUE: Did all your weaponry ever take on a real-life toll?

JONES: I clobbered *myself* with the staff during one fight scene—that was quite embarrassing.

PREVUE: So, how tough does it really get for a barbarian woman?

JONES: In one sequence, I had to throw the staff from the balcony to stop the villain who was just about to kill the virgin princess. I thought I'd *never* get it, because I had to hurl the staff over the balcony and hit a certain mark—like a javelin thrower! The target was at least 30 feet away, and it took—oh God!—about 15 throws to hit it. *My arm almost fell off!* The director kept telling me, "Hold it this way!", then, "Hold it that way!" Finally they said, "Forget it," and I yelled "Just one more time!" Then, I did it!

PREVUE: Did you ever get the giggles during a scene?

JONES: Once, very badly! In a most important scene, we arrive at this place housing the jewel we're supposed to get, and we're surrounded by an army of warriors dressed all in black. The wizard on their side is played by a fantastic British actor, and he delivers this incredible monologue. I'm standing there *very fierce,* giving him a look that says, "Hey! You don't know who you're messing with!" Suddenly, this Spanish stand-in delivers his line, which will later be dubbed in English. He says, very fast, with a funny accent and a very comical Jerry Lewis look on his face, "Geev us de gurl or we weel takk hur!" Right after this fabulous, beautifully-done monologue, an extra blurts out this line! And I just cracked up! I *couldn't stop* laughing. I tried everything. The whole scene was so dramatic and important! I could have died!

PREVUE: Did you have any input with your costume?

JONES: Yes. The designers came to New York prior to filming, and showed me the

costume sketches. They wanted Zula to resemble a male warrior, and to cover my eyes with a bright yellow strip of make-up all the way across my face. But, I rejected that. Usually men have that kind of painting. The women do scarification, but that kind of make-up would take too much time to apply every day.

Also, they fashioned my costumes on a dummy, and I don't have a dummy's body! My legs are extremely long, and I look short-waisted when a belt is put around my middle. So, I took a belt in of my own, and had the wardrobe crew copy the same line, so the belt drops almost in front of my vagina. It sits on my hips and mounts up in the back, so it lifts the ass area. Once we did that, we were set except for the proportions, which had to be altered.

PREVUE: How did you feel when you first put on your costume?

JONES: Naked! I'm very critical about my body—if my ass is looking tight enough, what's changed since I was 15. After awhile, though, when I got in costume and picked up the staff, *it was me.* The staff is what I fight with—it's my life, an extension of my character.

PREVUE: Was it your decision to keep your hair the same way?

JONES: They wanted it the same way, and it's easy to manage. It took an hour off my dressing time, because whenever I woke up, my hair was already done! It was wonderful.

PREVUE: How long will you keep the flat-top look?

JONES: If it changes, it will be gradual. I've had it this way about four years now.

PREVUE: How did it develop?

JONES: It evolved. My face is angular, and I always had my hair cropped very short, but rounded, with a little part—always pretty boyish. I could change the look by shaving my forehead in a different angle—square or round. So, from a doodle Jean-Paul did, we came up with this look. It was a very strong angle that accented my features even more, made them harder. It seems to be quite memorable.

PREVUE: I doubt if anyone who meets you is soon likely to forget it. Do you ever go out without looking your best?

JONES: It depends where I am. When I'm in Paris, the whole society makes me feel all right. I always go there for fashion inspiration, because it makes me take time to do something with myself, to try different things. When I'm here, I don't do it as much. I think I can look good with no make-up, in a man's suit or a jacket. If I don't feel like putting make-up on, I just throw on a hat, a tailored suit and feel fine.

PREVUE: So there are times you dress for others instead of Grace Jones?

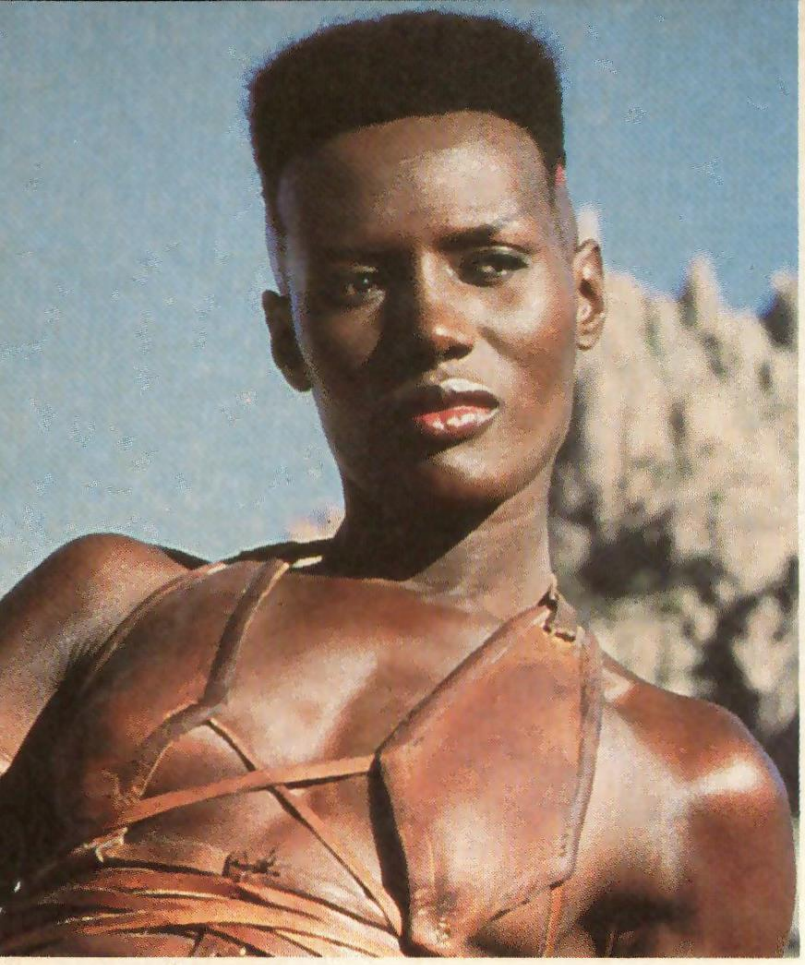
JONES: Well, I'm against putting a designer outfit on the way they say to wear it. A lot of people do that, but they don't have to! I get designer clothes and mix them all up. I wear a top that doesn't seem to go with the skirt or the shoes. I always create a certain look that's not part of the outfit. *That makes it me!*

Sometimes I wear tights underneath a skirt because they make my legs look bigger. My calves, from my knees to my ankles, are my weak point. They have no shape whatsoever; they look like matchsticks.

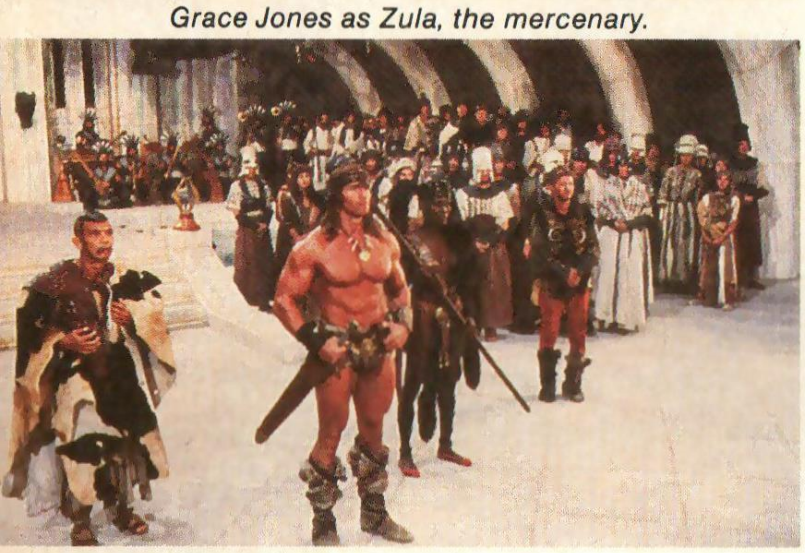
I've been building them up, so they're much better. Now, I have a little curve there. I don't have a high arch, and I can't change that unless I break my foot—and I wouldn't do that!

PREVUE: Isn't it unfortunate that most women—and men—wear ready-made clothes just the way they've seen in magazine ads? They don't give clothes *their* personality, they buy clothes to *get* personality—often paying $50 or $100 more than the garment is worth to have that "name brand" image. It's an unnecessary erosion of individualism that's accepted too easily. Is that what fashion is all about?

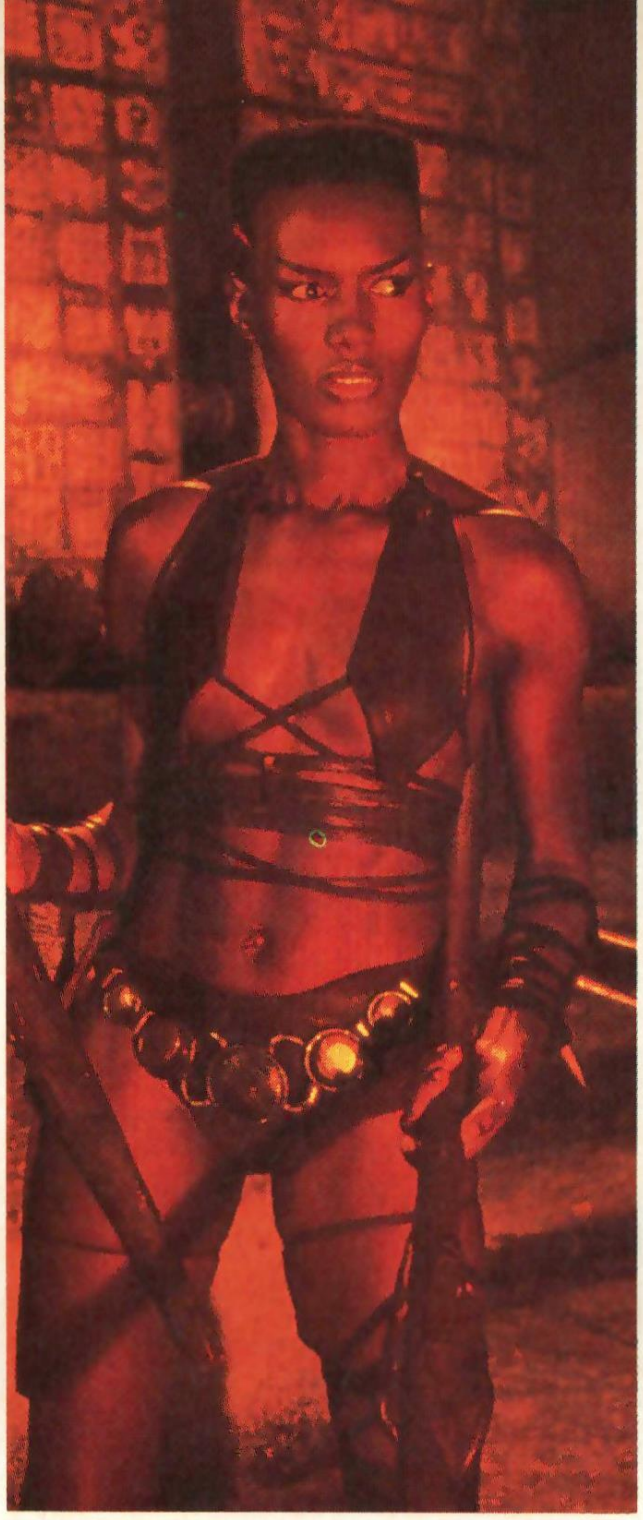
JONES: It shouldn't be! A lot of clothes don't have any personality, so the buyers still end up with *nothing!* I saw a collection the other



Grace Jones as Zula, the mercenary.



The barbarians watch a royal Shadizar ritual.



Zula steals through a dark Dagoth temple.

Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan.

day that everyone was praising by saying, "This line of clothing makes you say, 'Don't look at me.'" I would never, ever want an outfit that says, "Don't look at me!" Can you imagine? And this was Calvin Klein! I thought, "Oh, my God! How boring!"

You can always take dull outfits and jazz them up, give them personality if you take the time. And that's the thing about Paris—there everyone takes the time.

PREVUE: It takes strong vision and real personality to ignore trends that are "In" and just be oneself.

JONES: Of course. We've always been taught to do what the next guy is doing.

PREVUE: Do you think American women have fashion nerve compared to Europeans? Or are they too brainwashed?

JONES: They take it too much to the extreme. If you wake up one day and don't feel like dressing up, you should be able not to, and not have people whispering about you in the street.

PREVUE: Do you care if people whisper?

JONES: No, they whisper all the time about me! No one has the guts to say anything about me out loud. I love it!

PREVUE: Speaking of love, how important is it to you?

JONES: Very.

PREVUE: Are you in love now?

JONES: Yes, but I have too much love. I don't think I could ever *not* be in love. I've been lucky; I've been hurt before, but that doesn't prevent me from being in love. Still, there's part of me that refuses to be conquered or caged. I hold back too, so the other person can also give. You can give your all, you just don't give it all the time!

PREVUE: You make it sound a bit like acting, but I suppose that's one way to make it work. Incidentally, are there enough good roles available to women?

JONES: We have to create our own. That's really what it boils down to, but, there aren't that many actresses inspiring writers to write good roles.

PREVUE: Since there aren't that many strong female roles—although more are cropping up on TV—how do you expect to find parts for a tall, black woman?

JONES: I'm not really worried about it, because I feel when the right role is written for me, it will have *nothing* to do with my color. Someone will say, "Grace Jones will be good for this part." If they don't come, then I'll form my own production company. But, I think my upcoming roles after the next few films will be better because I'll have an established precedent. There *is* a big gap to be filled, and I think that I'll have no problem filling it.

PREVUE: Did you do any research for **Conan the Destroyer**?

JONES: Some, and found Zula was a male in the comic strips, and in the novels, too. The character became a friend to Conan, and accompanied him on many adventures. I think the producers wanted someone Black to play Zula, and I was at the right place at the right time. Then, my one-man-show video *convinced* them I had something they wanted.

PREVUE: What was that "something"?

JONES: A strong, tough presence. When I play that role, I look like I could kill!

PREVUE: Let's not overlook raw sexuality.

JONES: That whole primal thing again, a certain basic animalism.

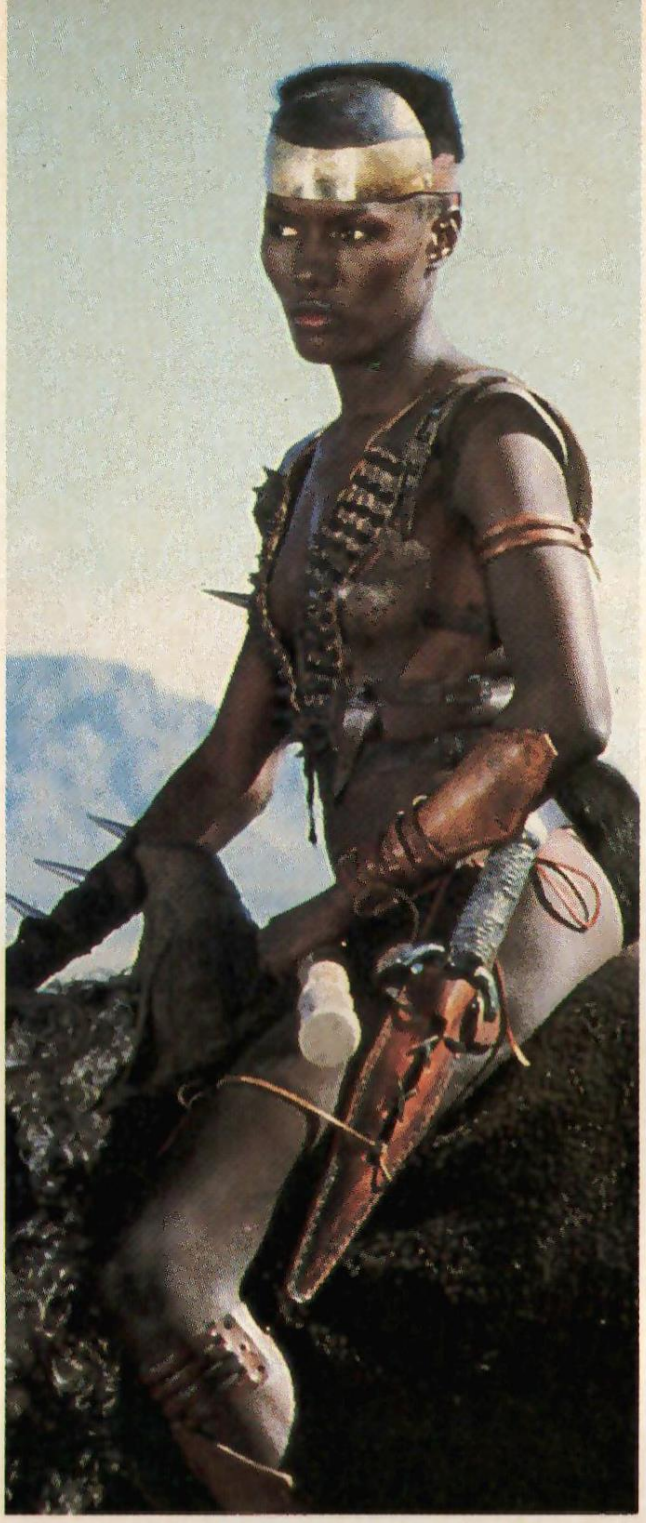
PREVUE: What did you bring to the character that was not in the script?

JONES: Movement, power, a certain concentration. I took my work very seriously. My relationship with other characters, particularly with Conan, was very special. Some viewers will think we fall in love because I read things into the lines that *weren't* there, as far as my emotions for Conan. Raw sexuality again. I made it sexy, but not sweet and feminine.

PREVUE: Were you really acting or only playing Grace Jones?

JONES: A bit of both. I could have played Zula without thinking about it. The physical presence is there—I can just look mean *on the surface.* Instead, when I kill, I look

Sarah Douglas as the evil Queen Tamaris.



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Grace Jones as the fierce woman warrior.

Tamaris whips up an evil potion.

The Heart of Ahriman enthralls the Princess.

like *I can't wait* to do it—and that I get off on doing it.

PREVUE: That's part of your stage persona.

JONES: Definitely. All I have to do is stare and move a hand, and *the whole front row clears out!* I know I have it, and how to direct it to the extreme.

PREVUE: Doesn't that get in your way when you're dealing with people?

JONES: When I'm dealing with businessmen, *that's how I want them to feel!* It's funny—when I have personal contact with people, it only takes a couple of seconds to burst that threatening illusion.

PREVUE: You're a pussycat at heart?

JONES: Maybe one with six-inch claws! But, sure, my friends know me as being really sweet, so, if I ever do something mean, they're in shock. Those who see only the sinister side of me are in shock when I act civil. It's great!

PREVUE: How do men usually react when first meeting you?

JONES: Like I'm some kind of strange creature—an animal.

PREVUE: In a certain way, you *are* a strange creature.

JONES: I'm a very physical person, and I don't think I could ever hide it. I'm aggressively physical. Obviously, if I'm pumping iron and working out, my body looks good, and I carry it a certain way because I know it's special. I know that I'm feeling good, and that sense creates an illusion. The more I love myself, the more people gravitate towards me.

PREVUE: It's said that ferocity doesn't come from stature or appearance, but from the eyes. Do you have techniques to dominate the company you're in, to take over the conversation, for example?

JONES: It's all very subtle, very laid back, not forced or pushy.

PREVUE: Silence speaks louder than words?

JONES: Of course. Silence brings out the animal in people. I create that space for them by being silent and almost immobile—and I *always* get a response.

PREVUE: You once said that you are not soft and round, but skinny and tough.

JONES: I'm built like a horse—*lean!*

PREVUE: Is that the core of your sensuality?

JONES: I think it's genetic, really.

PREVUE: Are you really as sexy as you look?

JONES: Ah, well, you'll have to try me to find out!

PREVUE: That's the best offer I've had all day. Seriously, what is your best feature?

JONES: My mouth. It's half my face!

PREVUE: I thought you'd say your cheekbones.

JONES: Some people think they are misshapen because their angle is so strong, but my whole family has bigger cheekbones than I do—all six of them.

PREVUE: Cheekbones can't be expressive, but a mouth can.

JONES: That's true. I think my mouth definitely stands out. That's me—young, beautiful, striking, powerful and good cheekbones.

PREVUE: What's your basic beauty secret?

JONES: It's important to sleep a lot—that makes me really beautiful. Sleep enables you to release a lot of frustration that weighs you down. It's like cleansing one's soul. I like nine-ten hours a night.

PREVUE: How do you relax when you're not performing?

JONES: Exercise, working out or by crying.

PREVUE: Do you believe in fighting in a love relationship?

JONES: Yes. How can you grow if you don't fight? It's awfully boring to always agree on everything.

PREVUE: What kind of fighting do you do?

JONES: With words. I'm very bad. I hit *below* the belt!

PREVUE: You seem to have lived the life of a rebel. But, as a minister's daughter, how does your family react to your life and your career?

JONES: They've been well-educated on it. We're very good friends, and we're all adults. I've never talked very deeply with my father

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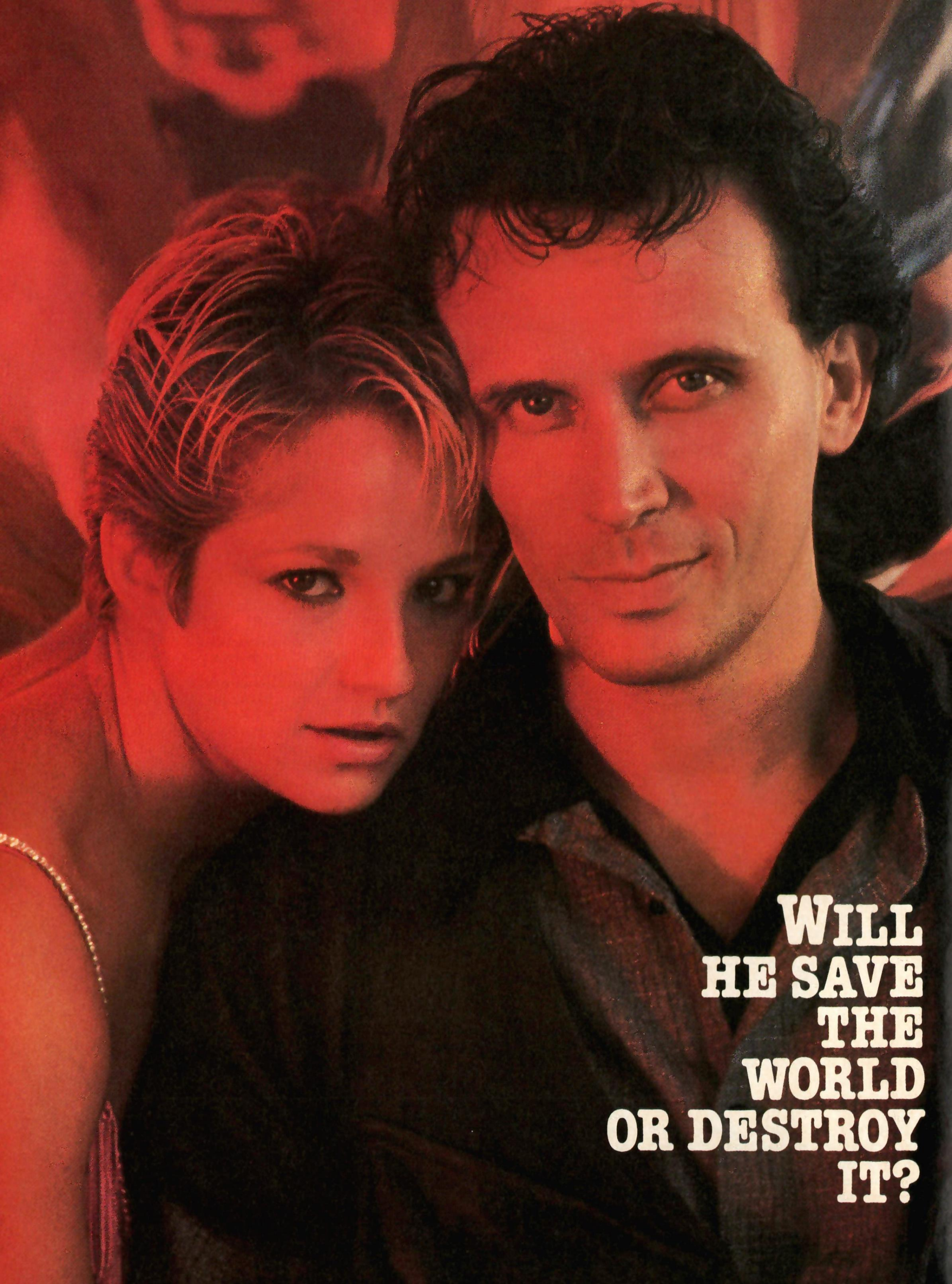
WILL
HE SAVE
THE
WORLD
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THE SECRET FILES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI

BANZAI INSTITUTE FOR BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING AND STRATEGIC INFORMATION
INTEROFFICE CIRCULATION — CONFIDENTIAL
File No. BB-884:
Current Hong Kong Cavaliers Security Data

BUCKAROO BANZAI: *Extraordinary neurosurgeon. Strange, mysterious figure, born of mixed Japanese and American marriage: father Masado Banzai, pioneer in theoretical quantum mechanics, and mother Sandra Willoughby, beautiful Texas belle specializing in negative mass propulsion, both killed in 1955 jet vehicle accident, result of failed matter penetration experiment.*

Unchallenged by life of medicine; developed far-reaching skills in many fields of endeavor. Presidential advisor. Fluent in twelve languages. Adept with six-gun. Exploits recounted in novels, comics and movies. Interests: bujitsu; *particle physics; design and construction of high-powered automobiles, including Jet Car, capable of permeating 8th dimensional matrix. Fronts hard-rocking east Texas bar band: Hong Kong Cavaliers—information on same follows.*

RAWHIDE: *Real name unknown; of western United States origin. Owns no more than can be carried on horse. Holds advanced degrees in psychology, anthropology, entomology. Interests: human mind, Zen, piano, life-forms, cultures.*

RENO: *Real name unknown; of Latin extraction. Dark, moody, dangerous; possesses peculiar artistic streak, sells bold pencil sketches of Cavaliers to national magazines. Postulated existence of flatusphere, atmospheric layer consisting of accumulations of methane gas derived from planet's constipation, politicians' long-winded speeches. Interests: saxophone, weaponry. Skilled with gun, knife, rope.*

PERFECT TOMMY: *Real name unknown; of southern United States origin. Also known as "Knight of the Lesser Boulevards." Young, handsome, vain, heartless, pleasure-loving. Known to be bravely foolhardy, excessively cowardly. Forced to leave promising cryogenic propellant testing position at M.I.T. as result of scandal involving unknown woman. Sentenced to prison term in Egyptian opium bust, escaped, joined Foreign Legion disguised as Belgian. Design of Jet Car suspension led to Oscillation Overthruster experiments to penetrate matter. Interests: rhythm guitar, mirrors.*

NEW JERSEY: *Real name Sidney Zweibel; of hard-working bourgeoisie family. Uncertain of abilities. Attended Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons with Buckaroo Banzai. Interests: piano.*

END REPORT

"No matter where you go, there you are."

The modern-day Gulliver's unique philosophy is about to be proven by his experimental Jet Car as it plunges through a mountain of stone—into *the 8th Dimension!*

The legendary hero's stunning exploits are being captured on film for the new science fiction thriller, **The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai: Across the 8th Dimension**. The Hong Kong Cavaliers, however, are unable to portray themselves on celluloid; they are off somewhere saving the world, instead of supervising their big screen biography.

California's El Mirage Valley, where shooting has commenced after extensive delays, is baking in 120-degree heat. First-time producer/director W.D. Richter squints and wipes his brow. The production unit has endured ten hours in the natural oven. Bodies are exhausted; minds are drained; visions have wilted.

As Richter signals, silence sweeps over the parched lake bed floor like the devil's breath. The Jet Car's engine is revved for a take that will transport it to the eerie 8th Dimension to face an alien menace beyond description. A car in name only, the mean machine is a converted Ford pick-up, aerodynamically streamlined, with fins and a pristine wax shine. Balloon tires and a souped-up engine complete the make-over, transforming the vehicle into every red-blooded American boy's dream. But, as rubber blasts sand back toward the camera, one difference is as evident as a Model T on the Indianapolis Speedway—a 30-foot, white-hot flame shoots from the rear-mounted engine.

The craft gains speed as it approaches the mountainside, gearing up to 120 mph on the broiling desert plain. A Lear Jet engine which had been previously installed was removed because it accelerated from *0 to 265* in a mere *six seconds*—a bit *too fast* even for Hollywood heroes.

Now, however, the Jet Car acts more like an Edsel than a Formula I. It sputters, gasps and finally dies, coasting to an embarrassing stop before even *reaching* the rocky wall. The tremendous temperature has caused the machine to overheat, almost matching the attitude of the director.

Richter turns to co-producer Neil Canton, who covers his eyes in mock anguish. "What's with you?" the exasperated, 38-year-old director asks. Canton replies, "Do you suppose they have Aamcos in the 8th Dimension, Rick?"

The unexpected has become a daily element during the making of **Buckaroo Banzai**, the $16-million action epic that mixes equal parts Doc Savage, The Three Musketeers and James Bond in an outrageous and unprecedented tale with enough gadgetry to make Batman slink back to his cave. Science fiction, music, horror and comedy combine with an intricate plot to generate a madcap mixture that might be best classified as "The Dead End Kids Meet **Blade Runner**."

Originally conceived in 1973 by screenwriter Earl (**New York, New York**) Mac Rauch during his early days at Dartmouth College, the Buckaroo notion was shelved for several years as the author published his first novel, **Dirty Pictures from the Prom**, while still a freshman. His next book, **Arkansas Adios**, so struck Richter (a former classmate who penned scripts for **Slither**, **Invasion of the Body Snatchers** and **Brubaker**) that he convinced the young writer to forsake a law career in favor of film. Rauch withdrew after one semester at the University of Texas and, unhappy after a brief stint selling mobile homes, was lured by Richter's Hollywood offer.

The two collaborated on the vague notion of a hero with intelligence, martial arts prowess, a lucrative career and a desire to live life on the cutting edge. "Buckaroo Bandy"—the name inspired by Rauch's home state of Texas—began as a wandering, guitar-playing minstrel. He did not fully evolve until the author began a screenplay with a $1500 advance from Richter. Then, Buckaroo Banzai was born!

"Mac wrote 30 pages and sent them to me for approval," Richter smiles as he recalls the project's teething pains. "I changed some ideas, expecting a rewrite, and he

FILM FEATURE BY BRENDAN STRASSER

Peter Weller and Ellen Barkin

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B

PHOTOS: A) *Piloting a thermopod, Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller) and alien John Emdall (Carl Lumbly) seek out the evil Lectroids.* **B)** *Diabolic Dr. Emilio Lizardo (John Lithgow) with his nasty aids, John O'Connor (Vincent Schiavelli) and John Bigboote (Christopher Lloyd).* **C)** *The Hong Kong Cavaliers' fabulous Jet Car blasts into the 8th Dimension.* **D)** *High above New Jersey, friendly aliens from Planet 10 scan the battlelines.* **E)** *Locked in the Shock Tower, Buckaroo Banzai endures the weird interrogation techniques concocted by Dr. Lizardo.* **F)** *New Jersey (Jeff Goldblum) hurtles into action against the merciless Red Lectroids.*

F

came back with 50 pages having *nothing* to do with the first 30!"

Rauch, using the pseudonym "John Texas" on his first draft, added the Hong Kong Cavaliers in the second and the Jet Car in the third. By 1980, Richter teamed with Neil Canton to form an independent production company, and stayed up nights to wade through the latest 300-page script. Rauch then began a treatment for studio consideration, but over-enthusiasm again slowed the process. Instead of a half-dozen pages, *he produced 60!*

Most major studios passed on the project (perhaps confused about its concept) until Richter connected with David Begelman, then head of MGM, who agreed to serve as executive producer. The unusual script—not a bankable commodity, but bolstered by executive backing—was accepted in a leap of faith.

The writers' strike stalled further developments under the threat of a heavy fine, and a year passed before another script was completed—all *198 pages* of it! Rauch injected so much humor and characterization that it required whittling away again for purely practical reasons—it would have produced a four-hour movie.

When the screenplay was finally ready for submission, Begelman left MGM to helm United Artists, then moved again to open shop at Sherwood Productions, where he re-purchased the rights from UA.

Even with the top brass stabilized, getting **Buckaroo** before the cameras was about as easy as performing brain surgery with a staple gun. Sherwood, an independent company, only filmed one project at a time. The lengthy hiatus while **Mr. Mom** and **Blame It on Rio** lensed did not, however, stifle enthusiasm, and shooting commenced in Los Angeles on July 11, 1983.

"Everything that *could* have delayed us," Canton sighs, "*did* delay us. Laugh if you will, but I'm convinced the evil red Lectroids from Planet 10 were conspiring against us!"

"The only reason for time is so everything doesn't happen at once."

Buckaroo Banzai is a student of the Eastern arts, a disciple of the belief that meditation and patience are the keys to happiness. Richter and Canton are beginning to question their character's philosophy.

The desert floor is lined with chalk in a spectrum of colors to stage Team Banzai's experiment in their bid to save Earth from invading aliens. Though the lake bed is as dry as a Syrian martini, the crew rejoices as a light breeze caresses their steaming skin, relieving their fatigue ever so slightly. Someone wishes for more—and gets it. The wind blows stronger. Suddenly, relief turns to agitation as a wall of dust envelops the area, whipping the celluloid dream to pieces. Sand flicks up into disbelieving eyes and mouths. Within minutes, the raging dust-storm is venting its wrath on the scrambling movie unit.

When the tempest subsides, the filmmakers are pastel rainbows of chalk clinging to perspiring bodies. "I feel like I'm working in a Road Runner cartoon!" the producer says, looking somewhat like a real-life version of Wile E. Coyote.

Buckaroo Banzai's extravagant array of gadgetry might have prevented the dusting, but the elusive hero is off doing better things like zapping intergalactic lizards, or playing a midnight gig at the Roxy. As a result, the film unit has been forced to use actors as substitutes for the high adventurers.

Peter (**Shoot the Moon**) Weller portrays the super scientist and leader of the the Hong Kong Cavaliers. The rollicking-and-rolling musical group turned soldiers of fortune includes Lewis (**Southern Comfort**) Smith as Perfect Tommy, Pepe (**Scarface**) Serna as Reno, Clancy (**Bad Boys**) Brown as Rawhide and Jeff (**The Big Chill**) Goldblum as New Jersey. Loyal to the death, Buckaroo's men enjoy a camaraderie with their leader like that between Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

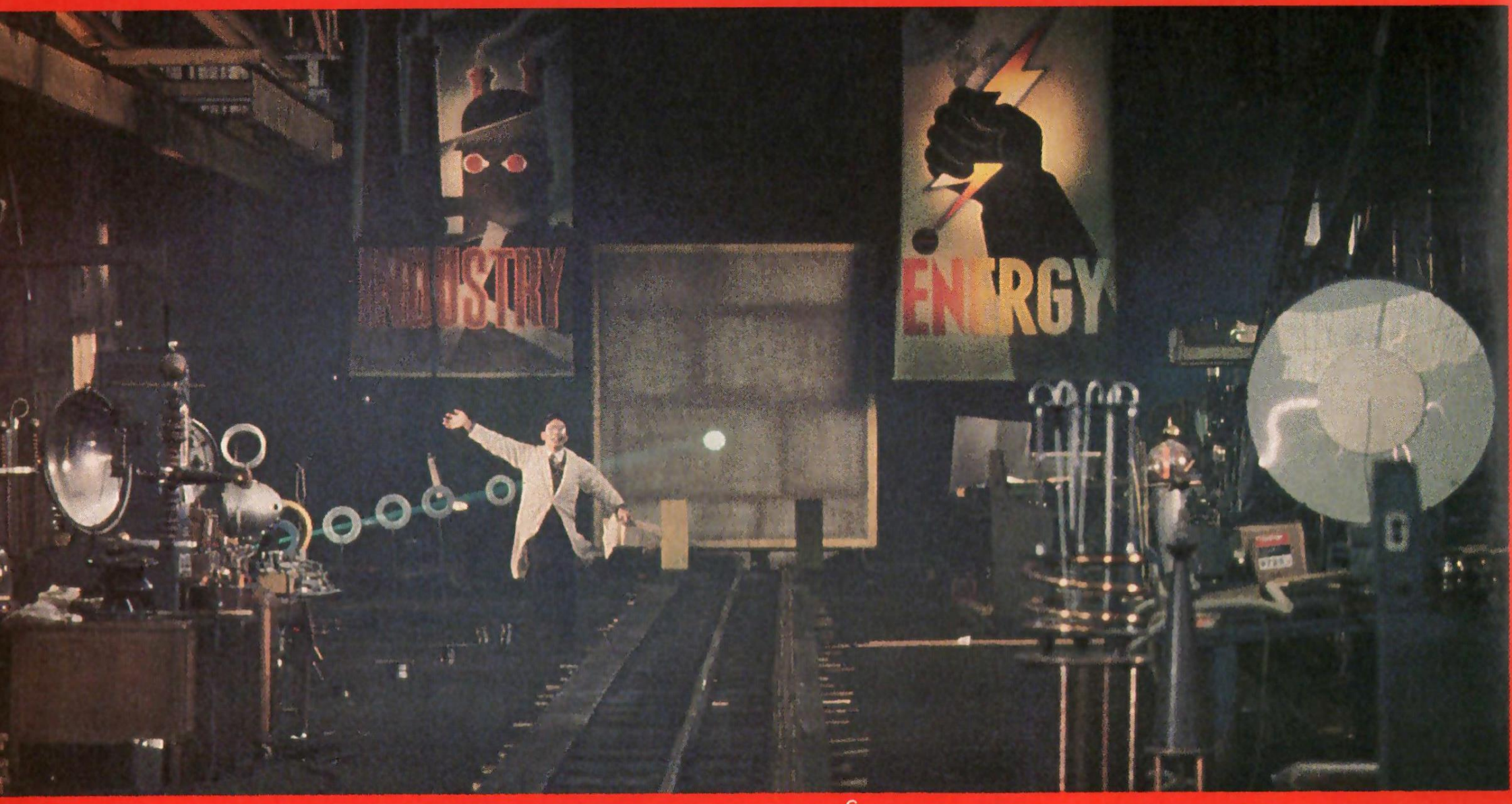
In pure pulp tradition, Buckaroo also enlists the aid of a legion of loyal citizens, the Blue Blaze Irregulars, an international network of amateur avengers dedicated to stomping crime for the glory—and the thrill—of it. Among the Banzai intimates are Professor Toichi Hikita, played by Robert (**Quincy**) Ito, and Pinky Carruthers, the Banzai Institute guardian and Cavaliers' guitarist, portrayed by musician Billy Vera in his film debut.

Ellen (**Diner**) Barkin stars as Penny Priddy, the surgeon's love interest; villainy is supplied by Dr. Emilio Lizardo, wittily depicted by John (**Twilight Zone—The Movie**) Lithgow. His right-hand man, John Bigboote, Yoyodyne Propulsion Systems' president, is played by Christopher (**Star Trek III: The Search for Spock**) Lloyd.

The remaining cast features Carl (**Cagney and Lacey**) Lumbly and Rosalind (**Wrong Is Right**) Cash as cryptic messengers to Team Banzai, Ronald (**Raiders of the Lost Ark**) Lacey as the President of the United States whom Buckaroo advises, Matt (**Brubaker**) Clark as his Secretary of Defense, and Yakoff (**Moscow on the Hudson**) Smirnoff as his National Security Advisor.

Documentation has recorded Lizardo's 1938 collaboration with Buckaroo's mentor, Hikita, at Princeton to develop the Oscillation Overthruster, a colliding beam accelerator capable of *penetrating matter* by enhancing the electromagnetic force bonding atoms together. Because subatomic particles occupy only one-quadrillionth of an atom's total volume, a simple displacement of the unifying energy would theoretically allow atoms to pass through each other.

Hikita and Lizardo's experiments failed with a unexpectedly tragic result. A mishap sucked Lizardo partially into the 8th Dimension, where he was possessed by a malevo-



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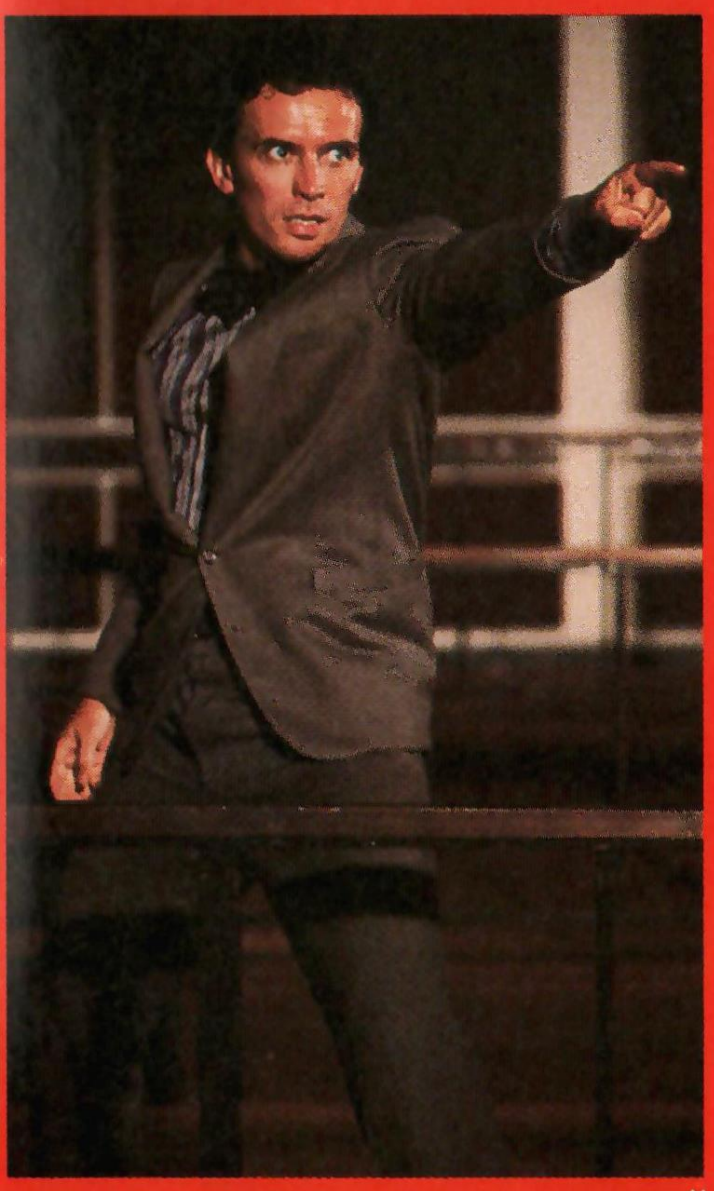

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PHOTOS: G) *Dr. Hikita (Robert Ito) tries desperately to stop Emilio Lizardo's faulty experiment to pass through solid matter.* **H)** *Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller) denounces the alien invaders at a press conference.* **I)** *Two hunters bag an unlikely prey—an alien thermopod.* **J)** *Professor Hikita watches in horror as his fellow scientist is sucked into the madness of the 8th Dimension.* **K)** *An ill-timed gunshot interrupts a hard-rockin' performance by Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers.* **L)** *The amazing neurosurgeon's Jet Car swerves to a halt during an experiment with the Oscillation Overthruster.*

PREVUE

L

lent force. The brilliant theorist went mad, and brought the evil red Lectroids from Planet 10 to aid him in conquering Earth. The creatures, disguised as humans, landed in Grovers Mill, New Jersey, on October 30, 1938, where a young Mercury Theatre radio reporter named Orson Welles witnessed the cosmic phenomenon firsthand. Welles was hypnotized by the Lectroids (perpetuating the Martian hoax in his infamous **War of the Worlds** broadcast) to cover up actual events. The invaders proceeded to establish Yoyodyne, a huge industrial complex fronting as a government defense plant. Not only are they guilty of mind control and invasion without a license, they have skimmed corporate funds to build a spacecraft capable of returning to their home!

While the Lectroids infested New Jersey, Hikita joined forces with Masado Banzai and his wife, Sandra, to perfect the Oscillation Overthruster. A disaster claimed the lives of the married matrix mechanists, leaving the professor with the couple's small child, named Buckaroo in honor of his father's dedication to his adopted homeland. With the prudent physicist as mentor, Buckaroo perfected his parents' project and wedded briefly, only to have his young bride killed in a baffling accident involving lethal forces from the Far East commanded by Hanoi Xan, The Spawn of Hell, The Supreme Commander of the Legion of Death, boss of The World Crime League.

As the film commences, the new girlfriend, Penny Priddy, is kidnapped by Lizardo to fulfill the Lectroids' plan: all they need to reconquer their world is the Overthruster. Unknown to Buckaroo, Penny is the twin sister of his first wife, and unwittingly possesses a secret that could cause his downfall. The scrambled theory of relativity sets Team Banzai racing around the globe in a frantic search for the woman. But, Lizardo stashes her in The Pitt, a diabolic torture chamber beneath Yoyodyne. The sagacious scientists match wits and weaponry in their perilous quest, including a Shock Tower sequence with Buckaroo linked to a device which sends an electrical charge through his body if he mouths a falsehood. Suddenly, Team Banzai is thrust into a war between the evil red and the benevolent black Lectroids from Planet 10, who may have to demolish Earth to eliminate their enemies—and only Buckaroo can stop them!

The complicated plot twists through reality and fantasy with more quirks than a go-go dancer on speed, and the result plays like the last four minutes of a Charlie Chan film. Bizarre humor, riveting action and unexpected horror deliver enough content for ten movies—with the insistent megavolume of the Cavaliers' assault similar to a certain George Lucas extravaganza that began long, long ago in a galaxy far, far away . . .!

Yet, the storyline—like an **A-Team** episode out of Jonathan Swift—clearly takes a back seat to the Banzai world, where life is lived to its fullest, and every minute is an epic in microcosm. Buckaroo's basic goal is to avoid the dreaded monotony of a routine life; his hard-hitting days and hard-rocking nights provide that outlet.

Veteran stage actor, Peter Weller was cast for his intensity, character improvisation and "killer look," even though he does not resemble the traditional Steve Reeves/Sean Connery/Harrison Ford hero. Strong and wiry, the broad-shouldered star insisted on performing his character's physical exploits—including dangling *from a helicopter!*

"I had the best time of my life!" he grins, recalling his airborne escapade. By sheer coincidence, Weller, like his cinematic alter ego, is a student of piano and trumpet, and is disciplined in Japanese swordplay, karate and judo—a real Renaissance man in his own right. Barkin, Goldblum and Lloyd were also selected for their vitality, and provided an ensemble cast that blended together like peanut butter and jelly.

Another important role was filled when Richter and Canton visited the **Twilight Zone** movie set, and spotted John Lithgow as the fearful plane passenger. Turning to each other, they blurted simultaneously, "*Dr. Lizardo!*"

"If all wishes were gratified, many dreams would be destroyed."

Richter and Canton have found Buckaroo Banzai's sage comments true—even if he still has not returned from his latest Earth-hopping endeavor.

The Jet Car has finally been made operational, and filming is about to commence on an action sequence highlighting the vehicle's special capabilities. A patch of private property has been prepared for the maneuvers after its owners gave permission for its use.

Suddenly, Richter holds up his hand, and the movie unit lurches to a standstill. It has been discovered that, after all the time involved in locating the sight, lensing will *not* be allowed if the Jet Car chews up the area's surface with its huge "big meat" tires. Like a cinematic Sir Walter Raleigh, the director orders planks laid down as a path for the souped-up wheels. Someone asks whether the boards will be evident in the film.

"That's the nice thing about a special fx picture," he quips. "We can make *anything* disappear!"

Buckaroo's special fx—enough to set a fireworks exhibition on end—are supplied by a veteran crew of production wizards and a $1 million budget. Supervisor Michael (**Close Encounters of the Third Kind**) Fink directed the operations, which included three matte paintings and 65 opticals. The film's action was mapped on storyboards under the guidance of production designer Michael (**Ordinary People**) Riva, resulting in tight on-location efficiency to save both

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PHOTOS: M) *Blue Blaze Irregular Scooter Lindley (Damon Hines, left) returns the fantastic Oscillation Overthruster to his hero: from left to right: Casper Lindley (Bill Henderson), Reno (Pepe Serna), Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller) and Perfect Tommy (Lewis Smith).* **N)** *Ellen Barkin as Penny Priddy.* **O)** *Buckaroo Banzai radios Mission Control after a death-defying trip through the 8th Dimension in his extraordinary Jet Car.* **P)** *The scientist-adventurer (Peter Weller) and his Planet 10 ally John Parker (Carl Lumbly) infiltrate the evil aliens' spaceship.* **Q)** *A strange atmospheric phenomenon puzzles Buckaroo Banzai and the Hong Kong Cavaliers at their base of operations.* **R)** *Dr. Emilio Lizardo (John Lithgow) in his madhouse cell plots the theft of Buckaroo Banzai's Oscillation Overthruster.*

R

time and money.

Electrical animation, rotoscoping and compositing were furnished by Peter (**Star Wars**) Coran, and miniatures and motion control involving airplanes and helicopters were also used extensively.

One of the film's prime fx sequences, the Jet Car's high-speed penetration of a mountain wall, was a logistical nightmare. Running the film *backwards* seemed a simple solution until it was realized that the dust cloud would trail in the *wrong* direction. After lengthy discussions with the mechanical fx crew, the idea of creating *a wall of Jell-O* to engulf the vehicle upon impact was suggested. But, the notion was dismissed when trial runs resulted in an even more sticky predicament—and gobs of leftover gelatin. Finally, opticals were chosen as the logical alternative, the result of which bears similarity to Robert Lansing's fade-out in **The 4D Man**.

The most spectacular visuals were accomplished in creating a plausible 8th Dimension, using a technique previously untapped for film. Electroscan microphotography captured images of surfaces as diverse as potato skins and a rat's tongue; the microscopic views were then enlarged to provide uncanny backdrops for Team Banzai's action. "A blow-up of a single leaf showed countless bizarre ruts, bumps and veins," Canton comments. "It was like viewing another world!"

The otherworldly images, however, are reserved strictly for the transdimensional jaunt; costume designer Agnes (**Return of the Jedi**) Rodgers and set decorator Linda (**Blade Runner**) DeScenna provided the film's look on the homefront. Academy Award-winning crew members include cinematographer Fred (**The Towering Inferno**) Koenekamp and film editor David (**Cabaret**) Bretherton.

Surprises will be provided by the planet-hopping hero. "Don't forget," Canton asserts, "this is a guy who can take a sophisticated neurosurgical instrument, and adapt it to adjust a lug nut on his Jet Car!"

The no-nonsense filming routine added to, rather than detracted from, the on-set creativity, although a short vacation in the 8th Dimension might have been appreciated. **Buckaroo** was shot at various LA locations and factories such as Bethlehem Steel and Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, both to reduce expenses and provide a realistic background for the good doctor's deeds of deliverance. Additional scenes were lensed in El Mirage Valley, 90 minutes from the city, and MGM soundstages.

Shooting lasted twelve weeks from July until October, and the comradeship on set provided the ideal filming atmosphere. Cast and crew christened themselves "Team Banzai" in honor of their cinematic mentor, and regularly contributed "bits" to the madcap epic.

"We started the film with certain concepts in mind," Canton explains, "but they often changed because we did them another way. That's the *fun* of filmmaking!"

"Treat me good, I'll treat you better. Treat me bad, I'll treat you worse."

As Richter and Canton sit in the editing room viewing spool after spool of celluloid, they realize they have given Team Banzai the red carpet treatment.

Buckaroo's cult movie potential is readily apparent, and Rauch's screenplay is so chockful of memorable lines, it reads like a book of quotes. "A T-shirt company asked us for several key lines to print," Canton explains. "There were so many, I didn't know where to begin!"

Besides shirts, **Buckaroo** will spawn an avalanche of pajamas, toys, games, jackets, headbands and a Marvel comic book. "Buckaroo is famous within the movie," the producer says, "so he should have exposure outside the movie, too. Besides, he's threatened to use the Oscillation Overthruster on me if we don't do him justice!"

Additionally, a novelization by Rauch blends the *wunderkind* warrior's current conflict with other past and future events to expand the Team Banzai mythos. The paperback Cavaliers feature an expanded line-up including Big Norse, Flyboy, the Swede and Pecos to make it more than a mere screen translation.

The tale also provides a stimulus for projected sequels. Rauch has agreed to continue charting the daredevil brain surgeon's action-filled forays. A tentative plotline involving the evil of Hanoi Xan is under consideration, and the studio has arranged for a multi-picture deal with most of Team Banzai, but further developments hinge upon **Buckaroo**'s ability—Overthruster or not—to break the boxoffice barrier.

As dubbing continues, a cacophony of eerie, metallic sounds jar the senses; it is difficult to discern music from sound fx. Grammy Award-winning music supervisor Bones (**Roadie**) Howe, a veteran producer for Elvis Presley, Juice Newton and other acts, has collaborated with Michael Boddicker, a synthesizer performer for Sheena Easton and Michael Jackson who also performed in **An Officer and A Gentleman**, **Hard to Hold** and **Flashdance**. Boddicker makes his composing debut on the **Buckaroo** soundtrack; his one-man performance rivals an 80-piece orchestra. A staggering 60 minutes of music and sound fx enhance the film's dramatic impact.

"The first time I heard the *Buckaroo Theme*," Canton winks, "I got *goose bumps!* I think the picture will affect everyone differently—some will laugh, some will scream, some will cry. But, everyone who likes a unique science fiction-comedy-adventure-romance-action-drama with a real-world flavor will enjoy it.

But, as Buckaroo might say, "'Do it all—and always *expect the unexpected!*'" ★

STAR INTERVIEW BY STERANKO

He's a Rat, a Fox, an Owl, a bloodhound looking for his Black Bird, and a man almost bitten by a Woolf.

He's a hard-boiled spy, a compulsive gambler, a psychotic scientist and a love-sick businessman. He plays comedy, drama, suspense and action/adventure as easily as he plays a diminished ninth chord in a blues progression.

Whether in film, on stage or TV, George Segal is an actor with more facets than the Hope Diamond—besides being the "Fastest Banjo in the West." Like the big screen giants of yesterday, his all-American combination of charm, sensitivity and humor has thrust him into the cinema spotlight to star with Robert Redford, Barbra Streisand, Richard Burton, Jane Fonda, Rod Steiger, Elizabeth Taylor, Lee Marvin, Goldie Hawn and a galaxy of celluloid luminaries. Although he's made his share of both heavyweight and lightweight films, Segal's characters are always worth the price of admission.

Born in Great Neck, New York, he attended Columbia University, and began his theatrical career soon after graduation. Strong critical notices attended his performances in numerous productions, including **Don Juan**, **The Iceman Cometh** *and director Mike Nichols' off-Broadway presentation of* **The Knack**.

The 6', 170-pound actor made his film debut in 1961's **The Young Doctors**, *and subsequently appeared in* **The Longest Day**, **Act One**, **The New Interns**, **Invitation to a Gunfighter**, **Ship of Fools**, **King Rat** *and* **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**, *for which he was nominated as Best Supporting Actor. He followed with* **The Quiller Memorandum**, **St. Valentine's Day Massacre**, **No Way to Treat a Lady**, **Loving**, **The Owl and the Pussycat** *and* **The Hot Rock** *among others.*

Segal received 1973's Golden Globe Award for Best Actor in **A Touch of Class**, and scored further with **Blume in Love**, **The Terminal Man**, **California Split**, **The Black Bird**, **Russian Roulette**, **The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox**, **Fun with Dick and Jane**, **Rollercoaster**, **Who is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?**, **Lost and Found**, **The Last Married Couple in America** *and* **Carbon Copy**.

The 50-year-old star has two daughters, and lives in Bel Air, California, where he spoke to **PREVUE** *just after making* **Stick** *with actor/director Burt Reynolds. His conversation was punctuated with stories, memories and laughter as rich and ready as that of any character he has played on screen.*

PREVUE: You were slotted to star with Burt ten years ago in **Lucky Lady**, but Gene Hackman got the part, instead. It took a while, but you finally managed another team-up. Did luck catch up with you or did you go after **Stick**?

SEGAL: Burt and I met when we were to do **Lucky Lady** together. Through that negotiation, we got to be friends in a business sense. You see, a Burt Reynolds figure has developed over the years, and that attracted me to **Stick**. He's larger-than-life, a media event, as well as being a very good actor and director. So, I knew we'd have a great time working together. But, I never thought it would happen in a million years. There's a line, "Life is something that happens while you're making *other* plans."

I was planning to shoot arrows in England for **The Zany Adventures of Robin Hood**. I was vaguely aware that **Stick** was going to film in Florida, but I thought, "That's *too much fun!* They don't give away those kinds of gifts." *But, they did!* The things that are not central in the plans you're making are usually the things that happen.

PREVUE: Why didn't you get the **Lucky Lady** role?

SEGAL: I was in Canada making **Russian Roulette**, and planned to fly to the **Lucky Lady** shoot in Mexico. Toward the end of filming, I was in a fight scene with a 275-pound giant—*a real behemoth!* I was trying to guide him with my knee into camera range, while he was going in another direction, and my knee *lost* the battle! It popped—blew up like a *grapefruit!* I flew down to meet with director Stanley Donen and Liza Minnelli; Burt hadn't gotten there yet. They had to start shooting, and there was just no way I could handle the action. Some Lucky Lady—I had to wait eight weeks just for the swelling to go down!

PREVUE: So, Burt remembered you when **Stick** came along. How did you prepare for your role as Barry Brahn?

SEGAL: I flew out of Gatwick Airport, England, stepped off the plane in Florida and got into costume. *That was it!* It was the biggest culture shock I've ever had—out of the plane, jammed a cigar in my mouth, Florida clothes, and I was home. I stopped making one film on Friday, and started another on Monday! The deal was closed while I was living in a little 14th-century farmhouse in Kent, in southern England, just a couple weeks beforehand.

PREVUE: That's fast. When you have no time to prepare, do you fall back on previous roles such as Pete Gusenberg in **St. Valentine's Day Massacre**?

SEGAL: No, I just blasted through. I try not to repeat a role, but can't avoid it in some cases. The intent is to keep surprising myself. But, I make it up as I go along.

PREVUE: What happens if you "find" the character at the end of the shoot, and played it differently in the beginning?

SEGAL: It's *never* happened. I dealt with other actors—Burt Reynolds, Candy Bergen and Charles Durning—and *they* defined who I was.

PREVUE: Had you read Elmore Leonard's

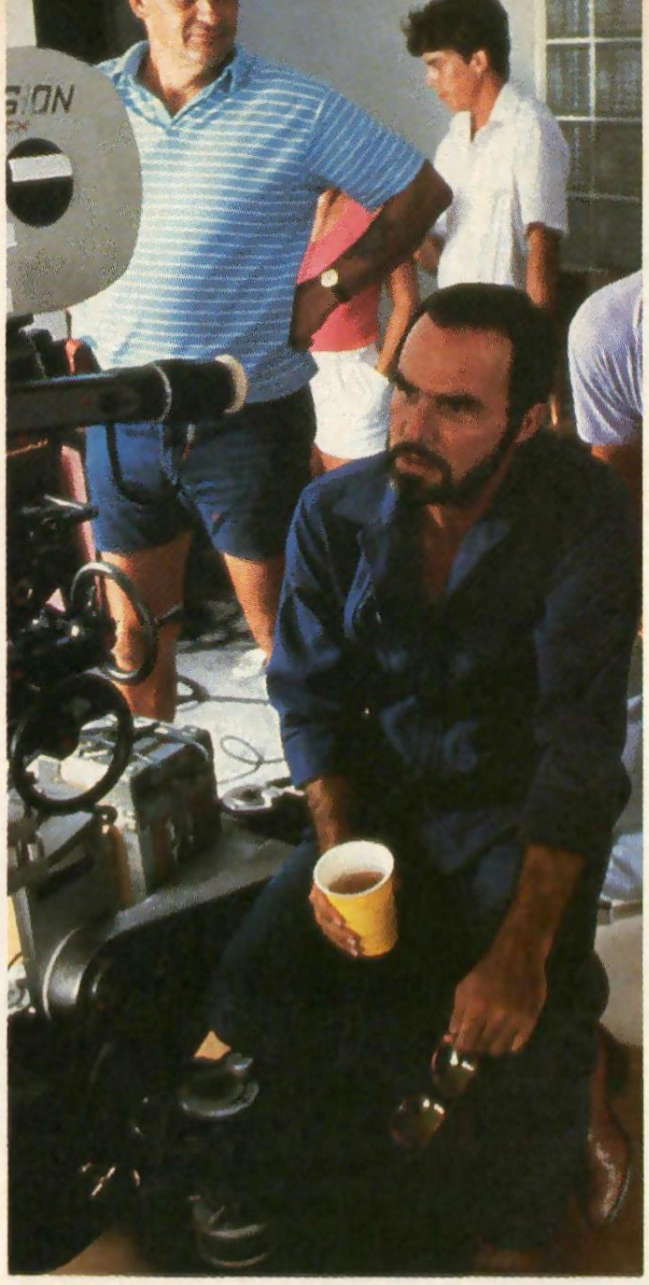
book or just the script?
SEGAL: Just the script. The only book I've ever read of movies I did was **King Rat**. I essentially believe a script is a script and a book is a book. Each has its own integrity, but an actor's obligation is to make something entertaining happen *on the screen.*
PREVUE: So, your obligation resulted in several months in sunny Florida.
SEGAL: Yeah! It was a party—the "Burt Reynolds circus." In **The Harder They Fall** with Bogart, they brought up the heavyweight fighter, and there was this awe-inspiring music in the background. Well, that's what it's like to work in a Reynolds film. There was a drumroll; I came out of my trailer; all the covered wagons were arranged in a circle, and inside that circle we made a movie.
PREVUE: Can't a good time get in an actor's way?
SEGAL: Not Barry Brahn, who's an expansive, party-going, life-loving guy, always looking for the action. The Burt Reynolds carnival really *helped* Brahn's character. It's a film about luxury—and lack of it—about a guy who is disenfranchised, just out of jail, had his rights taken away, and is thrown into a group of high rollers. That makes for good conflict.
PREVUE: Did you take your family with you?
SEGAL: I took my wife.
PREVUE: How about your banjo?
SEGAL: You mean my *second* wife. My banjo is with me all the time. Burt had weekend parties near his dinner theatre in Jupiter, Florida, at a place called—can you believe it—Valhalla! I brought the banjo, and Charles Nelson Reilly and Dom DeLuise came down —it was just like a floating crap game!
PREVUE: You get paid for this?
SEGAL: *Exactly!* That's why I *never* thought it would happen! With **Robin Hood**, we had a tight schedule—so many pages a day to film. There's *no feeling* around that. Although Burt is tightly organized, he is the king of his domain. It's always great to be around actors who once struggled, because they *make sure* that, now that they're where they want to be, everybody else has a good time, too.
PREVUE: Are there still shoots where directors and producers really put pressure on actors, which changes the attitude on the set?
SEGAL: Yes, mostly in TV. It's best to make the pressure a positive attribute.
PREVUE: Do you work best under pressure?
SEGAL: Yes.
PREVUE: Considering **Stick**'s lack of pressure, what did you endow Barry Brahn with that was *not* originally planned?
PREVUE: Burt's energy—*I played Burt!* Since it was the Burt Reynolds show, I asked myself, "If Burt played the part of Barry Brahn, how would *he* do it?" And that's my performance. Since I played up against him, there's really *two* sides of Burt on screen. I *had* to be the perfect foil for

A PREVUE SPECIAL FEATURE

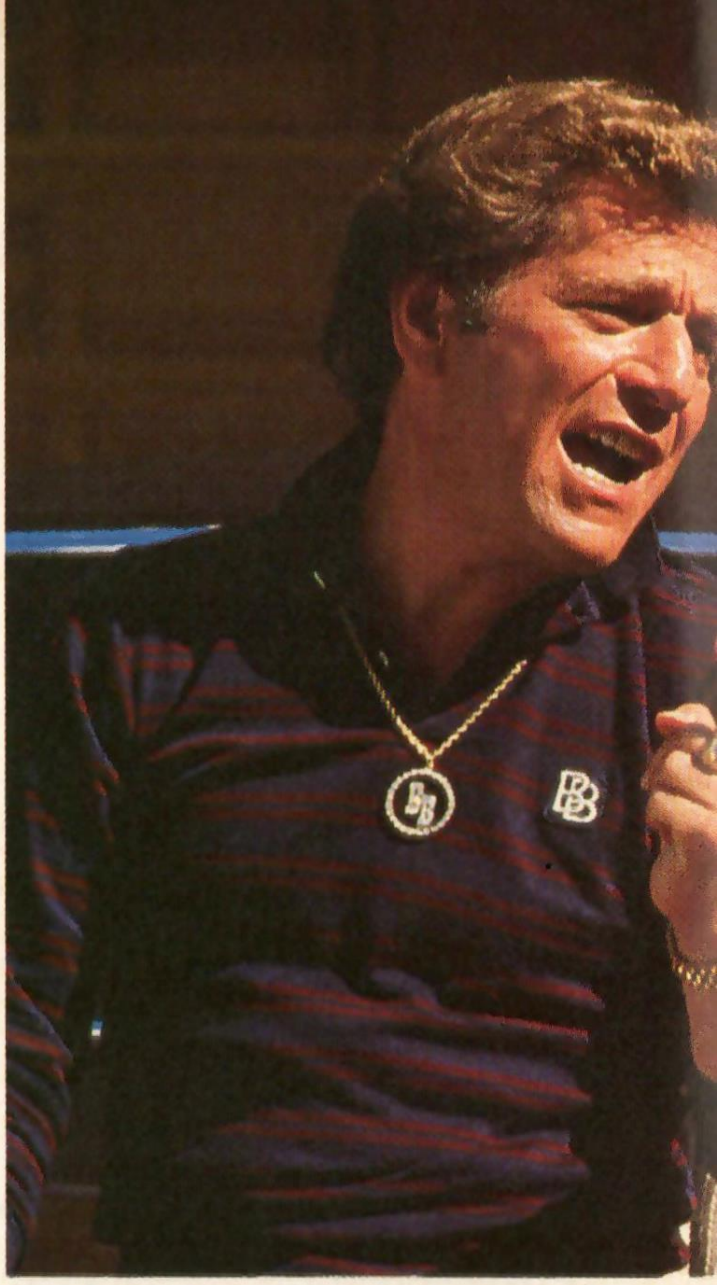
STICK 'EM UP, GEORGE!

A FAST, FUNNY AND FURIOUS CONVERSATION ABOUT BURT REYNOLDS, BANJOS AND THE BEHIND THE SCENES BRAVADO OF MOVIE MAGIC!

Burt Reynolds as Ernest "Stick" Stickley.



Burt Reynolds directs a scene from **Stick**.



Barry Brahn (George Segal) crows about his latest

him, the guy who motivated him. If the positions were reversed, I'd want a guy just like me to do it just the way I did it, so I could play off him just the way I wanted to. It's like basketball. I was setting him up to pass off, so he could make the shot. That's a lot of fun!

PREVUE: What you said sounds like the last three minutes of a Charlie Chan movie. Does Burt *know* what you did?

SEGAL: *Nooo!!* I didn't even know it at the time. I only knew I was finding energy that wasn't mine—it was Burt's energy.

PREVUE: Did you discuss the character with him?

SEGAL: Not once! He said, "Hello" when I got there. He had picked the clothes I was going to wear before I arrived, lots of gold jewelry and fancy clothes. The wardrobe makes me feel a certain way, just like in real life. The costume designer, Norm Stallings, did **St. Valentine's Day Massacre** with me, and really knew my style. He knew how to make me look good playing that type of character.

PREVUE: Clothes that come complete with character and personality.

SEGAL: *Exactly!* That's the technique. They did the same thing with **Robin Hood**. The English asked me, "What research did you do on this?" I said, "Well, I saw the Errol Flynn movie." They screamed and said, "*No, no, no!* This is a great, legendary character with historical significance." I said, "Yeah, there was Claude Rains and Olivia de Havilland and . . . "

You see, the secret of making movies is flying well by the seat of your pants. If an actor comes to the set with a canned character, he's not going to be influenced by the situation there; he'll do what he rehearsed in his room the night before. I try to throw all that stuff away.

PREVUE: Many actors don't do that. They read the *same* lines the *same* way, make the *same* moves every time.

SEGAL: That's classic training. I had cabaret training, improvisational theatre. I was from a Second City group. We worked until Kennedy got shot. It was tough to do political humor after that.

PREVUE: Were you very inventive on stage?

SEGAL: There's a kind of rhythm, less like basketball than playing in an orchestra. There's a part to perform which fits in with everyone else's. Basketball is closer to movies. It's thick and keeps you on your feet. The plays are the same, the basket and the foul line are in the same place, but the ball's movement on the court changes all the time.

PREVUE: Which medium do you prefer?

SEGAL: Basketball!

PREVUE: While we're on the subject, how do you keep in shape?

SEGAL: Pressure walks, tennis, swimming. The great thing about California is there's always somebody's tennis court to play on or pool to swim in. It's tough to stay fit in New York because the food is so good there, and it's tough to find a place to exercise. You fall into it easily here.

PREVUE: Speaking of falling into things, actor/stuntman Dar Robinson made a 200-foot drop off the Grove Towers condominiums for **Stick**. Did you watch him?

SEGAL: I didn't, only because that was the last day of shooting—rather a grisly way to approach a major shot! They wanted to make sure they had filmed *all the rest* of his scenes, and that the movie was in the can *before* they risked that incredibly dangerous shot.

PREVUE: Did you have any dangerous fight scenes?

SEGAL: No; Barry Brahn was above the battle. He gets pushed off a boat, but no hand-to-hand combat. Burt did all of that.

PREVUE: He who fights generally goes to bed with the girl. Were you cheated out of that scene?

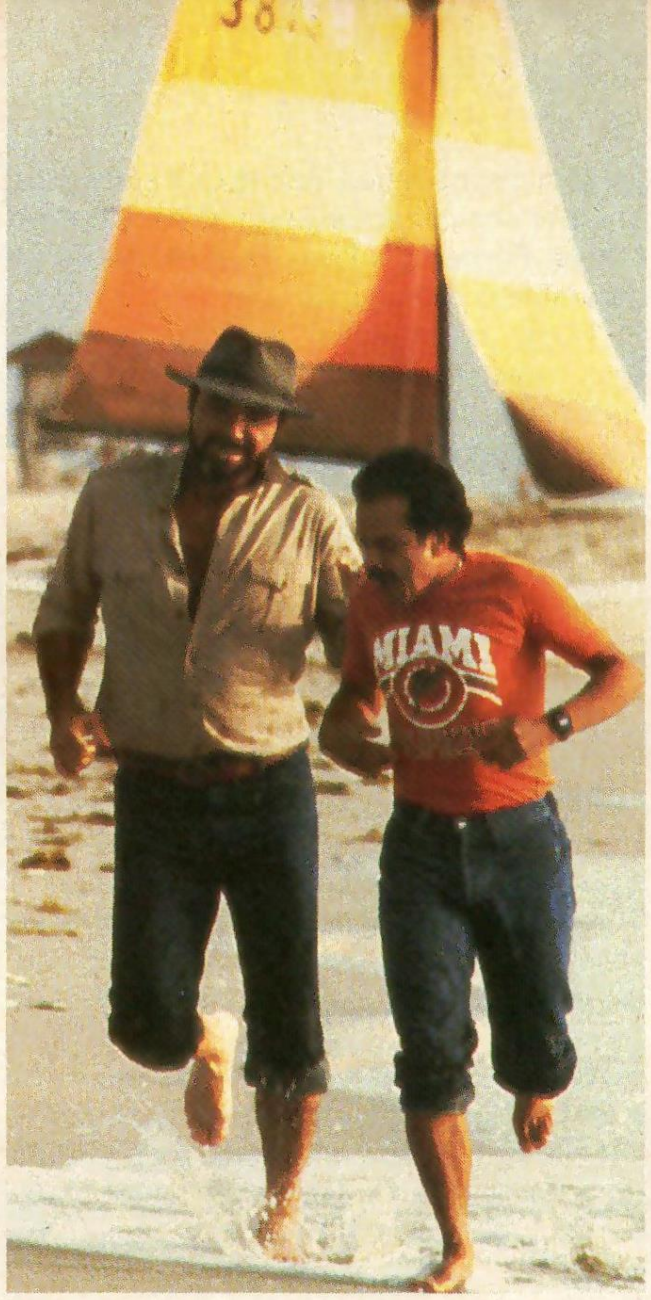
SEGAL: I was *cheated on!* That's Burt's image—the lady-killer. I'm a bad good guy —or a good bad guy! Just a *little* corrupt, but my heart's in the right place. I'm used to being the central intelligence, the guy moving through the main action. This time, I was outside, taking shots, having a good time!

PREVUE: With the usual laughing out-takes?

SEGAL: Of course. And giggles are even worse. It's so absurd sometimes—we're standing there making pronouncements to one another, and suddenly someone giggles. It's *very easy* to tip to the other side. Usually, there's a little twinkle just before the scene ends—then comes the giggling. So, everybody has a good time—including the audience. **Robin Hood** was another matter. They told me, "Gallop over here, look both ways and gallop off again." I galloped here, and fell off the horse!

PREVUE: If that happens to Robin Hood, should the rest of us worry?

plan to his investment advisor (Candice Bergen).



Burt Reynolds runs for his life in **Stick**.

George Segal as Barry Brahn.

PHOTOS: PETER SOREL

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SEGAL: Never! But, out-takes aside, I like to keep it simple. The best directors get what they need in three or four takes. If they don't, something's wrong with the set-up, and they'll break it up because it's not working. Good actors will rehearse on one or two takes, and get in three or four. Burt is top of the line in directors and a director is defined by knowing when it's right. If he's insecure, he'll shoot a lot of film because he's *not sure* when he's got a scene.

PREVUE: Actors usually feel when it's right.

SEGAL: You bet your life! That's why they grind their teeth when they have to go more than the necessary number of takes.

PREVUE: Are you better on the first or the last take?

SEGAL: Both. There's always something magical in the first take—I love to print it. But, for technical reasons, it's good to get another for contingencies. After that, an actor is exhausted and starts imitating himself.

PREVUE: You've worked with directors who like many takes.

SEGAL: Sure, Ted Kotcheff. I've worked with him four times: on **Of Mice and Men** and **Desperate Hours** on TV, **Fun with Dick and Jane** and **Who is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?**—all of which are good pieces. He *loves* to shoot film. It becomes almost a test of wills after awhile. "All right, go again. I'll show you something you haven't seen before." I hate doing all those takes, but I'd still work with him. I enjoyed the experience. Ted's a perfectionist, but he understands what an actor is trying to do. He'll accept and print it, but he also wants what he sees *in his head,* and he'll go 20, 30 takes till he gets it.

PREVUE: Did Burt ask you for different readings?

SEGAL: Sure. I'd say, "You want to see it *that* way? Hey, look at this!", and I pull another card out of my deck. It's controlled showing-off.

PREVUE: What happens when there's a difference of opinion?

SEGAL: We'd do it his way, or we'd do it my way. He was usually right. It's really on the subtlest level when the director asks you to read a little different. Of course, that's why *he's* the director. The actor wears a blindfold—he's just doing what his instinct dictates.

PREVUE: Has there ever been a time when you didn't believe in a scene, and wouldn't do it?

SEGAL: Hardly ever. There's an unspoken agreement when you shake hands and begin a picture. It's very tough to get everyone to agree on everything. So, one agrees *to agree on everything;* always take the path of least resistance, keep having fun, be filled with positive energy. That's the most important thing about making a movie. So, I'd say, "Burt, can we take a walk?" "Absolutely. Everybody, take five!" Then, we'd talk it out. That's the most creative climate because there's the pressure of the cast and crew waiting for us to make up our minds.

PREVUE: Is Reynolds a very inventive director, or does he come to the set knowing exactly what he wants?

SEGAL: He's very disciplined, much like Melvin Frank, with whom I did **Touch of Class** and **The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox**. Burt's very organized, which gives him incredible freedom on the set. He's delighted when someone develops a new bit. And he's an incurable rewriter. The clap board claps, and he says, "Let's do it this way. Say . . . ", and he'll spout a *new* line. It adds real spontaneity to the scene, giving the actors a line they've *never* rehearsed before. That's a way of really keeping actors on their toes, and Burt knows who he can do it with. He's got a very strong sense of his actors and their capabilities.

PREVUE: He also had a familiar cast and crew to work with—many of them made his previous films. That always results in a little hell-raising. Are you a practical joker?

SEGAL: No, and I'm always surprised when a joke gets played. I think the whole movie-making process is a practical joke—a magic trick. So, when there's a trick on top of a trick, I'm *always* surprised. Burt's a practical joker; that's how he gets his out-takes. He kept me off-balance.

For instance, he had a long, sensitive scene with Candy Bergen. She was sitting at a piano, looking nifty, and he was leaning over her talking about their situation. At the end I came in, said some off-hand, gross remark and left. Well, he kept sending me back to do my short line over and over again—*after their long dialogue!* It was funny—and it helped keep the set alive.

PREVUE: What is Reynolds' technique for directing himself?

SEGAL: He trusts himself, and he brings

(continued on page 70)

ROGER MOORE SHEDS HIS 007 PERSONA TO UNRAVEL THE SINISTER SECRET OF THE NAKED FACE

FILM FEATURE BY "HOWARD" JOHNSON

THE CHARACTERS:

Roger Moore is Dr. Judd Stevens, a psychiatrist marked for death.

Rod Steiger is Lt. McGreavy, a police investigator determined to arrest him for a murder he did not commit.

Elliot Gould is Detective Angeli, McGreavy's partner, a passive but shrewd observer who pits his own humanity and humor against a diabolical killer.

Anne Archer is a Mafia kingpin's wife, Moore's lover and—possibly—his death warrant.

THE SCENE:

A tense confrontation in the doctor's office.

THE ACTION:

Steiger and Gould confront Moore, convinced that he knows more than he is telling. The detectives accuse him of the cold-blooded murder of one of his patients. Steiger erupts with a string of threats and profanity, and hurls the vital evidence at Moore—the psychiatrist's raincoat, last worn by the victim.

The director shouts, "Cut!" Moore turns to face him, and politely thrusts the condemning trenchcoat into his hands.

"Could you have this cleaned?" he winks. "No starch."

The cast and crew of **The Naked Face** laugh, even though they expect an ad-lib from the star after *every* take—and are seldom disappointed. As the unit sets up for another shot, director Bryan (**The Stepford Wives**) Forbes confirms that Moore is an incurable practical joker.

"Roger *never* stops!" he chuckles. "He cannot resist doing a bit at the end of a take. He's a real cut-up, but, he keeps up morale. If we pieced together all of his stunts, we'd have a very amusing film—unfortunately, it would be X-rated! Roger makes bloopers—on purpose—and they're all *unprintable!*"

The soft-spoken British director explains that his involvement with **Naked Face** arose from a friendship with Moore which began when they served together in WW2. "When the project was offered to him, Roger insisted on having the director write the screenplay to prevent the usual comment, 'I don't like the story.' He hears enough of that on the Bond films, which seem to have about 20 writers. So, he suggested me. Does that mean Roger is entitled to a commission?

"We were both attracted to **Naked Face** because it gives him the opportunity to play an entirely different role from James Bond. Roger seldom acts with other major stars. So we took advantage of the situation by surrounding him with a superb ensemble." The director points out that, in addition to Steiger and Gould, Moore shares the screen with Anne (**Waltz Across Texas**) Archer, Art (**The Late Show**) Carney, David (**Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea**) Hedison and comic Marty Allen.

Based on Sidney Sheldon's 1970 best-selling novel, the story is a psychological thriller in the tradition of Cornell Woolrich, Charlotte Armstrong and James Hadley Chase. Moore plays Dr. Judd Stevens, a psychiatrist who discovers he is marked for death when his secretary and a patient are murdered. Assisted by Detective Angeli (Gould), Lt. McGreavy (Steiger) investigates, even though his former partner was murdered by one of Stevens' mental patients. To further complicate matters, the doctor finds himself falling in love with a woman under his care (Archer), who is the wife of a Mafia kingpin.

"The book is very complicated," Forbes admits. "In the novel, it's easy to use flashbacks. However, it's more difficult to keep the mystery going in a film. Still, the author seems quite pleased with what I've done. It was his first novel and, in many ways, his best. Many filmmakers—including Billy [**The French Connection**] Friedkin—dickered over the rights, but it was never made until now."

Suddenly Moore barges into the room, the director pretends to scold him with a scathing "How rude!"

Moore bows, "Sorry, sire!" and tiptoes out the door.

In the office building atop Chicago's Opera House, Forbes says the decision to shoot entirely in that city has proven worthwhile in capturing a dramatic atmosphere. "The novel is set in New York, but that city has been overexposed. Chicago is a visually exciting place. New York is interesting architecturally, but it's all Grand Canyons; here, one can see *between* buildings. There's a more obvious variety in structure.

"The Chicago locations have an authenticity that studio sets don't—even though they present particular problems. In the office we just used, there was nothing but creaking floors. If it's not creaking floors, it's a noisy air conditioner. We had to double-glaze the windows, because of all the noise from the city. That seems rather trivial, but it makes a difference during the editing, because sound levels vary so much.

"We use 37 different locations in the movie: sewage plants, old hospitals, police stations, bars, restaurants and the Navy Pier. It's a logistical nightmare, but the result is worth the trouble."

Working with a director's dream cast, Forbes says the morning's performances have been strong. "Rod, Elliot and Roger respect each other and get along very well. Now that they know each other, their interplay is terrific. Steiger is a very powerful actor. Elliot has a passive role in many ways, and he's very impressive in the part. Roger is the powerhouse, driving the plot along with his usual consummate skill. In the Bond films, he's always the aggressor, but here, he's the victim—a man hunted through-

(continued on page 75)

The tropical sun rises, piercing the verdant jungle with a scintilla of shimmering light. Exotic birds chitter in the towering trees. To the west, wild beasts on the grassy plain bellow the sounds of survival—and swift death.

The primal composition is broken by a man-made machine, a Jeep which stands amid the foliage. Its passengers are nearby, standing equally still, frozen like statues by the threatening beast that prepares to spring into their midst—a 500-pound lion!

The only movement comes from over-

FILM FEATURE BY BRENDAN STRASSER

SHE

TANYA ROBERTS IS NO ANGEL AS THE SCREEN'S SAVAGE NEW AFRICAN QUEEN!

head, a rustling of leaves amid the shadows of dawn. Suddenly, branches whip apart, and a radiant blonde in a skimpy animal skin plunges into the scene.

Sheena, Queen of the Jungle!

Her swing is graceful, her arc calculated perfectly and her touchdown on the Jeep hood well-timed. Unfortunately, the crafty carnivore behaves like a feline instead of a field mouse—and lashes out at the huntress' legs as she passes!

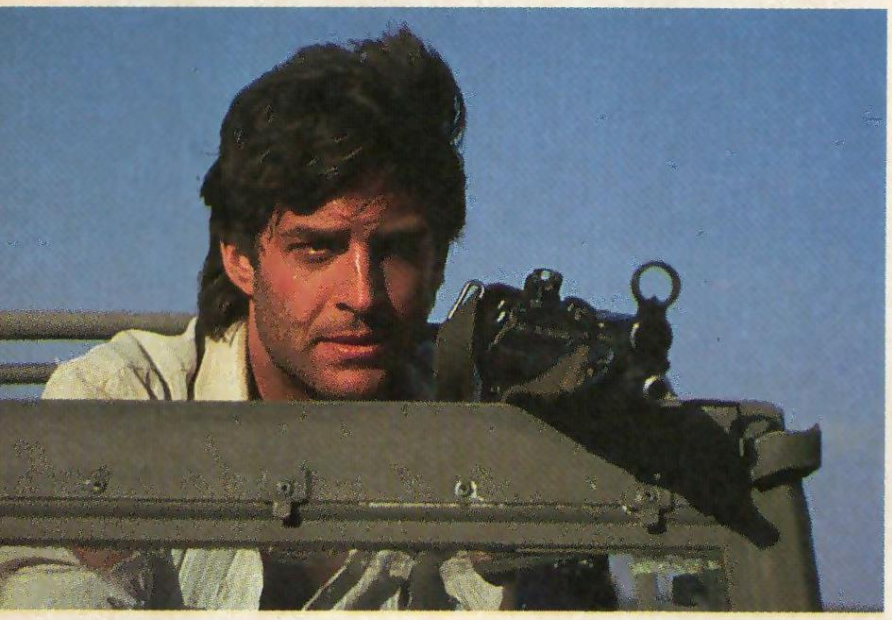
"Cut!" director John Guillermin calls from behind a camera, and the woman warrior leaps from the vehicle. Tanya Roberts is bored of play, the scene *finally* lenses as planned. The actress tosses her own mane back, and sighs with relief. Another daring and difficult sequence of **Sheena** has been captured on film.

In **Sheena**, the former Charlie's Angel showcases her acting abilities and her physical attributes in a high-action African fantasy—and she swings a mean vine. Shot entirely on location in Kenya at the Masai Amboseli Game Reserve, Aberdare National Park, Naivasha, Nairobi and Crescent Island, the sweeping $25-million mosquito opera blends Tarzan, Wonder Woman and

cracks an understanding smile as she watches the big cat's antics. She is unharmed—perhaps because *she* is the Jungle Queen, and he is only the King of Beasts, more friendly than ferocious.

As last-minute instructions are called out, the lithe and lovely actress climbs a baobab tree partially stripped of bark by foraging elephants. She disappears into the dense treetops that obscure the sky, and signals she is ready again. Without hesitation, Roberts repeats the swing—with exactly the same outcome.

Twenty takes later, after her catty co-star



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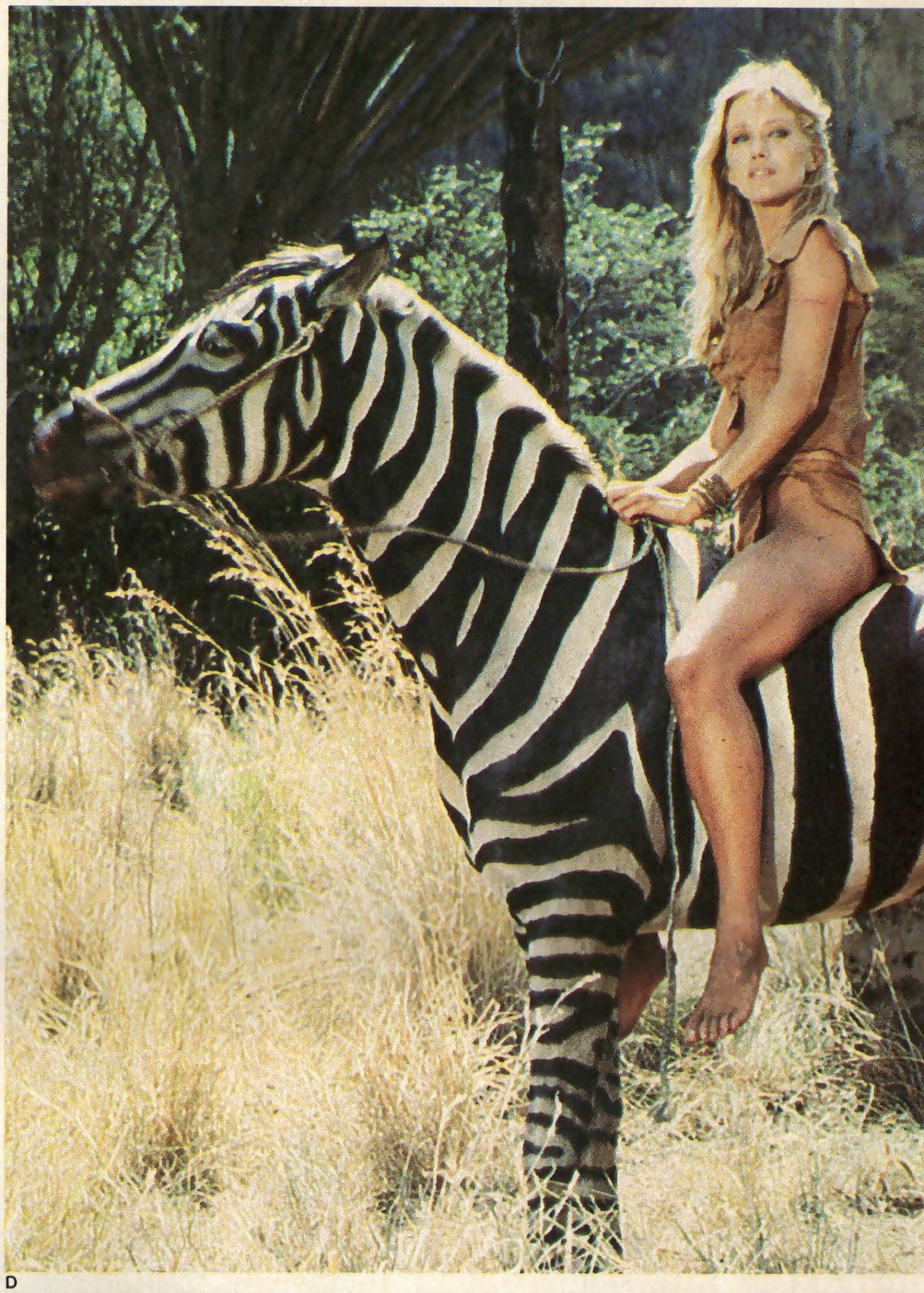

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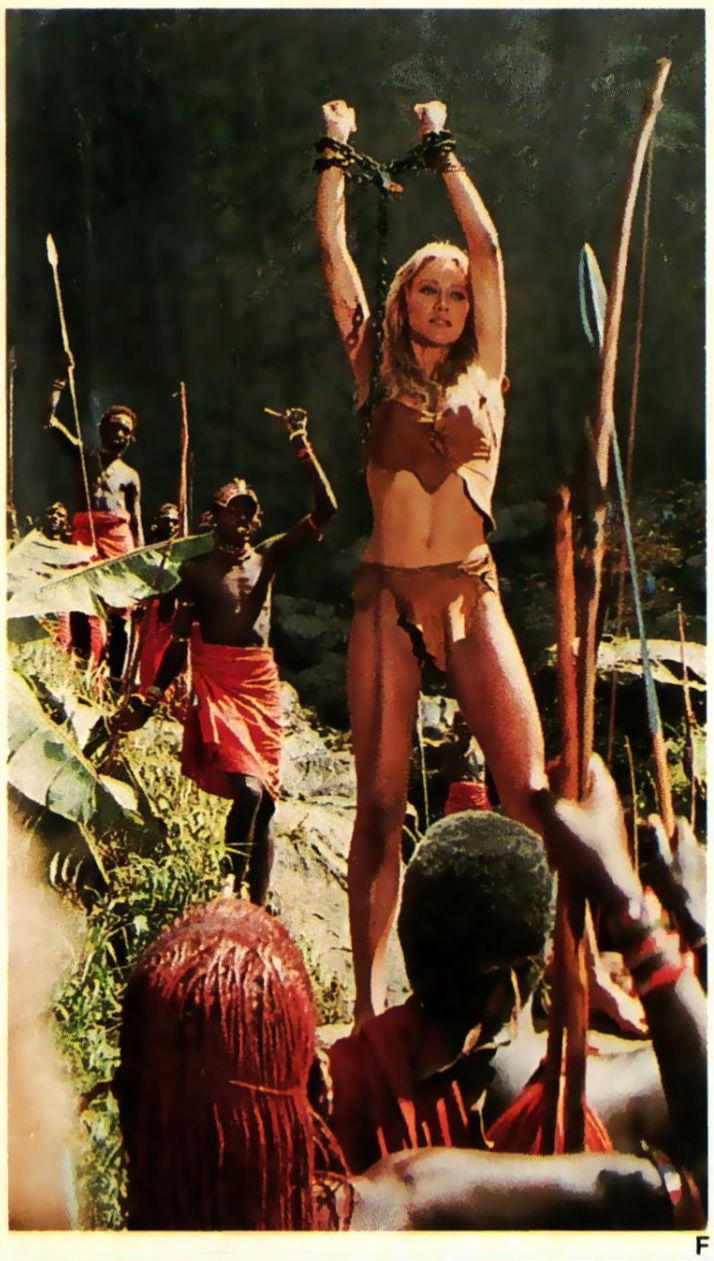

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PHOTOS: *Previous page: Sheena (Tanya Roberts) challenges treachery in the jungle. This page:* **A***) Reporter Vic Casey (Ted Wass) stalks Africa's most dangerous animal—man.* **B***) After storming the jail astride an elephant, Sheena rescues her mentor, the Shaman (Princess Elizabeth of Toro).* **C***) Sheena coaches a falcon on its mission.* **D***) Jungle transportation on the hoof.* **E***) With drums pounding, the Zambuli converge to hear Sheena's plan.* **F***) Escaping certain death, a triumphant Sheena rallies the Zambuli warriors to battle.* **G***) Sheena (Tanya Roberts) and Vic Casey (Ted Wass).*

G

PREVUE

Wild Kingdom into a mystical jungle saga alive with action.

While the temperamental tabby may have behaved like some male movie-goers, his efforts cause no permanent damage to the seductive beauty. The actress' arms, however, bear scars from severe rope burns suffered during her other treetop escapades. The Jungle Queen's spectacular swings have been enhanced by ingenious stunt coordination. Metal wires were suspended between trees, with vines attached to allow much longer arcs. A 50′ swing, for example, achieves a 150′ arc due to the vine's movement *along the cable.* The action has benefited from the arrangement, but the agile actress has had more than her share of scrapes, spills and close shaves.

Other sequences utilize a specially-designed harness to keep Roberts aloft when vine-traveling becomes impossible, such as her descent over a huge waterfall studded with jagged rocks. The difficulty of sliding down a wet vine is averted by dropping the actress down a thin wire from above while she feigns the natural hand-over-hand action. Nonetheless, the descent has given her a serious case of butterflies in her stomach. "It still takes a *little* jungle nerve," she admits, "to dangle 60 feet above fast-moving water on a slim wire!"

Much later that afternoon, the jungle goddess waits atop a wattle tree for filming —and the next painful mishap—to commence. Roberts rubs her sore leg, caused by the treacherous tree-traversing that has resulted in eight sprained ankles—so far. As the camera rolls, she springs from a shaky limb into a 40 mile-per-hour arc through interlacing foliage.

Suddenly, the cable snaps, and the actress plummets *20 feet* through lashing branches. Although she continues to grip the vine, the speed of her fall drags her 15 feet along the thorny jungle floor. Medics rush in immediately to attend the gashes and bruises. Visibly shaken but determined, Roberts is back on her feet in minutes—and manages to muster a smile. "Fortunately, I didn't break my nose," she exclaims. "That was terribly embarrassing—*especially* for a jungle girl!"

The stunt is another in a series of near-disasters that have occurred in capturing **Sheena** on celluloid. One of the most perilous involved not only the star, but a supporting cast of 2,000 wildebeest, African antelopes with ox-like horns and a horse's body. The scene called for Sheena to ride through the herd of treacherous gnu on horseback, which put her up to her ju-jus in danger. Several times, the normally staid steed, spooked by the unusual brutes, reared fearfully. Had Roberts been thrown during a stampede, death by trampling or goring would have been a certainty. Further problems arose when the wildebeest refused to part for the horse's passage. Experienced animal handlers were brought in to control the gnu zoo revue, with commendable results. "They saw me coming," the actress says, "and finally parted like the Red Sea!"

The filmmakers have been plagued with infested water, torrid temperatures and equipment breakdowns throughout the tropical shoot. Although several days without catastrophe have almost lulled the crew into a false sense of security, Tanya's trials continue as she receives stunt advice for her next scene. In **Sheena**'s most dangerous sequence, Roberts, an adept horse-handler, must ride side-saddle across the scorching Amboseli desert—on a stallion *painted* to resemble a zebra.

At a signal, her horse sprints into a full gallop with a clutch of enemies in hot pursuit. Leading the procession is a camera truck loaded with open sandbags spewing grit backwards, creating an illusion of high desert winds. As Roberts races across the terrain, she *releases the reins* to shoot a bow-and-arrow at her would-be captors. But the horse, panicked by the flying sand, rears wildly, and throws its rider jarringly to the ground—in a spot harder than a marble floor.

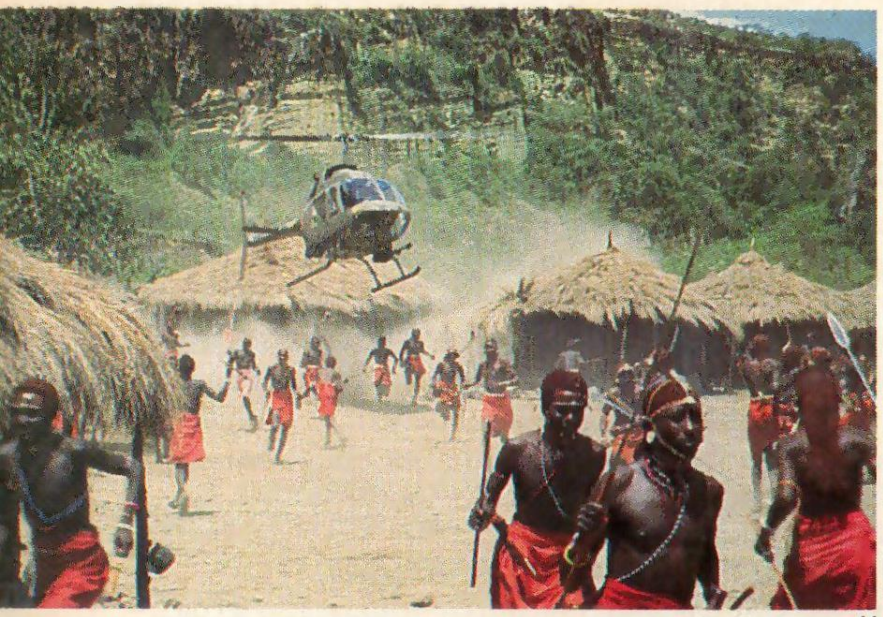
Instantly, the medical crew moves in to assist the pretty patient. Like her friends, the lions, she seems to have nine lives. No broken bones are apparent, but Roberts sports more scrapes and scratches than a second-hand safari truck.

Lensing the harrowing film not only had the crew consulting local witch doctors for luck, but often had the neighborhood hyenas laughing out loud. "In one sequence, Sheena had to swing down onto a river bank to tell the Zambuli chief about an impending war," the 5′8″, 114-pound blonde recalls. "A simple feat, right? But, I had to land on the *exact spot,* and *instead* I'd always come down on this soft mush. And, as I talked to the chief, I'd sink into the ground to my ankles! We took all morning, and it *still* wasn't perfect—after *100 takes!*"

Although bandages and a plaster cast would not have looked appropriate on the star, stunt women were rarely used, except on vine swings *more* than 300′ high; several such sequences were shot using both Roberts and doubles. Often, however, the actress' footage proves superior to that of the extras. Her reluctance to risk one perilous shot even prompted hesitation on the part of the stunt crew; after all, only fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

"There was a 250′ swing with a 100′ drop which I *refused,*" Roberts recalls. "However, since the stunt crew had so little to do because of my willingness to risk the action, the coordinator played a little joke. He had his crew out of sight when the time came to film that scene. I got worried when no one could be found to double for me, and then he told me *I* had to do it, because *his* people were waiting in the *unemployment lines!*"

The daredevil heroics seem to come naturally for the 36-23-34″ performer. "They



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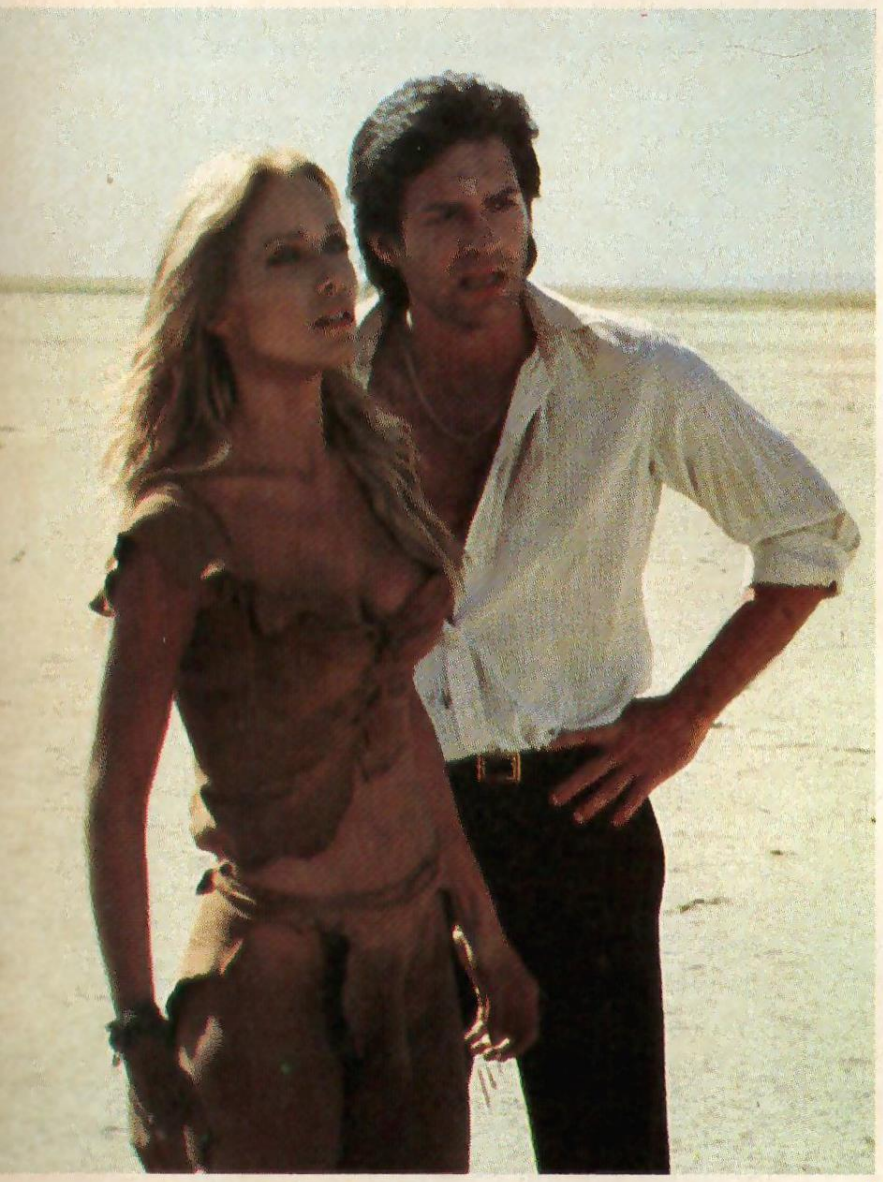

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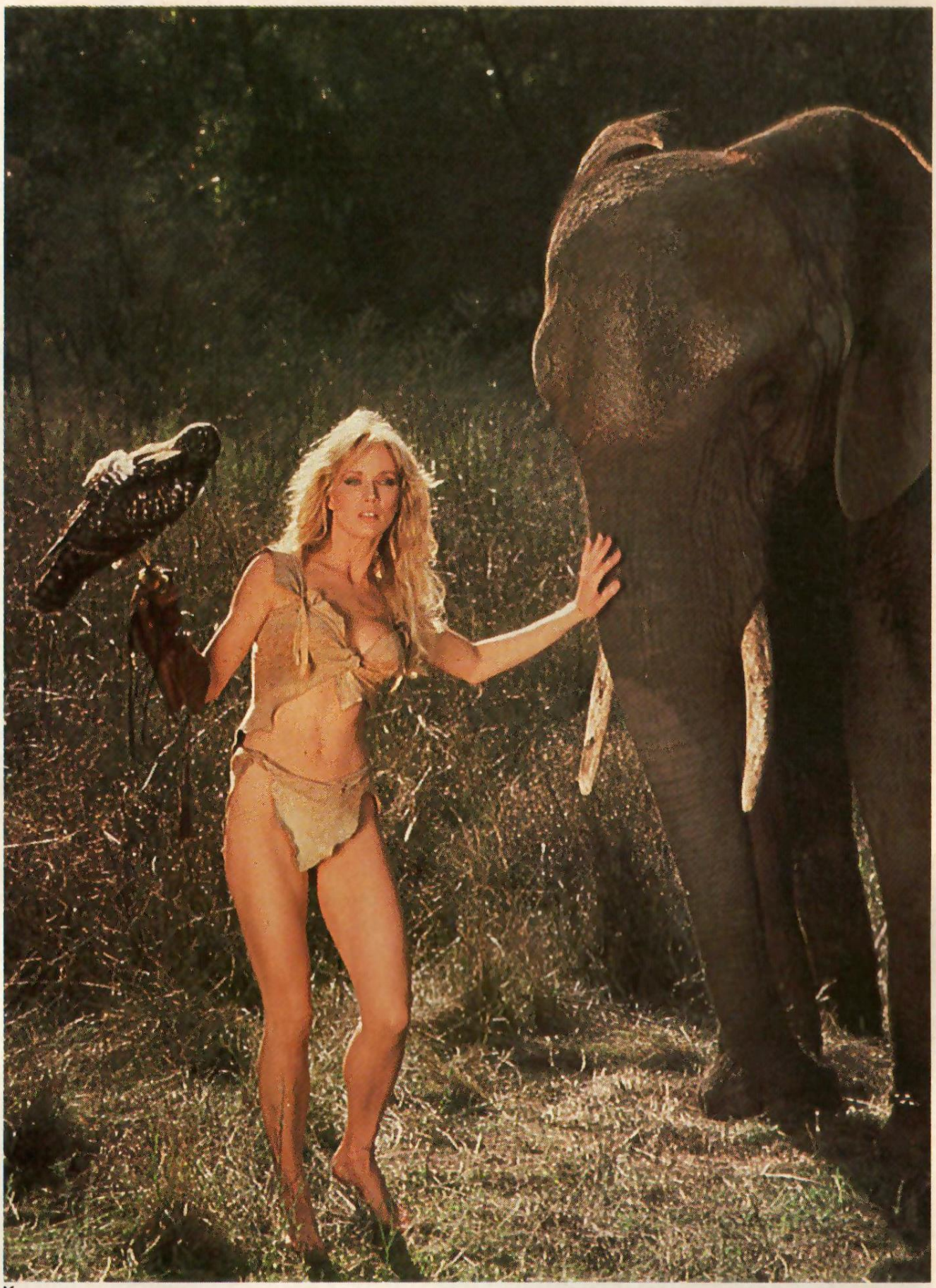

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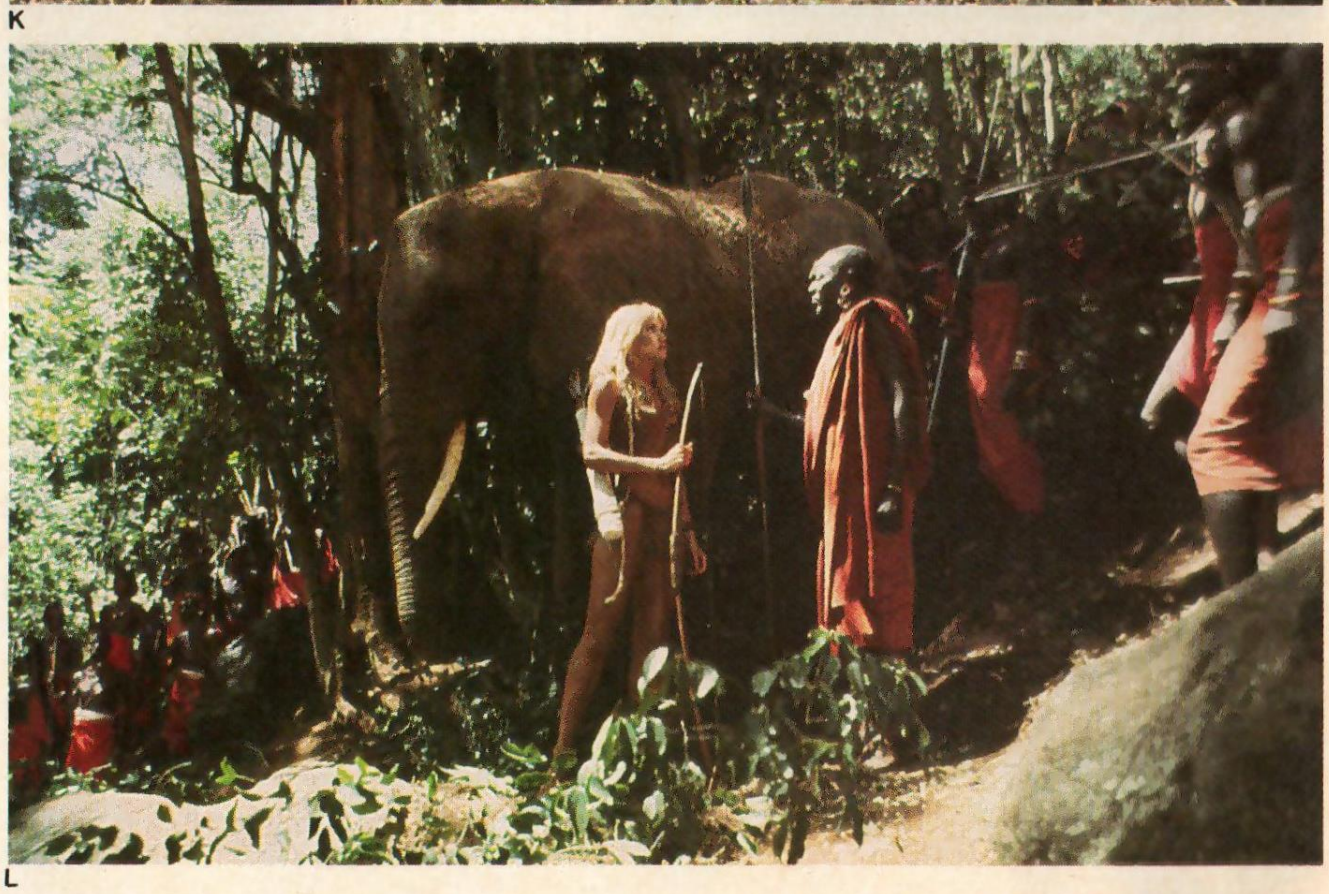

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PHOTOS: H) *Otwani's helicopter strafes the Zambuli village.* **I)** *Sheena and Vic Casey plan to attack Otwani's convoy of soldiers.* **J)** *Armed with deadly skill, the beautiful jungle queen takes aim against the enemies of her people.* **K)** *With her faithful jungle companions, Sheena undertakes her greatest adventure.* **L)** *Zambuli warriors, at Sheena's command, set an ambush for Otwani's mercenaries.* **M)** *With deadly determination, Sheena races in pursuit of the murderous Otwani.* **N)** *Sheena contemplates a beautiful jungle afternoon and an evening of romance.*

N

are the best scenes in the movie," she reveals. "Tourists stopped by the filming sites, asking, 'Who's that crazy blonde chick riding a zebra?' I don't want to do action pictures the rest of my life, because that's not what acting is really about. But, for a film like **Sheena**, I knew I had to take chances!"

Sheena recounts the tale of an orphaned American child reared by a mystical shaman in the heart of the Dark Continent. Under the care of a tribal high priestess, the four-year-old is taught to embrace the harmony of the primal world, where man and animal live in mutual respect. Sheena's fulfillment of an ancient prophecy and her power of thought communication combine to make her a figure of vengeance to sadistic poachers, greedy slave traders and murderous big game hunters. Garbed in a revealing animal skin bikini, and traversing the treetops with the freedom of a bird in flight, her invincible spirit endows her as uncontested Queen of the Jungle.

Tanya Roberts stars as the platinum-maned she-devil of the tropics. Screen newcomer Princess Elizabeth of Toro, Ugandan Minister of Foreign Affairs under Idi Amin, portrays the jungle girl's mentor. Sheena's domain is disrupted by the arrival of a worldly TV journalist, played by Ted (**Curse of the Pink Panther**) Wass, who instead finds torrid romance in the tropical paradise. As the epic unwinds, political intrigue and modern warfare threaten the idyllic tempo of jungle life. France (**Adieu Foulards**) Zobda as the fiendish Princess Zanda and Trevor (**Yesterday's Hero**) Thomas as ruthless Prince Otwani comprise the supporting cast, which also includes Donovan (**Police Academy**) Scott, and Clifton (**Space 1999**) Jones as King Jabalani.

Directed by John (**The Towering Inferno**) Guillermin, **Sheena** emphasizes the haughty huntress' mysterious origins in the fierce wilds where existence is precarious, and facing hardship is as natural as waking in the morning.

"Sheena is a multi-faceted personality," Roberts explains, "and hers is an intensely personal adventure. The part was perfect for me; a dichotomy exists between her physical strength and naivety. Sheena's parents die when she is very young; she is alone in alien surroundings and is reared by a native shaman in conditions totally opposite her heritage. I've also had a difficult —and somewhat similar—life which has made me stronger. Sheena is strong, yet uncorrupted; she has a very interesting combination of characteristics, and her immature, pure attitude is a common denominator in both of us—I'm still very child-like."

Similar to her celluloid counterpart, Roberts' life has been a struggle in which wit and determination were the keys to survival. Born Tanya Boum in the Bronx, the 28-year-old actress knew early in life that the theatre was her destiny after her mother took her to dramatic performances in Manhattan. Leaving home at age 14 to pursue a professional show business career, she struggled for a time waiting tables and teaching dance at an Arthur Murray studio, not completing high school. Several stage roles, including Antigone and parts in William Inge plays, led to commercials—and fewer financial dilemmas —within a year.

"I wasn't a runaway, and I have no skeletons in the family closet," she reveals. "I just had to leave home and lead *my own life*—to be a responsible adult. Naturally, my parents weren't too crazy about it—they wanted me to finish school and attend college, but forcing that isn't always good. I wasn't street-wise, but tremendously sensitive and independent.

"I went through a lot that matured me quickly, and taking those lessons to heart has helped me as an actress. I really knew what I wanted, and *nothing* was going to stop me from going after it! I've learned you've got to *fight* for everything you get."

In addition to her stage work, old movies influenced the aspiring actress. Citing Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth and Joan Crawford as female inspirations, Roberts also idolized more contemporary talents such as Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando and Paul Newman. While her acting improved, however, her self-image did not.

"I was never thrilled with my looks," she says. "I was a lanky tomboy until 15 or 16, and always felt flawed. I ingrained myself early with the belief that beauty is only relative. There are a *billion* pretty girls out there—I'm just *one* of them."

While perfecting her art live before audiences, the actress married at age 17 to writer Barry Roberts, who gave her confidence, guidance—and a sympathetic shoulder. As a well-educated student polishing his master's thesis, he also bestowed her with a wealth of knowledge to expand her horizons.

Rather than depending on her physical attributes, Roberts developed her mind by reading and study. Long hours in low-paying off-Broadway dramas paid off in several films roles before **Charlie's Angels** really launched her career.

"I got tremendous exposure on TV, financial security and work every day to improve my abilities," Roberts says. "Things were so easy, I grew lazy and spoiled that year. When the show was cancelled, I felt like a has-been, tossed back to where I started. That's when my study of acting came in handy."

Roles as Kiri, the seductive slave girl in **Beastmaster** (**PREVUE** 49) and Mike Hammer's loyal secretary, Velda, in the TV-movie **Murder Me, Murder You** followed until **Sheena** was offered. "The part is the

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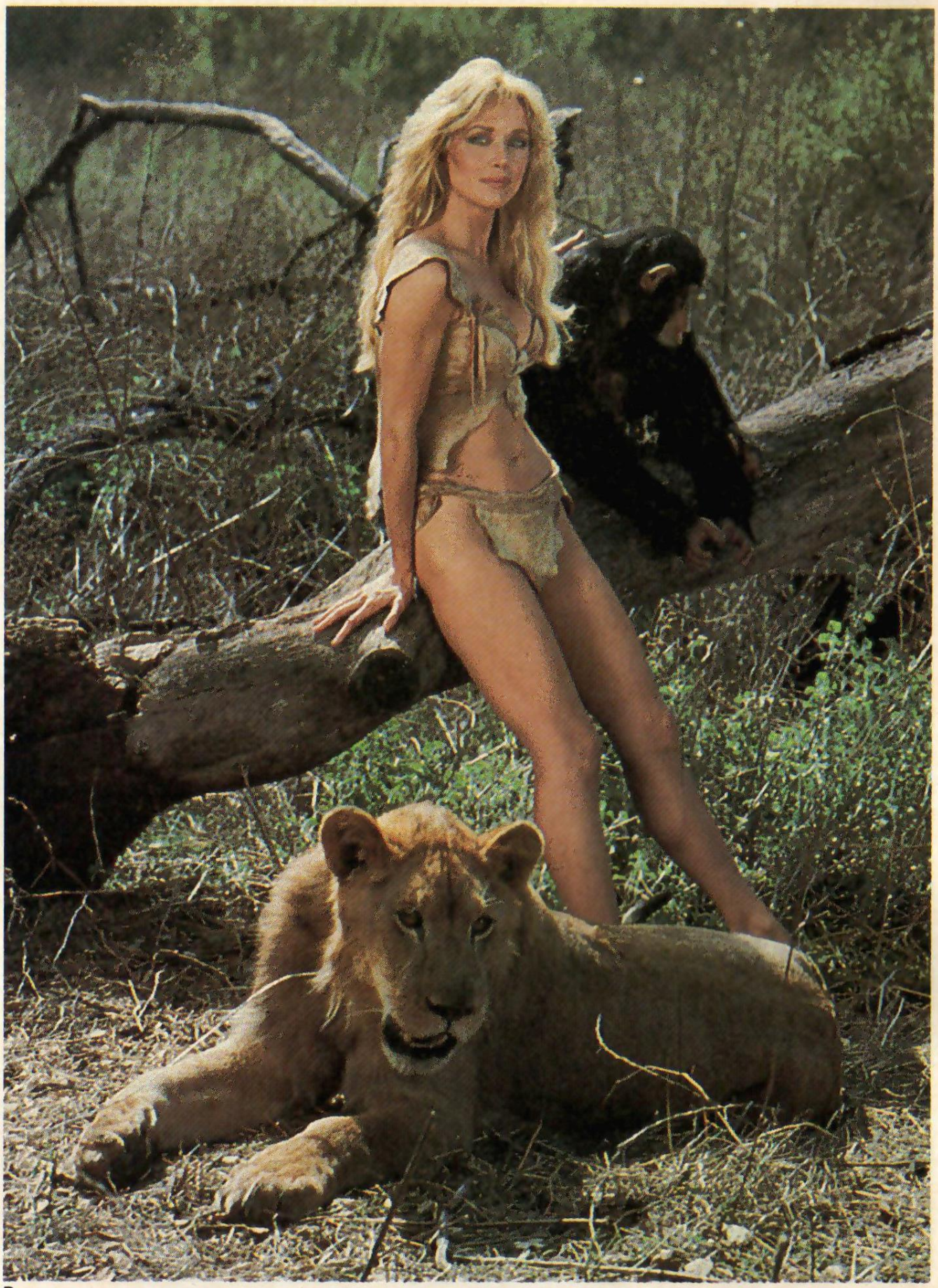

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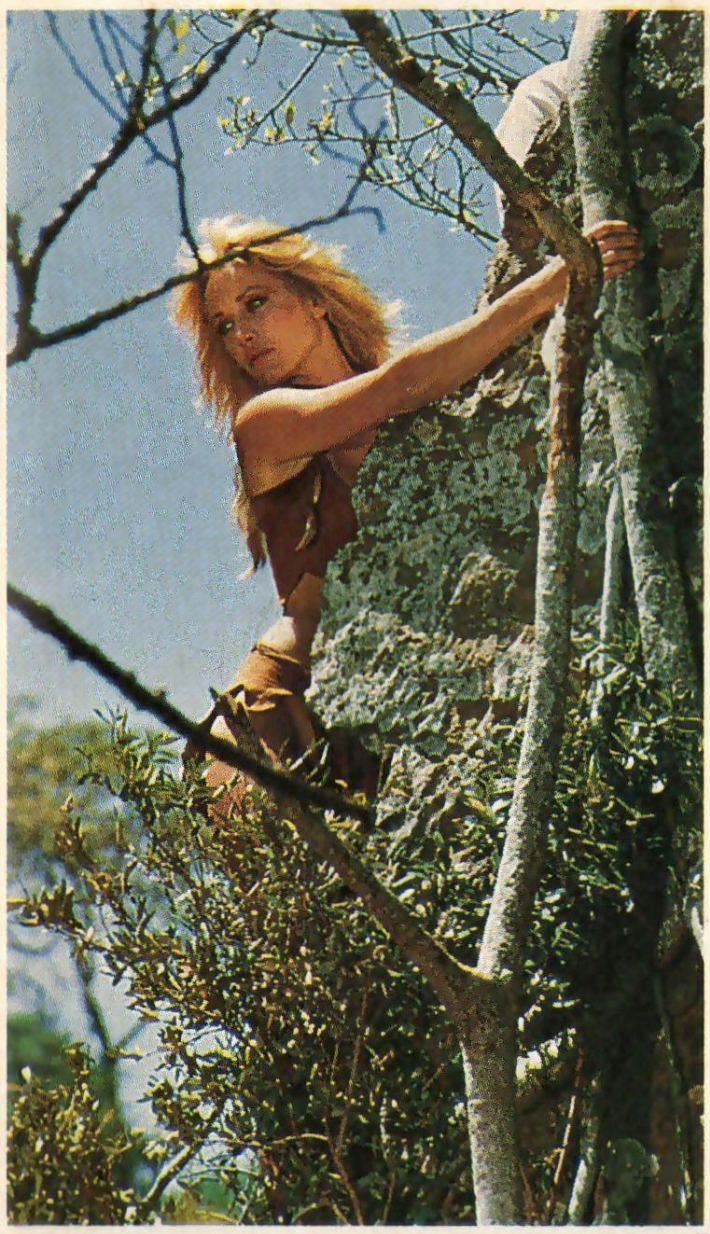
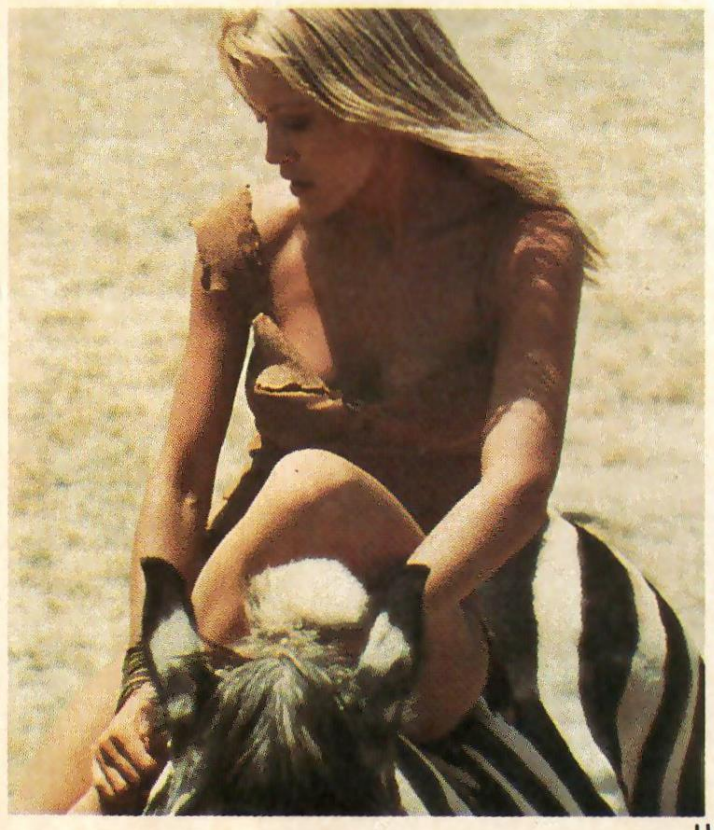


T

PHOTOS: O*) Sheena turns on her pursuers, becoming the huntress instead of the hunted.* **P***) The helicopter where Sheena is a captive crashes below the Zambuli Falls.* **Q***) Countess Zanda swears in a jealous rage that the jungle girl shall die.* **R***) Tanya Roberts with two of her wild friends.* **S***) Sheena's rage boils as she views the destruction left by Otwani's marauders.* **T***) Invisible in the treetops, Sheena prepares a swinging assault on the enemy below.* **U***) The jungle queen pauses before charging into the heat of battle.*



PREVUE

U

greatest opportunity I've had yet. When I read the script, *I cried!*"

The sweeping romantic adventure, in the tradition of H. Rider Haggard, Arthur Conan Doyle and Edgar Rice Burroughs, features jungle trails alive with danger and primeval passion. Sheena draws her steel against primordial peril and the fiercest four-footed felons this side of Noah's Ark.

The **Sheena** production imported five lions from Animal Actors of Hollywood, an outfit under the direction of Hubert Wells which has provided creatures for such films as **Quest for Fire**, **Dr. Doolittle** and **Never Cry Wolf**. Also arriving was a trained, representative cross-section of Africa's wildlife menagerie, including six snakes, five chimpanzees, four horses, two leopards, a hawk, an elephants named Mombasa—and a New Jersey rhinoceros.

Kenya's Aberdare National Park, with its dense forests, barren moorlands, cascading waterfalls and ravines entangled with tropical vines, was the perfect background. The pawed performers, however, were less than eager to comply. The ferocious felines, although domesticated, were as unpredictable as tomorrow's weather, and commanded respect from everyone within a claw's reach. Two trainers were attacked from the rear by Sheena's pet, a barbarous leopard, resulting in teeth marks in both their necks. Several scenes were excised from the script due to the uncooperative nature of the beasts.

"Lions are by nature predators," Roberts explains, listening to the echo of unnerving roars across the nighttime veldt. "I have a Doberman pinscher, and I've learned a lot about being cautious around animals. Two of the cats, Kibor and Simba, are tame—Donovan Scott even stuck his arm in Simba's mouth—but they *can turn on you* in a second.

"In one scene, a rhino, who had been trained using electric wires, was supposed to charge a Jeep with three lions on top. Unfortunately, the lions didn't *approve of him!* When he charged the vehicle, one of them attacked him, going for his hindquarters, and he went absolutely *berserk!* He almost gored a fat actor, who was darn lucky to roll underneath the Jeep—*he barely fit!*

"To compound matters, rhinos are almost blind, so he didn't know when to *stop* charging! The trainers chased him across the plain for *miles!* We would have had more luck searching for Dr. Livingstone!"

A touching scene featuring Sheena extracting a tooth from an agonized lion was axed because of the practical consideration of losing the movie's star. Although the Queen of the Jungle tames wild beasts, Roberts might have charted a premature course to the elephants' graveyard had filming commenced. "We planned to put Kibor in the midst of a 60-member pride of wild lions," she relates, "but they were spooked by him because he was tame. It would have been a life-or-death situation to risk the shot, and I liked the 'life' idea more!"

In addition to rampaging rhinos, killer cats and horses made up as zebras, **Sheena** utilized many other jungle denizens, among them a herd of 500 elephants and a flock of flamingos that assails a helicopter. The amusing result may have audiences wondering whether **Sheena** bears more resemblance to George of the Jungle than Tarzan of the Apes.

"It's an *outrageous* scene," Roberts concurs, "but in keeping with the movie's tone. **Sheena** is a visual knockout."

Although Sheena debuted in a newspaper strip, she found fame as the lead feature in **Jumbo Comics**. Beginning in 1938 as the creation of cartoonist S.M. (Jerry) Iger, she appeared in 186 issues through 1953, in addition to spawning her own comic book title. Her adventures also generated a pulp magazine and TV series, which ran for 26 episodes in 1955-56, starring voluptuous Irish McCalla as the legendary lady of the wild.

Sheena disappeared from the media jungle like a chameleon in an idoro bush until the mid-'70s, when rumors about a big screen revival began circulating. Iger promoted the idea since the late '60s, and David (**Superman—The Movie**) Newman was eventually commissioned to write a screenplay highlighting the jungle girl's obscure origins and mystical training in the dangerous tropics. Newman's realism, however, was deemed inappropriate, and Lorenzo (**Batman**, **Papillon**, **Flash Gordon**) Semple, Jr. handled the rewriting chores, producing a draft spanning two decades, from the little girl's abandonment to her battle against political revolution threatening her domain's harmony. The final version emphasizes the sensuous swinger's singular position as dominant female, reading like Gloria Steinem out of H. Rider Haggard.

An intense international search was launched to find the perfect jungle queen; hundreds of hopefuls lined the casting sidewalks with dreams of donning the tiny leopard skin. At various stages in the film's evolution, Sandahl Bergman expressed interest in the role, and Raquel Welch, Sybil Danning, Farrah Fawcett and Cheryl Ladd were considered as possible Sheenas. Christie Brinkley even tested for the part; all were rejected for various reasons.

Tanya Roberts first heard of **Sheena** while on location in Hawaii filming a **Charlie's Angels** episode, and passed up numerous other film offers for an opportunity to portray the mythic maiden.

"It struck my fancy immediately," the blue-eyed actress relates, "even though I never read any of the comic books, and only watched a few of the TV shows. I like to

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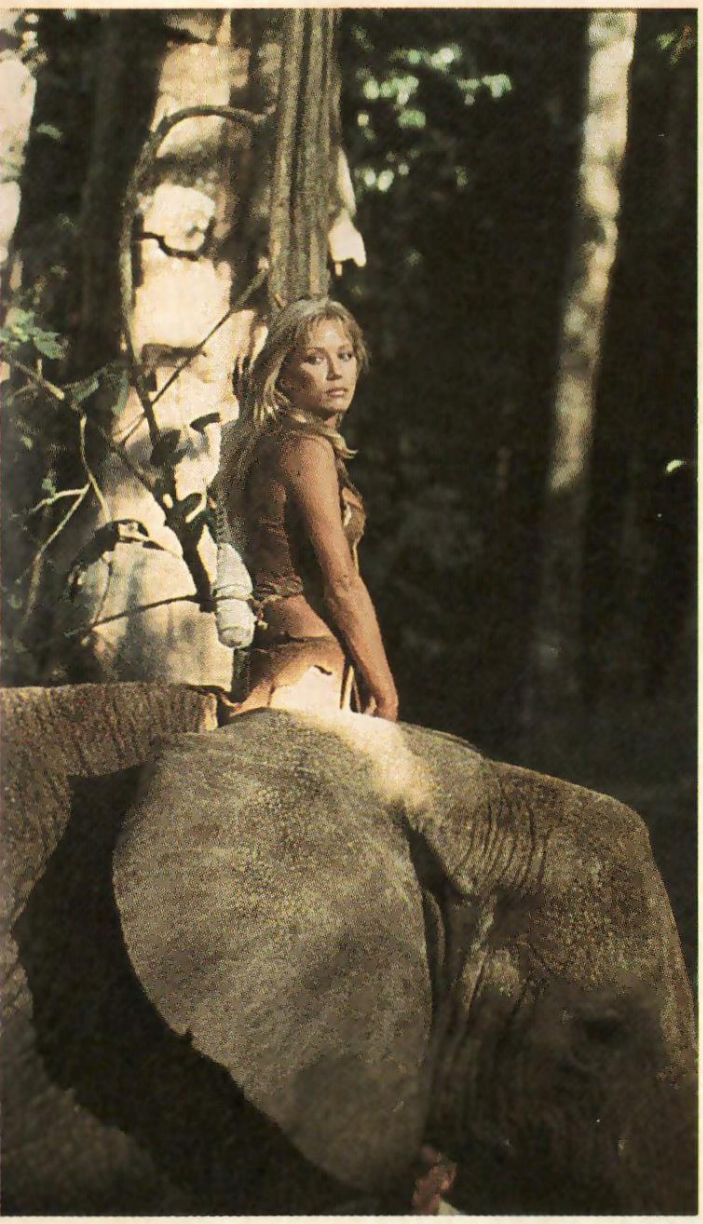
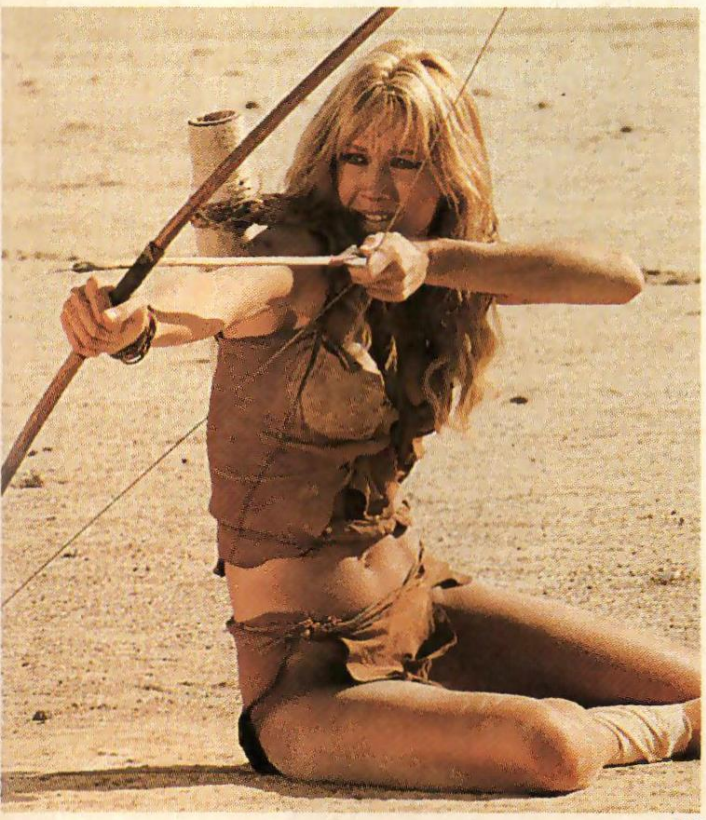


AA

PHOTOS: V) *Wounded, Sheena dodges Otwani's deadly gunfire.* **W)** *Vic Casey (Ted Wass) gropes his way into the treetops with his new friend to escape a band of murderous soldiers.* **X)** *Sheena, on her steed Marika, scatters the enemy.* **Y)** *Vowing revenge for their murdered brothers, the Zambuli echo the jungle queen's call to battle.* **Z)** *Tanya Roberts takes a stroll with a capable bodyguard.* **AA)** *The jungle queen surveys her kingdom from a royal vantage point.* **BB)** *Wounded and weakened, Sheena draws a last shot as Otwani closes in for the kill.*



PREVUE

BB

think it was in the cards!"

Her perseverance paid off in a screen test shot on an elaborate set complete with live animals. The studio-financed, $250,000 project included not only acting but also *vine-swinging* as part of the regimen. "It was beyond comprehension," she laughs. "They could've done a bloody low-budget *movie* for the cost of the screen test!"

A second try-out on the **Fantasy Island** set, pitting Roberts against ten stunning models, ultimately netted her the coveted role. Rumor reported that her torrid **Playboy** spread influenced the decision, but she emphasizes her hard work as the main criterion.

"The most gorgeous models in the world," she asserts, "couldn't land the role. Hundreds of girls were tested, mainly models, but the part was much too demanding. They needed a combination of beauty, an athletic body and acting ability. I've been acting for 14 years, so I told John Guillermin, 'Either test me, or I'll *slash my wrists!*'"

The auburn-haired actress bleached her tresses platinum for the film. "There's nothing like a blonde," Roberts declares, flicking her tawny locks from her shoulders. "They radiate purity, innocence and naivety; Hitchcock always used them as victims. Seeing Sheena as a blonde with long, golden legs gives an angelic impression, and my hair is a streaky blonde, almost like a lion's mane. Besides, I love being a blonde, and I'm going to stay this way a while!"

Although angelic blondes may have more fun, preparing for the African venture was as enjoyable as stepping in a tiger trap. "Before the trip," the actress recalls, "I needed twelve injections—for cholera, hepatitis—I'm talking *heavy shots!* I also took malaria pills, which have adverse side-effects. I was as sick as a dog *before* I ever got on the plane!"

Director John Guillermin, after scouting various African locations, settled on Kenya as the final shooting site, and organized a cinematic safari two months early to prepare for filming in the oppressive tropical atmosphere. Accompanying him was an international, 250-man crew composed of Americans, Italians (fresh from lensing **Hearts in Armor** with Roberts) for wardrobe design, cameras and construction, and English special fx, sound, production, secretarial and set decoration units. Roberts meanwhile worked with screenwriters to polish her character, and underwent a rigorous, nine-month training program to build her body to a paragon of primal perfection.

"The only way to handle the extreme pressure of such a shoot is to be prepared," she says. "For nine months prior to going to Africa, I pumped iron an hour a day, rode horses bareback six hours a week and practiced acrobatics on a 20-foot-high trapeze. *That* was an experience! I need phenomenal strength in my arms to support my weight while swinging on the vines, and I've done almost all my own stunts." The performer also climbed sheer rock cliffs, often hanging there for hours to get a shot.

One month prior to filming, Roberts and her husband arrived on the African set to acclimate themselves to the primitive conditions. Delays had already cropped up with the swiftness of jungle flora after a night of rainfall, and life in the tropics was proving more treacherous than a bull elephant in a china shop.

Due to lack of available living quarters, almost 100 crew members were forced to camp on the set in tents for the entire shoot. Additionally, inaccessible jungle locations necessitated daily 40-minute plane trips to and from filming sites, and Nairobi's Jomo Kenyatta Airport was a hornet's nest of activity. Crews not able to locate aircraft made the trek by truck—two hours each way, every day, on hazardous jungle roads. Merely getting from the landing strip to the filming site was an adventure that would have Tarzan quaking in his loincloth. "We had to climb and fall down hills, or walk through mud and rain to find the locations," Roberts admits. "It was like searching for a lost city!"

Desert heat spells also blistered the movie team, making mere movement seem a Herculean effort. Although the actress may have the heavenly attributes of an angel, she needed a guardian spirit to survive the five-month ordeal on the Dark Continent.

"Although I was well-prepared," she relates, "I had to ask for a day off because the shoot is so tremendously draining—and I've *never* done *that* before."

The cast and production crew found accommodations in contemporary safari lodges, still used by big game hunters. The resorts offered refuge from the uncivilized—and violent—climate surrounding the filming unit.

"The lodges are fabulous," Roberts explains, "but the culture is simply bizarre! I get up in the morning and read in the newspaper about a bandit who got his hand chopped off by a homeowner, or some other gruesome tale. Five months will be a long time to remain in such an atmosphere, and I'm very nervous because I can't go home."

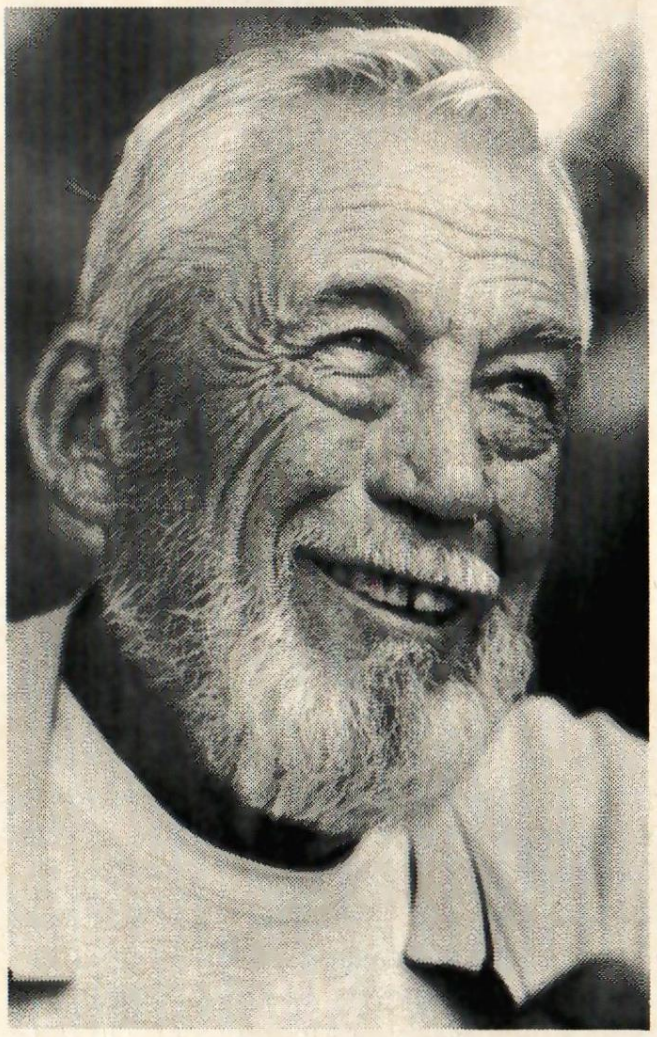
Not quite so unpredictable are the village natives, whose curiosity and friendliness prompts good relations between the filmmakers and civilians. "The local people are incredible," the actress declares, "because they're still very happy and uncorrupted by the modern world. Six million whites rule over 300 million blacks—and that should change—but the natives don't seem to mind. They speak English and Swahili, so I've picked up a second language!"

African hospitality led the movie crew

(continued on page 61)

THE GODFATHER OF FILM TALKS ABOUT HIS ART... FROM **THE MALTESE FALCON** TO **UNDER THE VOLCANO**

JOHN HUSTON



John Huston is the last of the Hollywood giants.

His distinguished career has been long, productive and rich with masterpieces, many of which have shaped the direction of contemporary cinema.

Born on August 5, 1906 in Nevada, Missouri, his childhood was heavily influenced by his journalist mother and actor father. Their divorce six years later resulted in his continuous shuttling between New York and Arizona, until his mother settled in Los Angeles. At 15, he dropped out of school to become one of the top-ranking amateur boxers in California.

*Subsequently, he studied painting (at LA's Art Students League), tried acting (New York's Provincetown Players), ventured to Mexico (where he rode with the cavalry), became a reporter (***New York Daily Graphic***) and, finally, a screenwriter (Samuel Goldwyn and Universal Pictures). After another round of jobs in England and France, he returned as a contract writer for Warner Bros. where he contributed to such films as* **Jezebel**, **Juarez**, **Sergeant York**, **High Sierra** *and* **Three Strangers**.

In 1941, a contract stipulation gave Huston a chance to direct; he made **The Maltese Falcon**, *hailed by critics and audiences as the definitive detective film of all time. The following year, he helmed* **In This Our Life** *and* **Across the Pacific**, *then was called to duty in the Army Signal Corps where he made three stunning documentaries. He left the service as a major, and returned to motion pictures.*

His next effort, 1948's **Treasure of the Sierra Madre**, *won Academy Awards for both writing and directing—and scored a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his father, Walter Huston.* **Key Largo** *and* **We Were Strangers** *followed.*

In the late '40s, the "moral rot" created in the entertainment industry by government anti-Communist "witch hunters", proved so intolerable to Huston that he moved to Ireland (where he became a citizen in 1964). His cinematic output, however, continued unabated. **The Asphalt Jungle**, **Red Badge of Courage**, **African Queen**, **Moulin Rouge**, **Beat the Devil**, **Moby Dick**, **Heaven Knows Mr. Allison**, **The Barbarian and the Geisha** *and* **The Roots of Heaven** *all bore his unmistakable stamp in the 1950s.*

The Unforgiven, **The Misfits**, **Freud**, **The List of Adrian Messenger**, **Night of the Iguana**, **The Bible** *(the biggest moneymaker of his career, with Huston as Noah),* **Reflections in a Golden Eye**, **Sinful Davey** *and* **A Walk with Love and Death** *appeared during the next decade, while the '70s saw* **The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean**, **The Mackintosh Man**, **Fat City**, **The Man Who Would Be King** *and* **Wise Blood**. *In the past few years, he has made* **Victory** *and* **Annie**.

As an actor, Huston appeared in **The Cardinal**, **Candy**, **Myra Breckenridge**, **Chinatown**, **The Wind and the Lion**, **Winter Kills** *and his own films—such as in the panhandling scene in* **Treasure of the Sierra Madre**. *He is still actively interested in painting, horses, hunting and gambling—and recently celebrated his 78th birthday.*

Huston currently lives in an oceanside villa south of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. He spoke to **PREVUE** *in Los Angeles after completing his 37th film,* **Under the Volcano**. *Except for an eyepatch (the result of a cataract operation) and chronic emphysema (which frequently turns his rumbling laughter into a barking cough), he is in fighting shape, and preparing his next project. His manner was spirited and charming, and his rich, deep voice broke into chuckles as he recalled the highlights of his extraordinary career.*

INTERVIEW BY STERANKO

PREVUE: Many of your films originate from literary sources, instead of being written for the screen. Is that coincidental or on purpose?

HUSTON: Perhaps *both!* Pictures develop in so many different ways, but, frankly, I've always been a heavy reader. There are so many literary masterpieces that are just waiting to be filmed, that I may gravitate in that direction—a great book tends to stay with me.

PREVUE: When you read a script or a book, do you direct it in your head?

HUSTON: No, and I don't even read with the idea of finding *material* to film. I read for the enjoyment of it.

PREVUE: You found a source when you read **Under the Volcano**. You've wanted to make it for a long time, but no screenwriter could "break the spine" of the story, even through 20 or more versions. Had you considered writing the script yourself?

HUSTON: Well, I worked on this version with Guy Gallo, the writer.

PREVUE: Was it your idea or his to eliminate the novel's flashback technique and go for a straight narrative line?

HUSTON: That was a requirement from the start, to reduce the film's action to 24 hours.

PREVUE: None of the other scripts apparently used that convention.

HUSTON: A couple did, but they failed in other respects: most of them were too impressed by the book's symbolism, its esoteric qualities. They followed that line instead of the dramatic line.

PREVUE: Hollywood isn't often accused of having *too much* reverence for literary material.

HUSTON: Very few scripts came from Hollywood. They were mostly from universities, and writers who could be called cultists. The producer told me he had read *more than 60 scripts* for the film; I've had 25 or 30 sent to me over the years.

PREVUE: Do you make changes in the script as you shoot?

HUSTON: No; **Volcano** was shot practically line for line as it was in the final draft. I prefer it that way.

PREVUE: Do you rehearse beforehand?

HUSTON: Only for about a week.

PREVUE: When you're finally on location and behind the camera, are you very inventive or do you plan tightly ahead of time?

HUSTON: Some rehearsal *on the set* provides an opportunity to be free, to take advantage of any accidents, to seize upon opportunities and make something of them. It happened on **Volcano**, although I can't take any credit for it. In the garden, when the Consul, played by Albert Finney, is talking to a man watering his lawn next door, he loosens his tie. I said, "Take it off, Albert." He did, and hung it over a branch

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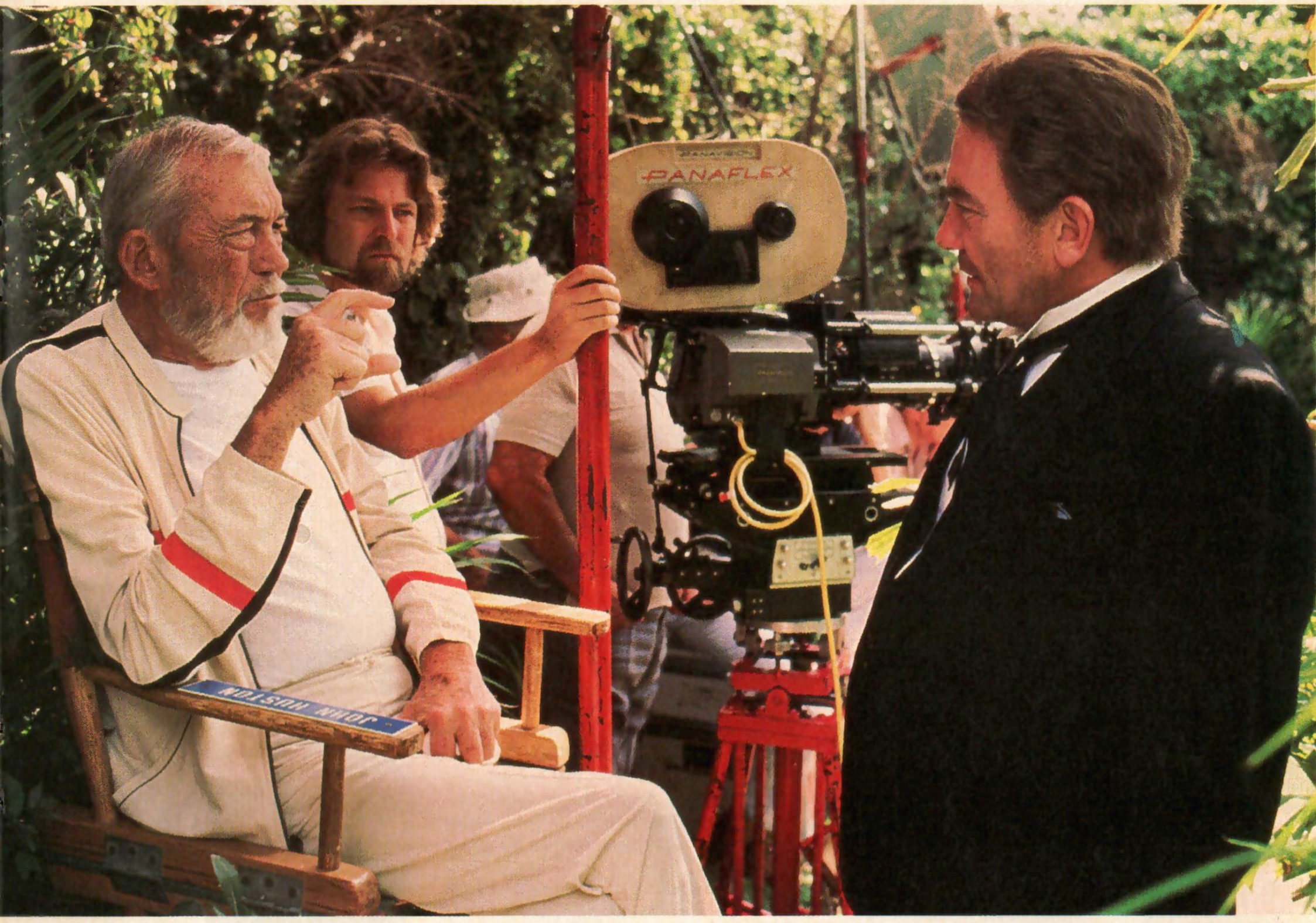

PHOTOS: Above*) Director John Huston discusses a scene from* **Under The Volcano** with Albert Finney who portrays Geoffrey Firmin, the Counsul. **Left***) Jacqueline Bisset as the Consul's wife, Yvonne.* **Center***) Anthony Andrews as the Consul's half brother, Hugh, and Jacqueline Bisset.* **Right***) Albert Finney as the tragic alcoholic having a breakdown.*

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THE LEGEND MAKER OF

FILM PREVIEW BY PATRICIA RIDDLE

In a darkened screening room surrounded by a dozen anxious filmmakers, Frank Herbert watches as the two-and-a-half hour rough cut of **Dune**—minus seven minutes of special fx opticals and Toto's musical soundtrack—energizes the screen. Afterwards, there is a beat of silence before the lights come up, broken only by the author's proclamation, "My God, *we've got it!*" The viewers respond with a wave of applause.

"I always knew **Dune** would make it to the screen—someday," the novelist reveals. "But, I just wouldn't believe it *until* I saw the credits roll."

An energetic, grey-haired man with twinkling blue eyes and rapid-fire delivery, Herbert looks more like a Supreme Court Justice than the writer of a two million copy-selling epic. But, with the publication of **Heretics of Dune**—the fifth volume in the Atreides/Arrakis saga—and the film's December release, the 63-year-old writer can be considered at the top of the peak of his profession, which includes such science fiction notables as Asimov, Heinlein and Clarke.

Besides spawning the most ambitious cinema project in years, the desert world tale has made its creator a cult figure and the first man ever to win the coveted Hugo and Nebula science fiction awards for a *single* book. "After two million copies, however," the author notes, "it's a little bit more than a *cult* following." Current estimations indicate that 40 to 50 million people have read the futuristic messiah's story in eleven languages.

Casually dressed in dark slacks and an open-necked work shirt, Herbert relaxes in the living room of his Port Townsend, Washington home—a short ten minutes from Puget Sound beach. Hidden from the access road by a wall of evergreen trees, the sprawling structure—which Herbert completed building himself—boasts an indoor pool and a solar energy collector. His workday over, the writer leans on the corner of a comfortable sofa and talks about his work.

Despite its enormous popularity with the public, **Dune** has taken nearly 20 years to become celluloid reality. "Originally, Arthur P. Jacobs, who produced the **Planet of the Apes** movies, bought the rights to **Dune**. Then, he had the bad taste to die *without* consulting me," Herbert explains with characteristic humor. "It was tied up in his estate for years."

A European consortium eventually purchased the property and hired Alexandro (**El Topo**) Jodorowski to helm it. The Chilean-born director cast surrealist Salvador Dali as the Emperor (doubling his duties as production designer), Orson Welles as Baron Harkonnen and Charlotte Rampling as Lady Jessica, saving the role of Duke Leto for himself. Two million dollars was lavished on pre-production, developing the script, costumes and sets before the project folded due to insufficient funds (**PREVUE** 54). Herbert, who saw Jean Giraud (Moebius)'s storyboards for the picture, says simply, "Filming it as less than a twelve-hour movie would have been the *miracle* of the century!"

Dino DeLaurentiis acquired the option in 1980, but before he could get the film underway, the time limit expired and had to be renegotiated. The producer then tapped Ridley Scott to direct, but disagreements over the proposed script—which involved an incestuous relationship between Paul Atreides and his mother—led DeLaurentiis to look elsewhere. "That version really '**Alien**-ated' me," the author chuckles.

Then, at the suggestion of his daughter, Raffaella, who is the film's producer, DeLaurentiis gave the monumental task of directing the elusive desert epic to David (**Elephant Man**) Lynch.

Herbert had not seen Lynch's Oscar-nominated film at the time the director was hired, but has viewed it several times since. "The subtleties and layers in **Elephant Man** are absolutely extraordinary," the author says. "The story is set in Victorian England, but the camera never focuses on the background—it's all peripheral, reaching the audience on a *subconscious* level. Once I saw that, *my* butterflies quieted down."

The author met the filmmaker for the first time in DeLaurentiis' LA office. "My first impression of David was that he was *too young* to tackle a project of this size," Herbert recalls. "He's very boyish. He reminded me of a masters student going for his doctorate."

Shortly after their initial encounter, Lynch and his writing partners from **Elephant Man**, Eric Bergren and Christopher DeVore, took their first draft of the screenplay to Herbert's home for a week-long conference. Problems surfaced immediately. "The script just didn't *sing*," the author says. "It was all on the surface. During our discussions, I kept stressing the *many levels* of action in the story, and I could tell that David grasped the idea right away. Finally, he decided to write it himself."

Numerous screenwriters—including Herbert—had tried and failed to create a version which retained the complexities of the original work, but was condensed enough to film. "David captured the essence of **Dune**," Herbert confirms. "Not *every* layer, of course—that's impossible without the luxury of many, many pages. But, all the characters are there, and they play their parts just as they do in the novel."

He attributes Lynch's success to several factors. "David discovered the visual metaphors—the short cuts—that were missing. I did it in the book with the Fremen by linking their culture to the Arabs—to many readers, anything set in the desert is Arabian. But, I simply *didn't* know what the camera was capable of when I tried to write the

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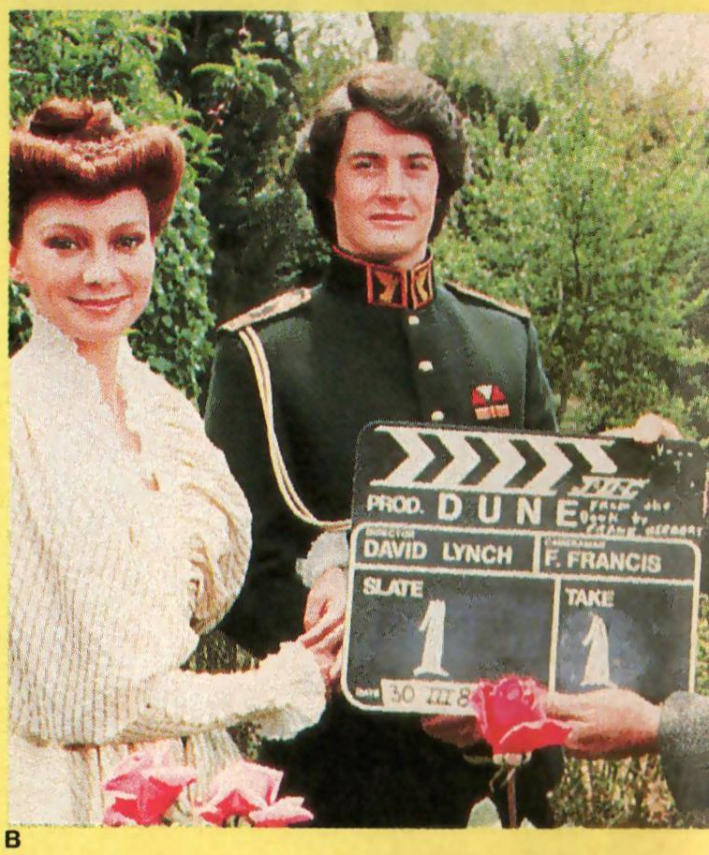

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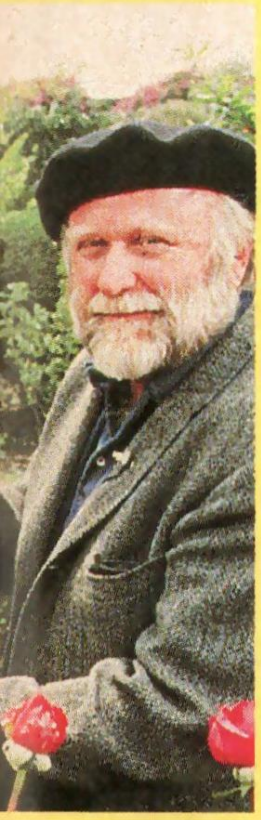
DUNE

AUTHOR FRANK HERBERT ON THE FILMING OF HIS SCIENCE FICTION MASTERPIECE



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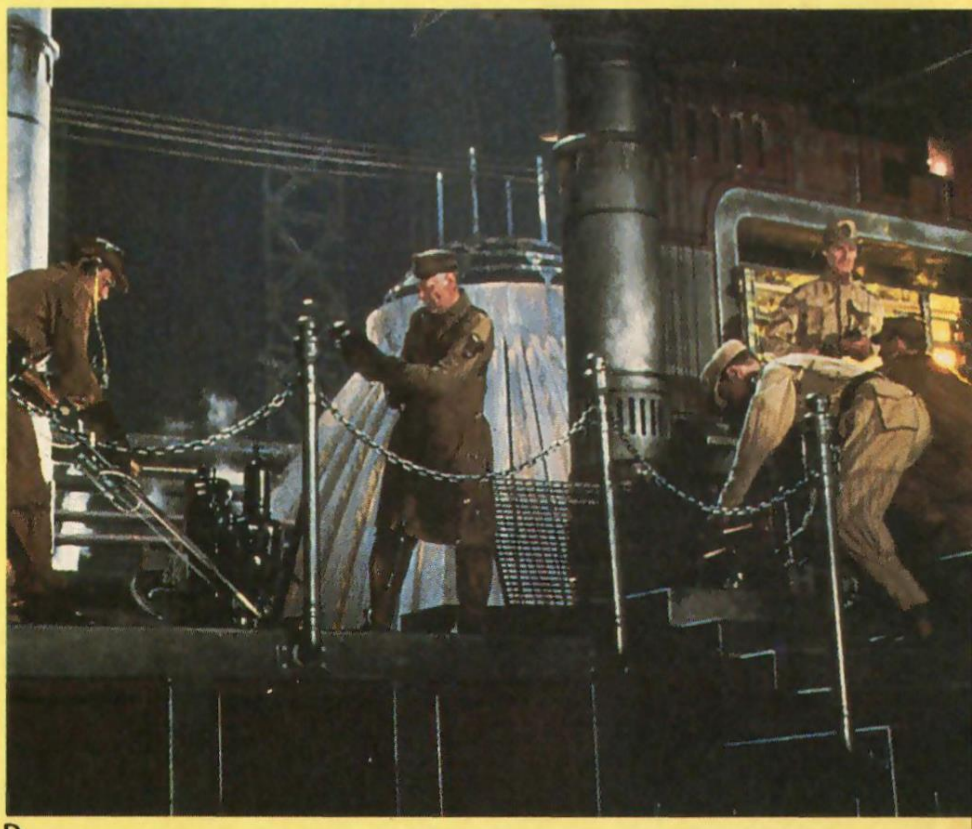


D

screenplay. David has that knowledge, plus the ability to choose the right scenes so that whatever is missing seems to be happening just *beyond* camera range."

Some aspects of Lynch's shorthand are conveyed through the characters. Other concepts are expressed by ingenious set and costume design (**PREVUE** 56).

Lynch and production designer Tony (**2001: A Space Odyssey**) Masters used two period motifs to achieve the metaphors. The first was a complete surprise to the author. "The Florentine and Byzantine influence in the sets was something I hadn't expected—I'd never even *thought* of it! But, in dealing with a feudal society, viewers naturally connect it to the Middle Ages—and the visual link to that time is the intricate mosaic designs, which appear in abundance."

The director also chose a '50s, streamlined, futuristic approach for certain sets. "When I grew up," the 63-year-old author explains, "the prevailing feeling was that there would *always* be a tomorrow. But David, who is very much a child of the '50s, had a more precarious hold on the future. That 'bomb shelter mentality' is what he's trying to reach, to convey a message *behind* what appears on screen—and it works beautifully."

After the script was approved, locations were scouted for the production. While budgets were developed for the Sahara, England, India, Australia, North Africa and Tunisia, the producers eventually settled on the Churubusco Studios in Mexico City.

Although the site had many points to recommend it—low labor cost, proximity to the Salamayuca desert and year-long availability of its eight, 110' square soundstages—the situation proved to have just as many undesirable aspects. Because the production was in Mexico for such a long time, many of the 900-member crew—150 of whom were from Italy, Spain and England—became restless and homesick. Some, unable to withstand the pressure, heat and illness, left the location early to return home.

The company also had to deal with customs delays and extortion when importing food and necessary materials for sets and costumes. In true "show-must-go-on" tradition, the filmmakers coped with the problem by establishing a "Mexican Connection" to smuggle important items into the country.

The choice of location, however, gave Herbert an unusual opportunity. "Many years ago, when I was a struggling young writer, I discovered that my small savings would go further in Mexico, giving me more time to work," he confesses. "My family lived there several times in the '40s and '50s. My wife and I taught our children there, and they all speak flawless Mexican. Now, people *there* are working because of *my ideas*—a repayment of sorts to the country that supported me when I started."

Herbert, who also served as the film's technical advisor, spent more than a month at various times on the Mexican location. His first contacts with many of the creative forces behind the scenes—such as Tony Masters and costume designer Bob (**Excalibur**) Ringwood—were essentially meetings to tap the source. "I really *wanted* them to pick my brain; I tried to answer every question they asked. That way, the movie version has a much better probability of capturing the novel's vision."

His primary concern, however, was to insure that the filmmakers did not stray too far with their creativity. "I knew from the beginning there was a wide difference in the chain of command between 'technical *advisor*' and 'technical *director*,'" he admits. "Although writers' opinions aren't usually respected by producers and directors, I had very good rapport with the people who made **Dune**. Still, I wanted to save my big guns for the *really* important matters."

While Lynch was always ready to hear the author's suggestions, the "heavy artillery" became necessary to retain a plot point Herbert felt essential to the overall storyline. The poignant death of Thufir Hawat was to be changed because the producers saw a use for the character in sequels. The writer fought to maintain the scene as it was in the book. Eventually, they agreed, and the Mentat's death occurred on schedule.

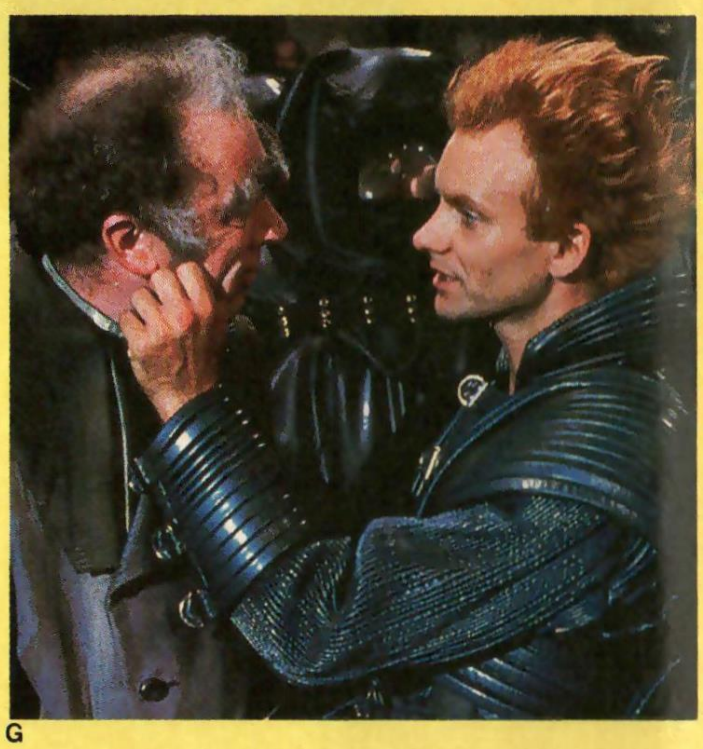
Winning the skirmish, however, did not guarantee the war, as the author soon discovered. Although scenes were excluded from the screenplay to shorten the action to usable duration, Herbert has only one specific regret. "The banquet scene had to be cut because of its length," he says. "I really would have liked it included—that was my biggest disappointment with the film."

The future universe's creator also influenced the selection of the cast, suggesting types—not specific actors—at the filmmakers' request. While he envisioned a youth of Irish appearance—light complexion, soulful expression and reddish hair—for the role of Paul Atreides, his only real preference was that the actor should be an unknown. The resulting search found **Dune** enthusiast Kyle MacLachan—with dark hair and Celtic looks—perfect for the charismatic leader's part.

Co-starring in the film are Jurgen (**Das Boot**) Prochnow as Duke Leto Atreides, and, as his enemies, Jose (**Cyrano de Bergerac**) Ferrer as the Padishah Emperor and Kenneth (**Ragtime**) McMillan as Baron Harkonnen. Francesca (**Krull**) Annis portrays the Duke's concubine and Paul's mother, Lady Jessica. The Duke's men are played by Richard (**Captains and the Kings**) Jordan as Duncan Idaho, Freddie (**Elephant Man**) Jones as Thufir Hawat and Patrick Stewart as Gurney Halleck. Stilgar, the Fremen leader, is played by Everett (**Quest for Fire**) McGill. Linda (**The**

E

PHOTOS: *Previous page:* **A)** *Duke Leto (Jurgen Prochnow) and his son, Paul (Kyle MacLachlan) arrive on the sand world.* **B)** *Francesca Annis, Kyle MacLachlan and Frank Herbert.* **C)** *Fremen cross the barren desert.* **D)** *Engineers meet a crisis in the generator room. This page:* **E)** *Gurney Halleck (Patrick Stewart) with his baliset.* **F)** *Alia and the Fremen witness Paul's harrowing battle in the Great Hall.* **G)** *Feyd-Rautha (Sting) and his captive, Thufir Hawat (Freddie Jones).* **H)** *Paul and Lady Jessica (Francesca Annis) in the Caladan Palace.* **I)** *Armed with a weirding module, Paul battles a training robot.* **J)** *The Shadout Mapes uses a chrysknife to prove her loyalty to Lady Jessica.*



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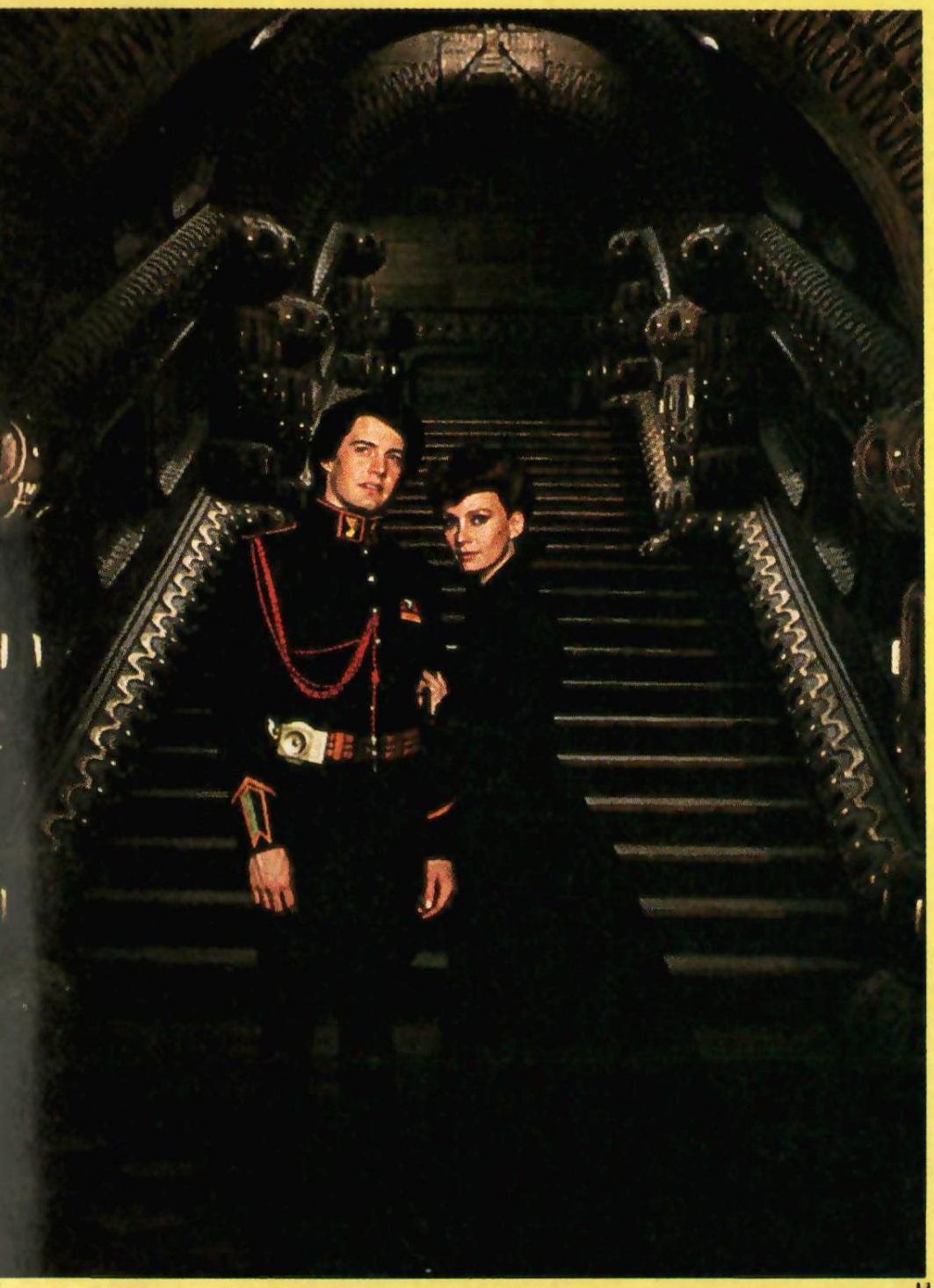

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J

PREVUE

Year of Living Dangerously) Hunt is Jessica's servant, the Shadout Mapes, and Sean (**Blade Runner**) Young is Paul's Fremen lover, Chani. Max (**The Exorcist**) Von Sydow is her father, Dr. Kynes. Dean (**Compulsion**) Stockwell is featured as the traitorous and tortured Dr. Yueh. The Baron's evil nephews are played by Sting (**Brimstone and Treacle**) as the heir-apparent, Feyd-Rautha, and Paul (**Popeye**) Smith as "Beast" Rabban.

While Herbert's suggestions were used in the selection of the cast, the author still had a few surprises. His first meeting with Annis, for example, took place in a Mexican restaurant with the actress in everyday clothes. "I kept thinking, '*This* is Jessica?'" he recalls with amusement. "Then, I saw her on the set in costume and make-up. Suddenly, *she was Jessica!*"

Dune begins on Caladan, the generations-old domain of the Atreides clan, as Duke Leto prepares his family for their new home, Arrakis. The mysterious, arid, alien wasteland—called Dune—is populated by strange, secretive people known as the Fremen, and mile-long sandworms, awesome creatures which devour men like insects. It is the only place where the rare spice drug, Melange, is common, and water, the scarcest resource, is a commodity for which men will kill—and die. The crux of a galaxy-wide conspiracy, the Melange is the focus of a conflict between the Great Houses of the Landsraad and the people of Dune. From the desert, there emerges an unexpected leader: Paul Atreides. Born of Bene Gesserit manipulation, he is the messiah the Fremen have awaited for centuries—the Kwisatz Haderach, who will lead them in a holy war against the oppression of the Harkonnen dynasty.

The names of **Dune**'s characters were carefully chosen by the author for their mnemonic clues. "Atreides is from the house of Atreus in Greek mythology," the author explains. "Paul is taken from Paul the Apostle. He is *every* prince who ever went in search of the Holy Grail." Similarly, Herbert's Bene Gesserits—the female mystics who wield their power through genetic alteration—were envisioned as female Jesuits. Duncan Idaho also has roots in history. "Duncan was a solid Scot in **Macbeth**—he gives the story an anchor point in time. I'm quite a Shakespeare fan." The inspiration for **Dune**'s native inhabitants, the sandworms, came from a line in James Frazer's **The Golden Bough**, which refers to "the mindless animal in the depths of the psyche that guards the pearl of life." For the film, the 400-meter-long creatures were built by Carlo (**E.T.**) Rambaldi.

Since the Melange spice-producing sandworms must move rapidly, Rambaldi's pseudo-slugs were lensed at 1200 frames per minute, a technique which causes them to move onscreen much faster and more spectacularly than they did during filming. The monsters are controlled in much the same way as muppets, requiring a minimum of six people to operate each worm. "These are no toy dragons rising out of the ocean to eat Kyoto," Herbert insists, hailing back to the Japanese 'Man in the Lizard Suit' classics. "These things look *real!*"

The sand world sage was also impressed by another of Rambaldi's remarkable creatures. The Guild Navigator, floating in a tank of orange spice gas, exceeded Herbert's expectations. "He's very ominous, with totally mobile features—the head is *30 times* the size of a human's, with a flattened nose, tiny mouth and articulated eyes. He's uglier and more repulsive than I ever expected him to be."

Besides Rambaldi, the producers recruited the technical know-how of cinematographer Freddie (**The French Lieutenant's Woman**) Francis, editor Tony (**Rollerball**) Gibbs and special fx wizards Kit (**Return of the Jedi**) West, Albert (**The Thing**) Whitlock and John (**Star Wars**) Dykstra.

While some of Herbert's original ideas—such as the winged insect concept for the ornithopters—were altered so they could be believably filmed, much has remained intact, and the author feels the $46 million budget was well-spent. "I understood why the changes were made," he says. "This is a translation process, and it's being handled by people who speak 'movie' perfectly. The desert scenes and the sandworms are *very* close to the way I imagined them.

"David's film is an artistic triumph, very visually beautiful. It begins as **Dune** begins, ends as **Dune** ends and I hear my dialogue *all* the way through. Of course, not everything is as I envisioned it—some of it's *better!* But, then, what can you expect from Oscar winners?"

Herbert's original **Dune** concept was a story looking for a place to happen. By the time he knew the main character would be a charismatic leader, he had not yet decided on a background for the tale. Then, while developing a newspaper story on sand dunes—huge, slow-moving waves that cover highways, kill forests and bury houses—he discovered the setting and second level for his novel. "While flying over these enormous, stationary waves, I became interested in the broader concept of how we inflict ourselves on our planet, and the reciprocal effects when we interfere with the regular flow of nature. Later, I realized I had found the location for my book on messianic leaders." The article was never published.

To avoid comparison to current, newsworthy figures and events, Herbert placed the tale in a future time. Initially *one* book in his conception, the story eventually unfolded as three: **Dune**, Dune Messiah and **Children of Dune**. The later volumes, **God-Emperor of Dune** and **Heretics of Dune**, were inspired by a character that intrigued the author with the prospect of longevity. "I wanted to explore the type of civilization

K

PHOTOS: K) *Eldest daughter of Padishah Emperor Shaddam IV, Princess Irulan (Virginia Madsen).* **L)** *Paul and his retinue, wearing stillsuits, propose a treaty to the defeated Emperor in the Great Hall.* **M)** *The Reverend Mother Helen Mohiam (Sian Phillips) thrusts the poison-tipped Gom Jabbar to Paul's neck, ordering him to place his hand in the Box of Pain, the test to determine the long-awaited Kwisatz Haderach.* **N)** *Feyd-Rautha (Sting) and Paul engage in mortal combat for the leadership of Arrakis.* **O)** *The Atreides family prepares to leave its home on Caladan.* **P)** *Duke Leto and his war council discuss the campaign to take control of Arrakis.*

M

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PREVUE

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that would evolve if there was one, incredibly powerful ruler for 3500 years," Herbert explains. "So I wrote **God-Emperor**—and killed him off in the same book. **Heretics of Dune** takes place about 1500 years later. To see evolution in progress, it's necessary to deal with vast spaces of time."

Dune is not Herbert's first experience at dealing with filmmakers. Several years ago, when the producers of **The Hellstrom Chronicle** needed a prequel penned for the film, they came to him. "They wanted the book written in a month," he recalls. "But, there was no way I was going to put my name—which is what they really wanted to buy—on a deal like that.

"Then, as the meeting was about to end, my agent suggested a book that I already had finished called **Project 40**. After minor modifications and changing the title to **Hellstrom's Hive**, it was just what they wanted—but it took *six months* to complete the negotiations. So much for their quickie!"

Herbert additionally has written and directed documentaries, including the Vietnamese study, **The Tillers**, which has aired on TV in both one and one-and-a-half hour versions. Clips from it are still seen in Hunger Project ads.

As the creator of more than 20 science fiction novels, such as **The Jesus Incident**, **The Lazarus Effect**, **The White Plague**, **The Dosadi Experiment** and **The Eyes of Heisenberg**, Herbert's view of the future is far from utopian. In it, humans ultimately continue to make mistakes, to kill each other. "But, hopefully," the author offers, "we will have learned the fallacy of believing we can control anything in the universe by bringing in enough bulldozers."

A Tacoma, Washington native, the master of the Dune Universe decided on a writing career at an early age. "On my eighth birthday, I announced, 'I am going to be *a author*,'" he recalls, chuckling. Although it took several years to accomplish his goal, he was published at age 17 in the local newspaper.

As a journalist and photographer, Herbert worked in Seattle, San Francisco, Santa Rosa, Los Angeles and for Hearst Headline Service in Vietnam. He continued to write fiction as well, publishing his first novel, **The Dragon in the Sea** (later re-released as **Under Pressure**) in 1956.

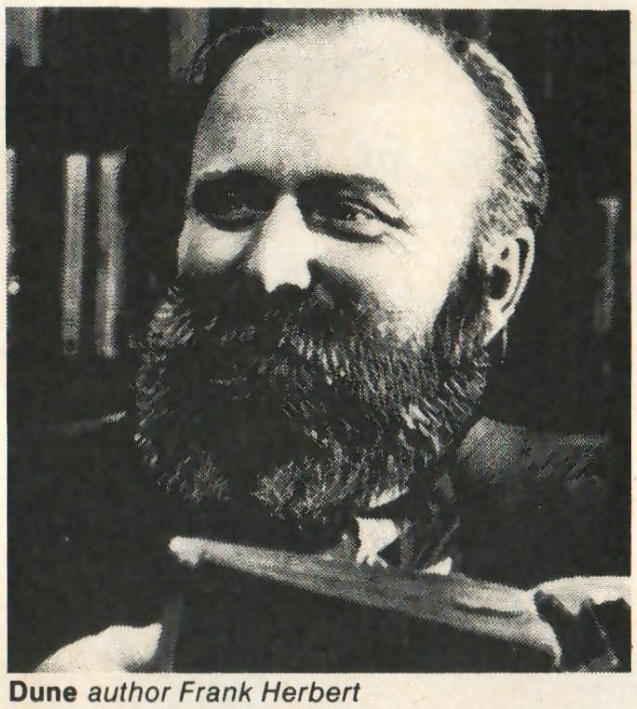
Dune debuted in 1963 as a serial in the science fiction magazine, **Analog**. Its publication as a novel received lukewarm acceptance. "I recently discovered that **Dune** was *rejected 14 times!*" the author reveals, smiling like the man who has the last laugh. "Books are sold like TV shows—by length. One publisher actually turned it down because it was *too long!*

"No one knew how to treat the story of a sand world; there was no publicity campaign because the publishers simply didn't know what they had. **Dune** took off by word of mouth—before too long, I was getting fan mail *from Australia!*"

Although science fiction has unlimited possibilities, Herbert understands why it is not for everyone. "The word 'science' turns some people off," he says. "A lot of research goes into every book. A better name for it would probably be *technological fiction*, since it really means taking some technological toy and proposing, 'What if *that* were applied to a whole civilization in a certain way?'

"Good science fiction combines three things—a plausible plot, an interesting story and believable characters. So I can tell any parable I want, because I create the planets and the people. The only limit on the universe is my imagination!"

Herbert, who works at a word processor built specifically to protect his words from mechanical glitches, begins writing at 3:00 AM every morning, stopping sometime between 7:30 and 9:30 for breakfast. He



Dune *author Frank Herbert*

usually works until 3:00 or 4:00 PM, producing anywhere from 5 to 25 250-word pages in a day, claiming that he never suffers from writers' block. "A long time ago, I learned that success depends on listening to myself and recording it on the page, not on thinking or talking about it. I tell people who ask me how to start writing that time spent telling people about it goes nowhere! You begin writing *by writing!* I'm *always* working either at my word processor, or in my head.

"I never worry how a book will sell, or whether it's better than the last one—I just tell the best story I can, and hope the readers get the pot of message mixed in with the mess of pottage."

When not writing novels—a form he prefers to the short story—the author pursues other interests such as sailing (on his boat, the *Caladan*), swimming, bicycling (50-100 miles weekly), skin-diving, wine-tasting, guitar "plunking" and writing poetry and country music lyrics. In his spare time, he experiments with alternate energy sources, such as solar collectors, windplants and methane fuel generators.

When Bev, his wife of 38 years, died in February of 1984, Herbert had been with her at their vacation home in Maui for three months. The week before she passed away, she made him promise to complete the sixth **Dune** volume—**Chapter House: Dune**—by its deadline five months away. "I worked 17 hours a day, seven days a week," Herbert recalls, "and I did it *in two months!* It was great therapy." The book's dedication says of his wife, "She had grace."

With **Chapter House: Dune** now scheduled for publication, Herbert's next release will probably be a book of poetry, edited by his friend and occasional co-writer, Bill Ransom. He is also currently collaborating on a science fiction novel with his 35-year-old son, Brian—the only one of his three children involved in the arts. In the near future, he has plans to write juvenile stories, plus the seventh—and, he claims, final—Dune book. With current film options on **The Santaroga Barrier**, **The Green Brain** and **Soul Catcher**, he may soon turn his attention to screenwriting and directing feature films. "I'd really like to direct **Soul Catcher**," he says. "I'm so familiar with the material, I already have the visual metaphors in mind."

His **Dune** deal with DeLaurentiis (which gives him a healthy percentage of the box-office take and increases on optioned sequels) has left him financially secure. "I'm a millionaire," he admits hesitantly, "but not a big one!" Nonetheless, Herbert is not content to retire. "If I'm not productive, I'm dead," he asserts. "I have a pet project now that would apprentice talented young people to retired individuals here in Port Townsend. The most important thing about having money—other than giving me time to write—is what I do with the excess. This is the best idea I've had, so far."

Now, clean-shaven for the first time in 15 years to impress his new lady love, he is anticipating the development of the next two **Dune** films as they are prepared for back-to-back lensing. The author indicates a nearby endtable where a bound manuscript—which already shows signs of wear on its well-thumbed pages—waits. "That's David's rough draft of **Dune Messiah**," he says. "Now that we speak the same 'language,' it's much easier for both of us to make progress, especially with the screenplays." Conversely, the author expects that his new film knowledge will affect his writing style. "Although I've always treated the reader's eye like a camera, I'll be much more conscious of my visual imagery in the future."

Herbert stands and stretches, watching the increasing twilight as though, like Paul Atreides, he views the future in the dusk. "If there's one thing I've learned from my wife and my writing, it's that you have to live *every moment* to its fullest potential before you die. So, after the film is released, I'm going back to Hawaii—to take up windsurfing!"★

GRACE JONES

(continued from page 27)

about things, but he is excited by my work and travels. He's very open-minded. I've a closer relationship with my mother, though. She's very proud of me. There are things she would have preferred for me from a religious point of view, but she's accepted me as I am.

PREVUE: Did your religious childhood and parental influences set you in a deliberately different direction?

JONES: Well, for much of my life, I was forced to be different. A certain dress code and a certain mode of speech were emphasized in my religion. Coming from a foreign country didn't help. I was placed in a completely different atmosphere where my accent, my behavior, everything stood out. I was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

PREVUE: Was there a particular moment when you said, "I've had enough. I'm not going to be the person they want me to be"?

JONES: Yes, of course. I was 17 when I decided to find out who I *really* was, not what Mommy or Daddy or religion or anything else *said* I was.

PREVUE: Was your early life painful?

JONES: No. A lot of my pain happened when I was young, but I don't even really remember it. Still, I know what loneliness feels like, probably a bit more than some people. And being mistreated. I have had a certain amount of pain, but I believe I also have a lucky star.

PREVUE: Are you a very emotional woman?

JONES: Yeah, I'm pretty moody and I cry a lot, throw fits and say things out of anger that I don't mean. Only sometimes the truth is *worse* than a lie.

PREVUE: That's the antithesis of the cool and dangerous Grace Jones. Do the two of them live together?

JONES: Certainly. That's what makes it so difficult for whoever's living *with me!*

PREVUE: How do you handle fear?

JONES: I try to face it, to imagine what the real thing would be like.

PREVUE: What's your greatest fear?

JONES: Being locked up, being caged.

PREVUE: Then why was there a photo of you in a cage on the cover of the book **Jungle Fever**?

JONES: Well, that's me in a cage, but it doesn't represent being locked up.

PREVUE: That's a peculiar idea. Anyone who looks in your eyes must know this woman cannot be caged.

JONES: That's their challenge, one I face all the time. People are always trying to cage me.

PREVUE: Should Grace Jones ever be caged?

JONES: *No!* No one should be, unless it's of their own will.

PREVUE: Do you like to play that game?

JONES: Only as long as I can get out! I don't mind playing, as long as I ultimately have my freedom.★

PREVUE

SHEENA

(continued from page 51)

to hire a band of Masai warriors for a climactic battle scene led by the jungle heroine and her animal cohorts. Decked out in tooth necklaces, shell jewelry and ostrich plumes, the natives appeared as fierce Zambuli war-mongers—and their vigor in combat almost resulted in a skewered Sheena.

"The warriors stood behind me during the conflict," Roberts recalls, shielding her head protectively, "and threw spears toward the bad guys. Their aim was so perfect, I *felt* the spears whizzing right past my ears as we filmed!"

Sheena's wardrobe was crafted from chamois to create a versatile—and visible—fashion for life in the tropics. Seven costumes were stitched together; Roberts used four in filming, and the remainder were worn by stunt women. The revealing rags were more comfortable than anticipated, and often a scantily-clad Roberts was seen wandering around the set—trailed by girl-watchers in the crew.

"I packed very little to come here," the actress explains, smoothing the wrap clinging to her frame, "and wear a robe to the day's location, where I change into costume. I work on my tan while waiting for everyone else to arrive. Then, I just wear the robe back to the hotel again."

Filming began as swiftly as a gazelle fleeing across the veldt when the entire cast was assembled, but more costly delays mired production in the mud—literally. Two weeks of continuous rain wasted valuable on-location time, and the performers flew to shooting sites every day in hopes of a brief spot of sunshine to capture a scene or two on celluloid. Seventy local workers completed set construction while jungle filming lagged until brighter weather appeared. Under the fast yet meticulous guidance of Guillermin, who sometimes operated six cameras at a time, the shoot was ultimately wrapped in five months—one month *under* schedule.

"My typical day began at 4:00 AM," Roberts describes, "with breakfast at 5:00, then make-up and catch the plane at 6:00, arrive near location at 6:30 and take a car to the actual site by 7:30. We shot until the sun set, usually about 6:00 PM, and I went to bed at 8:00. We worked 14 hours a day, six days a week."

Early plans to complete certain scenes in the more conducive atmosphere of Mexico were scrapped when it became apparent that laboring together in darkest Africa lent its own magical charm to the movie.

"The stunt people, the animals, the actors and the crews meshed wonderfully," Roberts recalls with a flashing smile. "We used all the best. We've got A-1 footage; this is not just another Hollywood production. *Nothing* came cheap.

"I always give gifts to everyone I've worked with when filming wraps, and this time I handed out tooled leather belts with 'Sheena' lettered on them. But, I was amazed because the Africans returned the gesture—so I came home with Zambuli spears as souvenirs!"

Guillermin and Roberts worked well together, but the actress exhibits Sheena's own spirit of independence in describing her attitude toward filming.

"I don't operate close to the director," she explains, "meaning I don't go to dailies, and I don't talk to him constantly. Some actors like those ego boosts, those pats on the back, but I find it a weakness. I have a good idea what I'm doing, and I do it—I *can't* be stroked. I'm down to Earth, and work better under pressure with a rough director.

"John was always screaming at me to give the performance he wanted. It was *horrible* and very frustrating, but I bounce back quickly. I'll cry in front of 200 people and not give a damn, scream, bang around and then come back on the set!"

Although she broke through in TV and has no aversion to such roles, Roberts' future seems to lie in films. Now organizing a production company for independent endeavors in years to come, she continues to pursue top-line female roles.

"I'd love to work with Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Meryl Streep, Albert Finney, Jack Nicholson—everyone that's great! Comedy seems a likely bet, but I also love a rattling-good suspense tale. Today, the artist makes the movies happen. There is no sheltering studio system—you've got to *look* for good roles."

Roberts' list of prospective lensing partners also extends to directors, including Francis Ford Coppola, Sydney Pollack, Stanley Kubrick, Paul Mazurski, Roman Polanski ("I'd like to work with him, but I'm too *old* at this point!") and Peter Yeats. While further projects develop, the attractive performer, a homebody at heart, occupies herself with her loves: classic films; jazz; racquetball; working out; Champ, her cow-sized Doberman and Barry, her husband of twelve years. "It sounds corny, but what can I tell you?" she says. "I'm happy!"

As final dubbing winds down in London, Tanya Roberts recalls her days in the forbidding jungle interior with mixed emotions. After enduring five months in a plague-ridden, parasite-infested land with no problems, she returned home—and caught the flu! Even Sheena sometimes forgets her galoshes. Despite a stuffy nose, her buoyant vitality seems to reflect the lone, blonde angel of Africa she has captured on film.

"I worked my tail off on the movie; John was a great inspiration, but I helped myself by being prepared. It was a memorable experience, but I *won't* go back to Africa again—unless, of course, there's a sequel!"★

JAMIE LEE CURTIS

ON A FAST TRACK TO SEX, LOVE AND FANTASY

Tim Pearson (C. Thomas Howell) and Michele "Mike" Cody (Jamie Lee Curtis) in the fantasy punk rock dream sequence.

FILM FEATURE BY "HOWARD" JOHNSON

Jamie Lee Curtis is finding it hard to stay awake.

"I tell whoever I'm out with not to feed me too late, or I'll fall asleep at dinner," she yawns. "After eating, I've been known to lay down and fall asleep—*in restaurants!*"

At the moment, the young actress is curling up in a school hallway converted into a cinematic hospital corridor for **Grandview, U.S.A.** While the cameras roll, extras dressed as doctors, nurses and patients walk by Curtis as she sleeps—this time, *in* character.

The coming-of-age comedy is being shot entirely on location in Pontiac, Illinois. Tonight, most of the 10,000 residents are watching the filming from the schoolyard outside, which is cluttered with lawn chairs. Elizabeth (**Footloose**) Gorcey notes that an adjacent taco stand is doing a thriving business.

"I feel like we're Disneyland for these people," the beautiful, 5'2" brunette observes. "They watch even when we film all night. I'm ready to start selling snacks!"

In addition to Curtis (**PREVUE** 45) and Gorcey, the cast of **Grandview** includes C. Thomas (**E.T.**) Howell, Patrick (**Uncommon Valor**) Swayze, Troy (**A Summer Place**) Donahue and Jennifer Jason (**Easy Money**) Leigh. The filmmakers also used as extras one-tenth of the town's populace, who found their new job within walking distance.

Inside the school, Curtis is forced out of her easy chair. As the crew relocates outside, the California-born actress observes that her role as Michelle "Mike" Cody—who moves back to Grandview after inheriting her father's demolition derby—required an adjustment to small-town living.

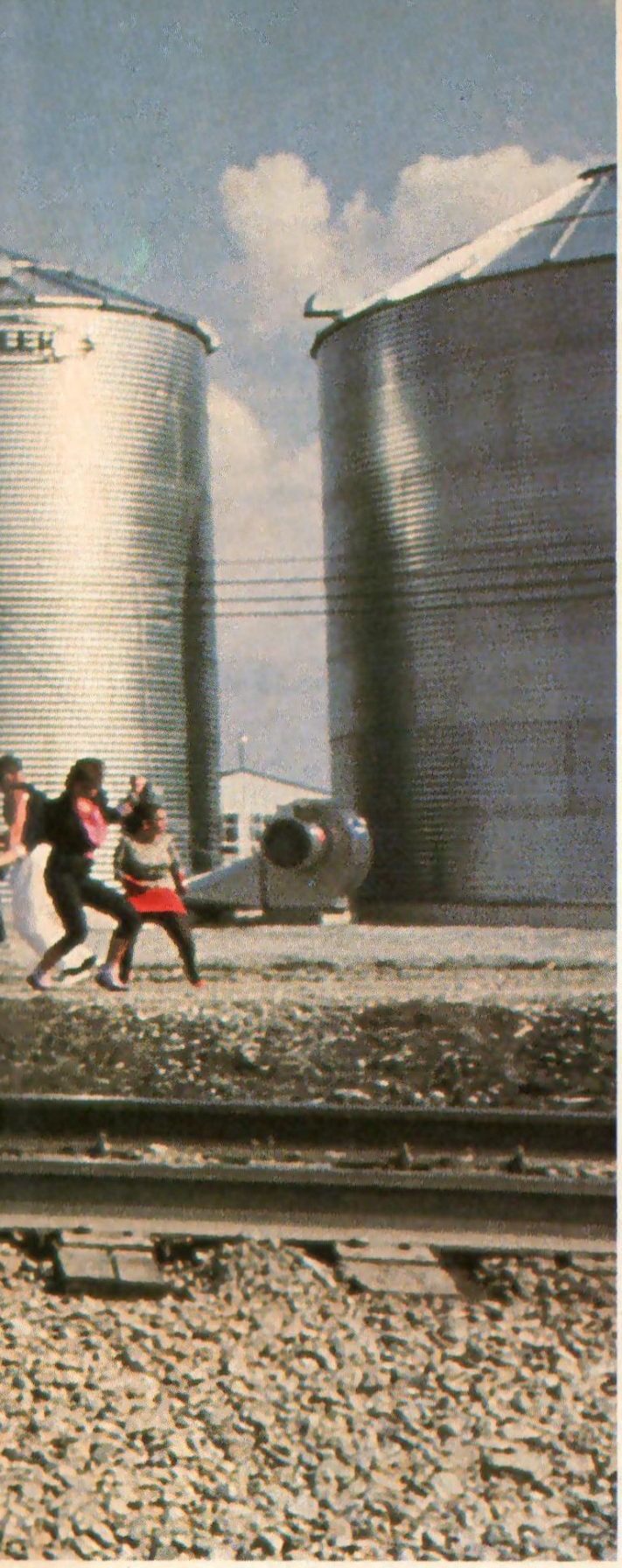
"I was in Pontiac two weeks early, and I'm spending as much time here as I can," she explains. "I bought a '74 Impala, so I've been toolin' around town in my Chevy, gettin' gritty, picking up a little accent—and just getting rid of my overcomplicated-LA-actress-neurotic mind!"

Although Cher was originally signed to play Mike, few alterations were needed when Curtis stepped into the part. "Our age difference is the only thing that changes the story, and I feel it's for the better," she says. "In the script, Mike was 33, but her age was lowered for me. The plot is more interesting if the character is 25, inexperienced and trying to run a business."

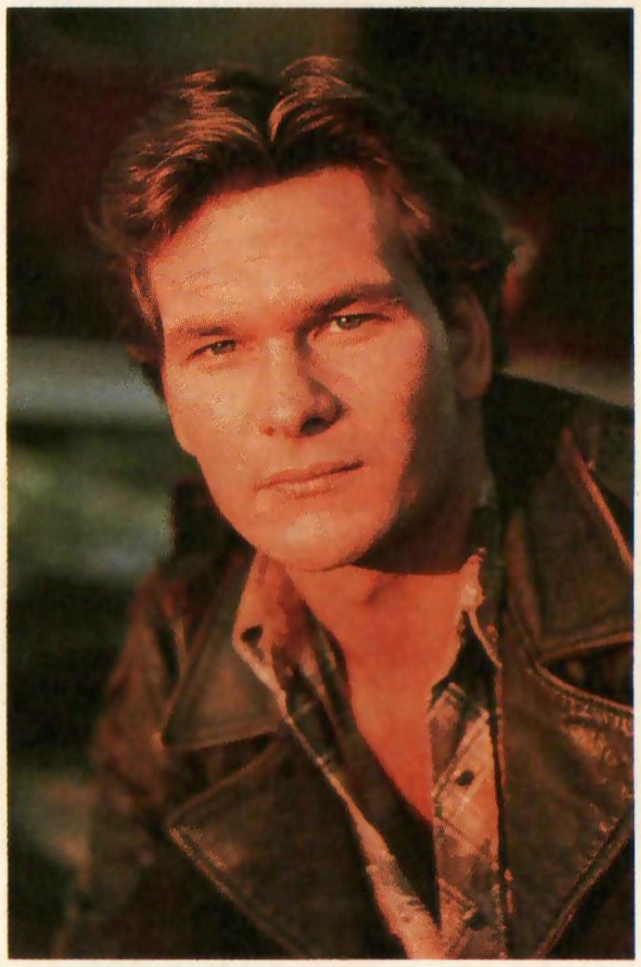
As the owner of a demolition derby, Curtis performed in some of the driving scenes, although not as many as she would have liked. "I teach Tommy Howell how to drive in the derby, but there are no other cars on the track pursuing or bashing into me. They won't let me do a car stunt. I guess I'll just have to wait until I get back on the Los Angeles freeways!"

Curtis—wearing a tight T-shirt with "Cody's Speedrome" emblazoned on the front—is besieged by an endless stream of autograph hounds. She obligingly signs the scraps of paper; a delegate from the Pontiac Boys' Club find his photo inscribed: "Boys—Come see me when you're 18!"

"Sometimes I don't want to be bothered, but it really ain't so tough," she confides. "If it makes them happy, I'm glad to do it. Besides, in a couple more days, I'll probably have



Candy Webster (Jennifer Jason Leigh) seduces salesman Donny Vinton (Troy Donahue).



Race king Ernie "Slam" Webster (Pat Swayze).

Jamie Lee Curtis as the fantasy dream queen.

signed autographs for everyone in Pontiac!"

Grandview, U.S.A. is the story of three small-town dreamers—Mike; "Slam" Webster (Swayze), a derby driver with a crumbling marriage and a long-time crush on Mike; and Tim Pearson (Howell), a high school senior who wants to ditch the Midwest and become an oceanographer. Mike is in danger of losing her speedrome to Pearson's father, a developer who wants to use the site for an exclusive country club. Their lives connect on prom night when Pearson tries to score with girlfriend Bonnie Clark (Gorcey), and has to walk to the speedrome after an auto mishap.

"He forgets to put on the brake, and the Cadillac slides into the mud while we're making out," Gorcey explains. "*He's* telling me the *car* is moving, when I thought it was the *earth!*"

"He carries me, then drops me, in my beautiful prom dress, in the mud! We used several cameras, but still had to shoot it four times. Each take, we had to go to somebody's house, shower, have a cup of tea—then come back and do it *again!*

"All that mud affected our performances—sometimes we were angry, once we were laughing, and another time I threw mud in his face—which I was told *not* to do next time!"

Grandview also includes three fantasy sequences inspired by Tim's fear of remaining in the community: a polyester nightmare in which he's trapped by his wife and kids, a punk rock concert and an attempted escape from town thwarted by an armed military force led by his father.

"I wanted to make a film that would appeal to a diverse audience," explains actor-turned-screenwriter Ken Hixon. "I started with a story about the young boy, introduced some minor characters—Mike and Slam—who I fell in love with, and suddenly they became the major characters. The plot is not about the seduction of a younger man by an older woman: it deals with growing up as something that happens even *after* one is 18."

The front door of the school has now become the entrance to the emergency room as the unit prepares to continue shooting. The previous night, Slam had torn his house apart with a bulldozer while his wife (Leigh) and her lover (Donahue) were in the bedroom (**PREVUE** 55), and now all three have a tense reunion. The camera rolls as the Websters argue and storm outside. As Leigh spouts a stream of profanity, several elderly, blue-haired bystanders smile sweetly at the action. "This will never make it as a Disney film," one of them comments.

Leigh smokes nervously and drops her cigarette at the end of each take. The scene is repeated because of a problem with the sound equipment. A scratchy crackling has developed, and its source cannot be located. After several minutes of detective work, the wireless microphone clipped to Leigh's bra is found to be rubbing against her shirt. "I'll bump it a little," offers a technician. He mimes terminal disappointment as she handles the adjustment herself.

Throughout the proceedings, Donahue is forced to sit uncomfortably on a hospital cart, his foot completely wrapped in bandages. Not until the unit breaks for a late dinner is he able to relax.

"This is really the most fun I've ever had in

a role," the now-silver-haired actor claims, stretching his legs. "It's got some teeth; I'm not just a goody two-shoes. When I just play a nice guy, there really isn't much to grab hold of—it's *always* fun playing a bad guy!"

He straightens his back, and admits the hospital scene was even more unpleasant than it looked. "Sitting up like that was tough on my back, because I really didn't have the support—it looks fine for the scene, but it was *agony!* So, I thought about beautiful women to keep from going *crazy!*"

Donahue walks over to Leigh and several other cast members, joking about the previous scene. Nearly all the cast and crew have commented on the friendliness of the unit and the warm atmosphere on the set, which Leigh is quick to affirm.

"Troy and I flew in together. We got to the hotel restaurant, and there were lines going *around the block* for his autograph! The people in this town were going crazy over him!"

Transforming Pontiac into Grandview was easier than the filmmakers ever dreamed. A few storefront signs were changed, some businesses along the town square were renamed and the courthouse was repainted, but director Randal (**Grease**) Kleiser claims the community was used virtually intact.

"Pontiac is like a giant backlot. Our locations are all within two miles of each other, and there is *nobody* on the streets during night shoots. It reminds me of the Burbank studios—everyone is gone for the day, and the storefronts even look phony! This is a *very* beautiful town. It has an almost unreal quality with the parks, and the river running through its center."

Kleiser sneezes, sniffs and confides, "Everyone's tired and catching colds. We've had a lot of night shooting, and the weather has gone from 80 degrees to 30 degrees and back again. It's unpredictable, and hard to decide what to wear when. Going from day to night shooting also throws off our body clocks. Everyone's resistance gets chipped away!" Despite the temperature and late hours, the director says the local spectators remain undaunted.

"We had huge crowds the last two nights—until dawn—watching us do the bulldozer scene. Most of the time was spent on preparation; the action occurs in 30 seconds, but they didn't seem to get bored!"

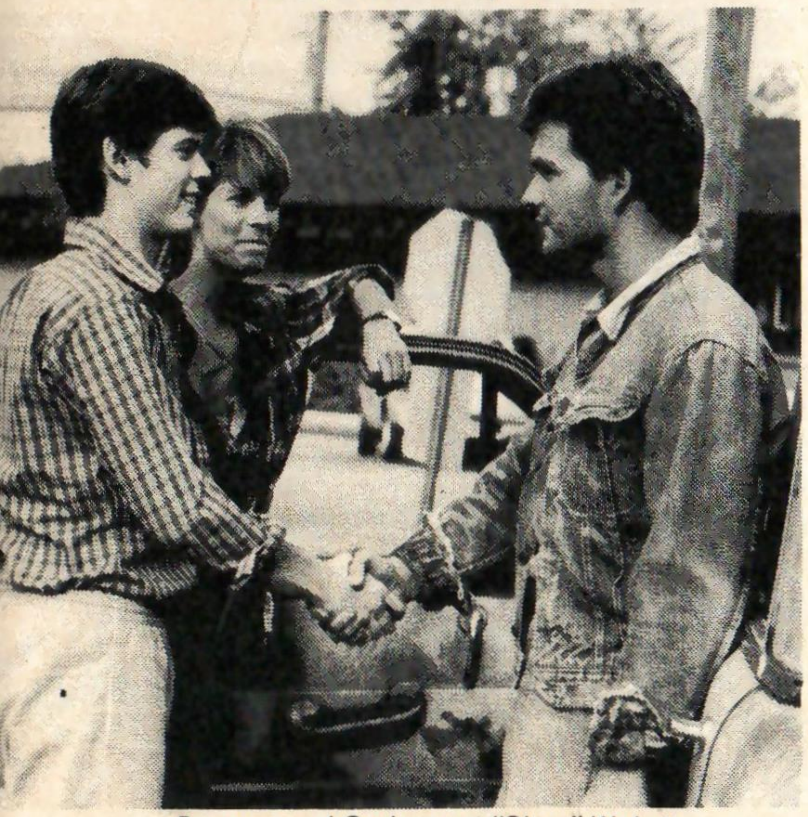
The residents are not discouraged by weather, time or distance. For the scene with the Cadillac sliding into the mud, the company shot far from town. Despite that, their audience followed them into the wilderness: 150 people, complete with lawn chairs, migrating to the local river—shades of an old-time revival meetin'.

As both cast and crew disperse for the night, the remaining young autograph seekers manage to corner their idol, the 17-year-old Howell. He obliges them with some hastily-scrawled signatures, then seeks refuge among crew members. One hands over a perfumed letter, which Howell reads with interest.

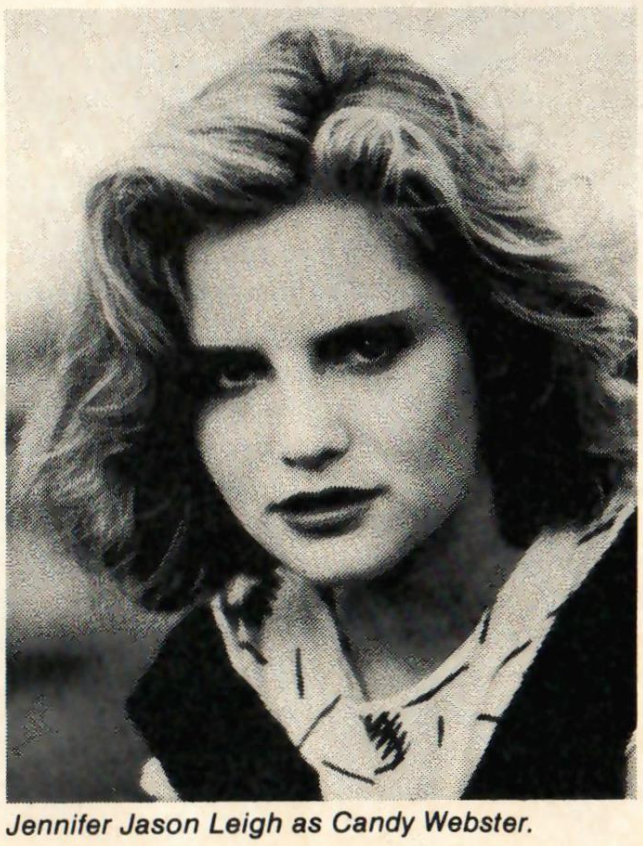
"How old is she? Is she at least 18?" he asks hopefully, but is disappointed by the reply. "Yeah, I didn't think so..."

Both Howell and Swayze have garnered a considerable following among pre-teenaged girls following their roles in **The Outsiders**, although Swayze hopes to discourage the "teen idol" label.

Tim Pearson, "Mike" Cody and "Slam" Webster ready for action at the raceway.



Pearson and Cody meet "Slam" Webster.



Jennifer Jason Leigh as Candy Webster.

C. Thomas Howell

"I try to keep my face out of the teen magazines as much as possible," he explains. "I don't let them do big spreads on 'What's my favorite color?' or 'How big are my biceps?', and I've been pretty successful at that. If I became a big teen star, I could spend God knows how many years of my career trying to be taken seriously as an actor."

The native-born Texan and former ballet dancer volunteered to use his training when **Grandview** suddenly found itself without a choreographer, and he and his wife coordinated the steps in the rock-and-roll sequence. The dark, muscular Swayze has avoided stereotyping by taking on somewhat older roles, beginning **Grandview** almost immediately after shooting **Red Dawn** in New Mexico and **Uncommon Valor** in Thailand.

"Talk about culture shock! I was nervous coming from a very serious character in **Valor**, with only one day in LA to get things together —I didn't know if I could drop that intensity and play this lower-class, small-town guy with enough humor. But, it's working beautifully!"

Swayze has more than his share of action sequences in the film, including demolition derby scenes, destroying the house with a bulldozer and tearing apart a car. "It was lots of fun, driving a gigantic front-loader and destroying the house—I got to do most of the damage *myself!*

"I also enjoyed wrecking the car of the guy who's messing around with my wife. They won't get out of it, so I jump on the hood, break off the sideview mirrors and windshield wipers, smash the hood and cave in the roof," he smiles. "Yeah, I wreak a *lot* of destruction in this film!"

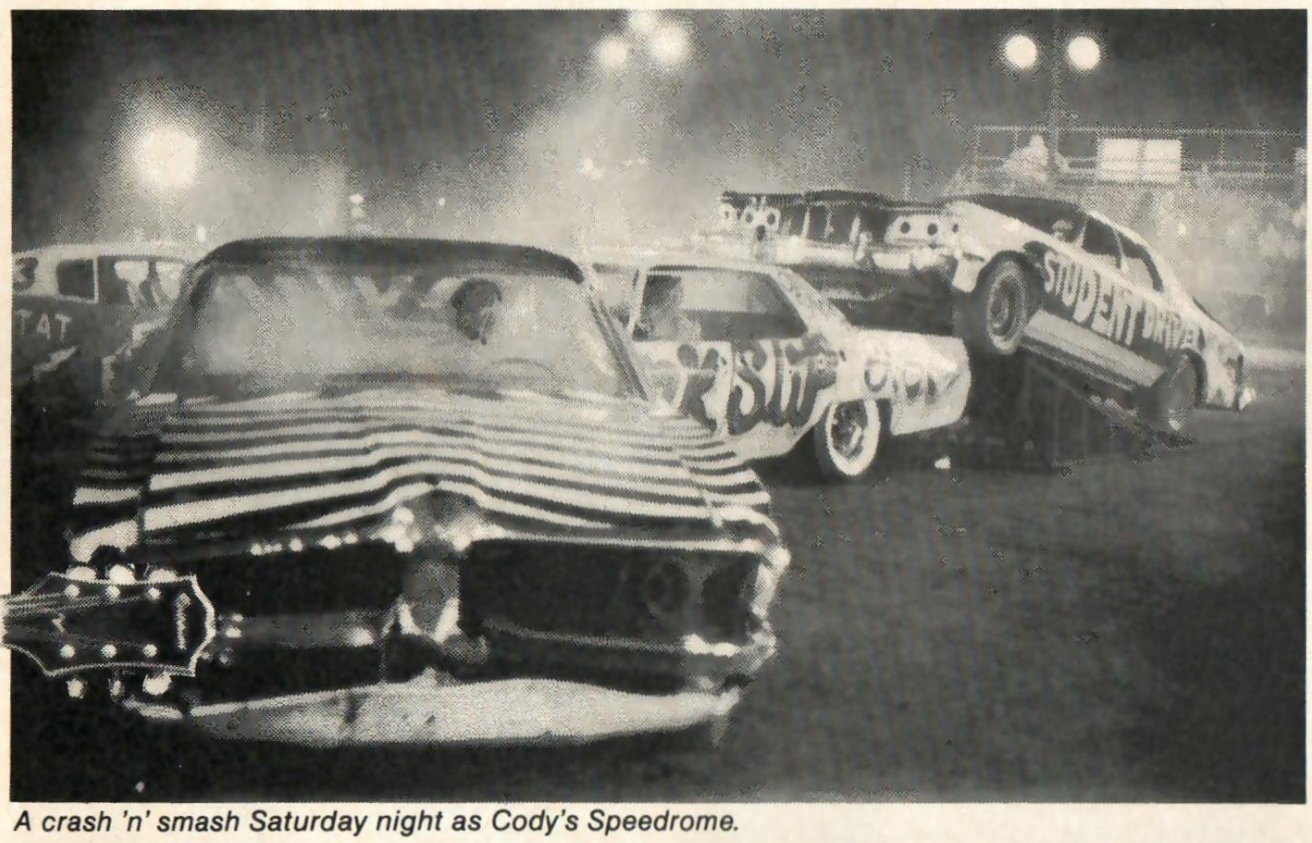
The only cinematic element lacking in Pontiac was a stadium—so, the filmmakers constructed Cody's Speedrome for the demolition derby. A former Little League diamond gave rise to a realistic track, containing five sets of bleachers, an announcer's booth, concession stands, restrooms and other details.

On a chilly, breezy autumn night, the unit is welcoming hundreds of extras—all of them prepared to shoot until dawn. The ample crowd fills the bleachers for the demolition derby, but plummeting temperatures threaten to put the icing on the cake—literally! "It's supposed to look like a summer's night," Kleiser worries, "but it's freezing! These people'll have to be in shirt sleeves for the reaction shots. Tonight, we can *see their breath* when they talk—it's definitely *not* summer!"

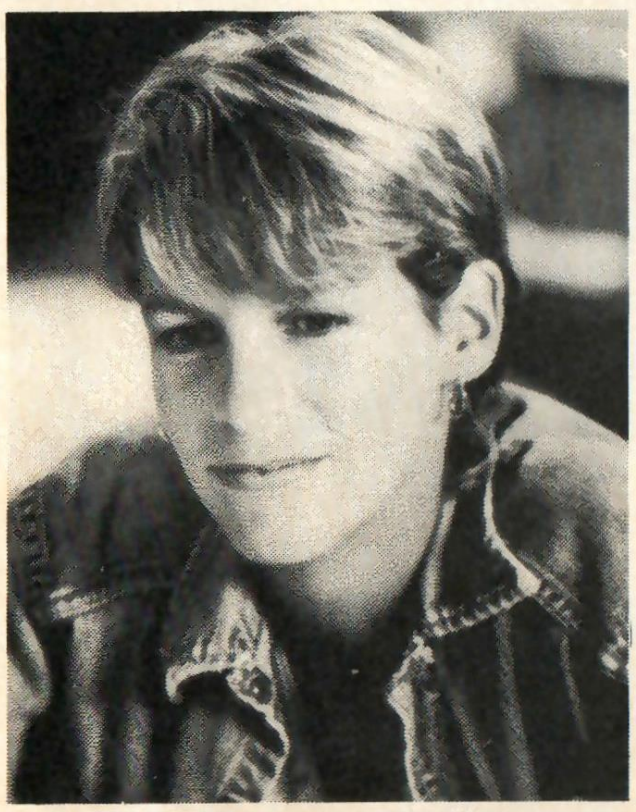
As the actors and extras take their positions, the P.A. announcer tries to keep the crowd entertained with mildly off-color comments, then launches into a chorus of "I'm freezing my ass off..."

The cameras prepare to roll, and the extras take off their coats on cue, sitting expectantly. Curtis shivers off-camera, wrapped in a full-length coat. The Jimi Hendrix version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* is begun, and an irate listener grabs the record and throws it out of the announcer's booth—narrowly missing a cameraman on a crane. On the field, the drivers start their engines, and the spectators sit back, shivering in anticipation of a long night of shooting.

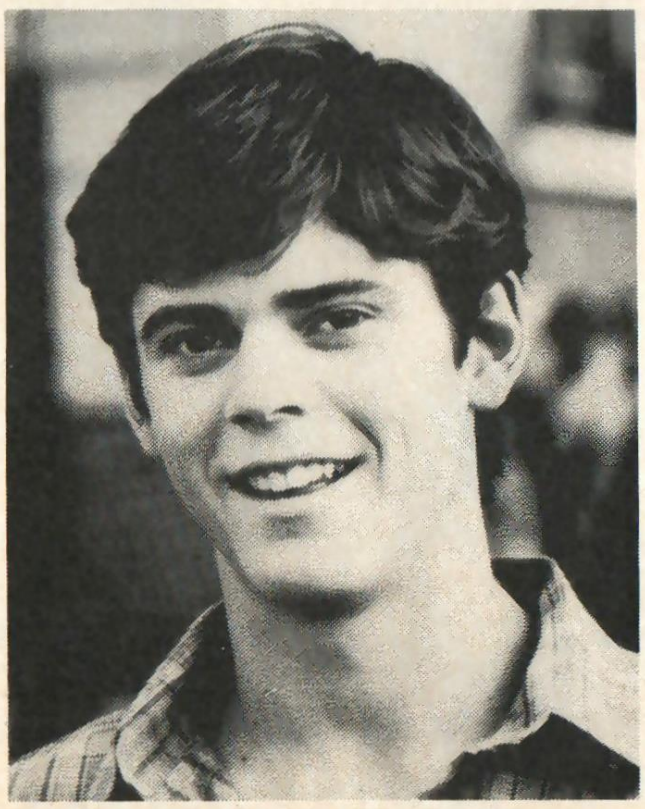
For this evening, at least, all is well in **Grandview, U.S.A.** ★



A crash 'n' smash Saturday night as Cody's Speedrome.

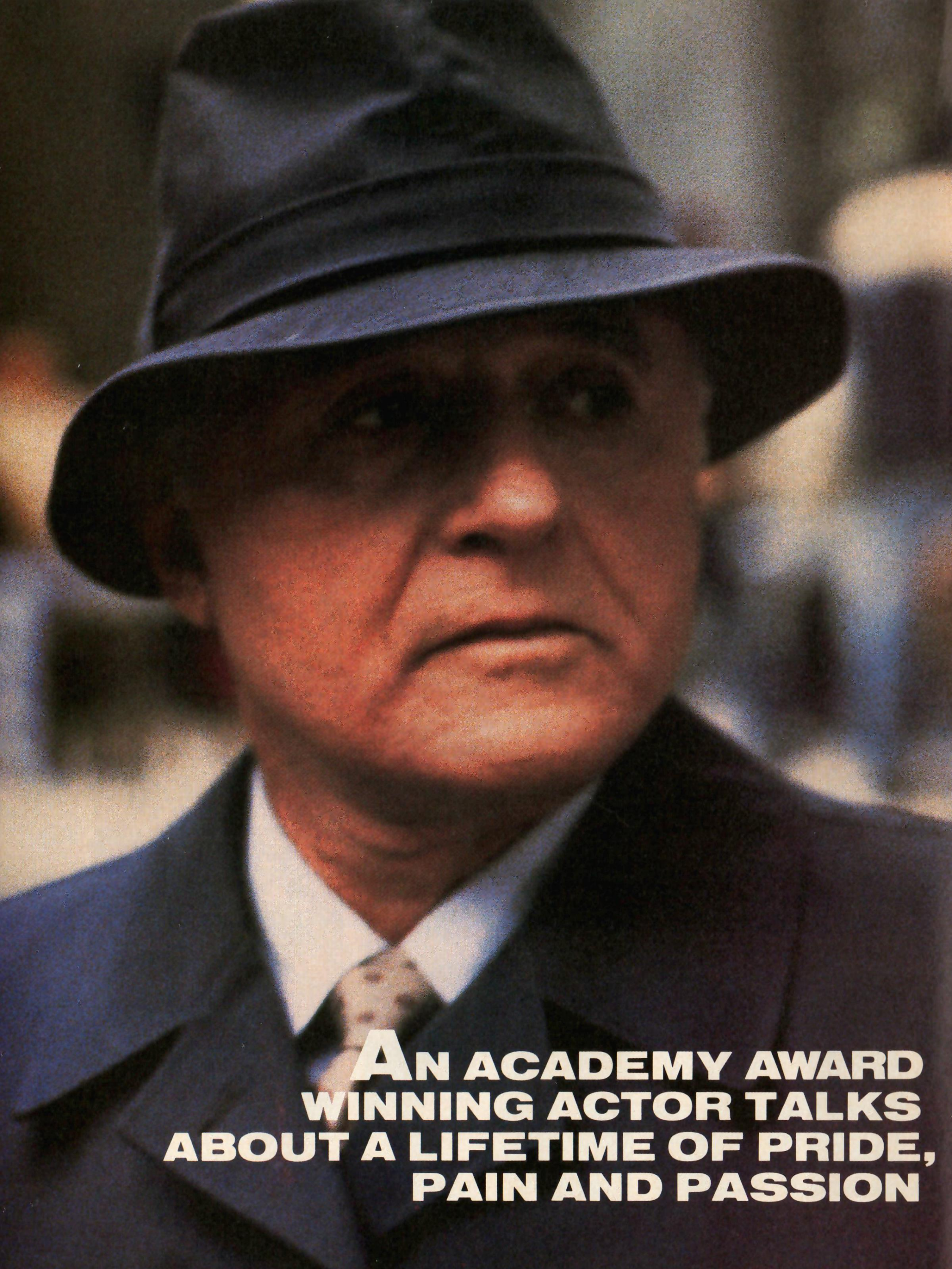


Jamie Lee Curtis as Michele "Mike" Cody.



C. Thomas Howell as Tim Pearson.

Patrick Swayze as the two-fisted "Slam" Webster.



AN ACADEMY AWARD WINNING ACTOR TALKS ABOUT A LIFETIME OF PRIDE, PAIN AND PASSION

STEIGER ON STEIGER

PERSONALITY BY KIM "HOWARD" JOHNSON

As salami-nosed comedian W.C. Fields, he hated dogs and children.

As Roman procurator Pontius Pilate, he sentenced Jesus Christ to crucifixion.

As Napoleon, he met his Waterloo.

As Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini, he led a nation to the brink of anarchy.

As mobster Al Capone, he was kingpin of Chicago's gang underworld, and flooded Prohibition-era speakeasies with illegal hooch.

Rod Steiger is a man of a thousand facets. One of the most prolific biographical actors of the age, the Academy Award-winning star—also known for his impressive gallery of fictional characters—has further expanded his talents as the obsessed police detective in **The Naked Face**.

The powerful actor stands on a Chicago street, preparing to deliver an emotional speech. Director Bryan Forbes calls for the camera to roll, and Steiger begins his emphassioned tirade. As Forbes nods silent approval, an elevated train approaches from the distance. Becoming much louder as it draws closer, the detective continues his talk until, with the train rumbling overhead, Steiger is nearly shouting his lines. The unit watches excitedly, and breaks into applause at the scene's end.

As the crew takes a break, even the star admits his own satisfaction. "I thought the scene was going good, so I didn't want to stop," he explains. "I'll be damned if an elevated train was going to take it away from me. So, it was my voice against the passing El—and I blasted it out!

"It reminded me of **On the Waterfront**, when we had a problem about keeping noises out. The producer asked, 'What are we going to do?', and [director] Elia Kazan said, 'I'll tell you what we're going to do—we're going to leave every damned noise *in!*' People today talk about that soundtrack—how *alive* it sounds, with planes going overhead and cars passing by. Well, it *was* alive!"

The allusion to **Waterfront** is natural for Steiger, a veteran of more than 50 films ranging from cinema classics to flat-out failures. Although he has starred in such masterpieces as **Waterfront** and **The Pawnbroker**, similar roles were few and far between in the '70s, and he found himself grounded completely after a heart bypass operation in 1976. After a slow start-up, he is feeling optimistic again, following his acclaimed portrayal of a Hasidic rabbi in 1980's **The Chosen**, and with the part of Lt. McGreavy in **The Naked Face**.

"McGreavy's problem is an obsession that comes from fidelity to his detective partner, who was killed. Roger Moore is the psychiatrist who—I feel—gets the killer off by having him sent to a mental institution instead of prison. After another series of crimes, I try to pin them on the murderer," Steiger says, brown eyes flaring as he explains his preparation for the film.

"The role involved inventing a past—what did the partner that was killed symbolize? What about his wife and family? How do I feel about injustice? It's a part I had to create out of my own beliefs and imagination, within the fictitious circumstances outlined by the screenwriter.

"It isn't like a real-life role, where I can watch movies or newsreels. When I play a historical character, at least 50 percent of my audience already has their ideas of Jesus Christ or Napoleon or Pope John, Al Capone, W.C. Fields . . . No matter what I'm doing, some people are gonna say, 'That's not *my* W.C. Fields,' or, 'That's not *my* Napoleon in **Waterloo**.' With a fictional role, I don't have that problem!"

In a dressing room overlooking the Chicago skyline, the relaxed actor, wearing an out-of-character floppy hat with his detective suit, reflects on a remarkable career now in its fourth decade. A deprived childhood in Newark, New Jersey during the Depression persuaded him to enlist in the Navy at age 16, and he says he never saw a stage play until *after* World War 2.

"I went into theatre to meet girls," he chuckles. "Plus, I wanted to get out of Civil Service work—which didn't fit my personality! If I'd kept an office job, I think I'd have become an alcoholic, or at least a nasty Saturday night drunk in a local bar.

"The Civil Service had organized a theatre group that all the girls joined, so we guys went into it to get lucky with them! Some of them told me I should take it seriously. I figured, well, it was better than office work. Then, I auditioned with the New School of Social Research in New York, and got accepted!"

Under the G.I. Bill of Rights, Steiger studied at the American Theatre Wing, and was accepted by the original Actors Studio, where he worked with some of the living legends of American drama.

"In the beginning, there was Montgomery Clift, Lee J. Cobb, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Julie Harris, Kim Stanley, Eva Marie Saint—the Studio gave us a place to be wrong, and practice among our peers. It became disappointing later on, but it's still one of the few places in America where an actor can make a mistake without being fired.

"The Studio's original point, though, was not as artistic as some people like to think. It was first set up so Kazan and the others would have a good pool of actors to use when casting a show. We knew how each other worked, although there is no such thing as a 'method'—the press *invented* that, unfortunately. It's like the Ten Commandments—we believed in the same principle, but all lived up to it differently.

"American acting was changed by Montgomery Clift—*not* Brando. Brando's personality was greater, but Clift had a purity, a simplicity about him. People used to accuse James Dean of being influenced by Brando. *No way!* He was introduced to Clift, and all of a sudden, I could see an awful lot of Clift in him! Brando, with his marvelous talent and ability, came *after* Clift."

Many of Steiger's colleagues joined him for **Waterfront**, which he rightfully calls "one of the best casts in American movie history," and he recalls preparing to play Brando's brother, Charlie, with little difficulty.

"Charlie was too weak to protect his brother from eventual destruction, and I had to portray his inadequacies convincingly. At that time, Brando was the theatre's leading light, and the most exciting talent around—so, to think that I wouldn't be strong enough to protect him *wasn't* very tough at all!"

Perhaps the film's most memorable scene is the famous "I coulda been a contender" speech which Brando delivers to Steiger during a dark taxi ride—a sequence that derived much of its atmosphere from a near-disaster.

"The producer and director had a big argument," the actor recalls, "because it required shooting the back of the cab to look like we were driving on the street—and we didn't have the backdrop. We filmed

in a little bitty television studio—about 15 x 20'—and we were in half a cab—just a back seat with a steering wheel.

"At first, they said, 'We can't shoot it—there's no backdrop!' Then somebody said, 'Wait a minute—I came to work in a cab that had a Venetian blind in the back.' Kazan, being no fool, said, 'Get me a blind, and get it quick!'

"They took one from an office downstairs, cut it to fit the back window, and *forced* it on the actors. There were no side angle shots, because there was *nothing* there but a cream-colored wall—Kazan *couldn't* shoot out! It proved one thing to me—if audiences don't believe who's on the screen, it doesn't matter how good the set or photography is—we could have spent $50 zillion dollars and it wouldn't have worked."

Steiger is equally convinced that **Waterfront**'s climactic scenes would have been more effective if the script's violent finale had remained. "The original ending had Brando's body found floating in the river. Unfortunately, the censors wouldn't allow it. Their code said, 'Crime must not triumph.' In my opinion, it *wouldn't* have triumphed—the tragedy would have made a statement stronger than the eventual ending, where Brando is beaten up—but, we had to change it.

"The last few days before Kazan was ready to film the ending, the word came down that he couldn't shoot Brando getting killed. He said, 'What the hell are you telling me now for? I'm almost through the picture!' But, in a way, the new ending worked because of Brando's personality and the powerful handling—yet, realistically, there was *no way* the hoods would have allowed him to live.

"I remember telling Kazan that the last scene of **Waterfront** was called 'Christ's march to Calvary' by **Sight and Sound**. He said, 'Is that what we did?' I said, 'I guess so—you'd better read the article!'"

The actor laughs quietly, as crew members scurrying in and out of the room listen discreetly to his recollections. In addition to film roles, Steiger has enjoyed numerous stage and television successes—beginning with live TV in the early '50s, which he remembers nostalgically.

"There were *no* rules in live TV then!" he exclaims. "During those days, big business didn't realize the money involved, so nobody cared. We didn't have to worry about what the advertising agency or sponsor or network said."

Nonetheless, Steiger drifted toward film. "I did the original **Marty** on television, but when I went to meet the people making the **Marty** movie, they wanted me to sign a seven-year contract. I said, 'A part is like a woman, and I don't like to be told who to sleep with; if I can't select the parts I want to play during those seven years, I can't sign the contract.' I was a bit depressed after losing **Marty**, when I tested for **Oklahoma**.

Lt. McGreavy (Rod Steiger) and Detective Angeli (Elliott Gould) question Dr. Judd Stevens (Roger Moore)

"Fred Zinneman's original idea was to use Montgomery Clift and Eva Marie Saint; he wanted a whole new approach to the musical. He was going to use more trained theatrical actors than singers, but Richard Rodgers was against it. I tested in the morning with an unknown actor named Paul Newman for the part of Curly, and Zinneman asked me to do one more test in the afternoon, because the other actor who was to test for Jud didn't show up. So, I tested that afternoon with another unknown actor named James Dean, which I think is rather ironic and historical, as well as hysterical...

"After I got the role of Jud, Agnes de Mille—who was choreographing the film—told me she was having trouble getting someone to dance my part, because I looked too big from the back. She couldn't find a dancer who was as broad-shouldered as me, but, she had finally found someone. I asked her who, and she said, 'Come on down and meet him; see what you think.' I went down onto the stage and said, 'Where is he?' and she said, '*You!*'

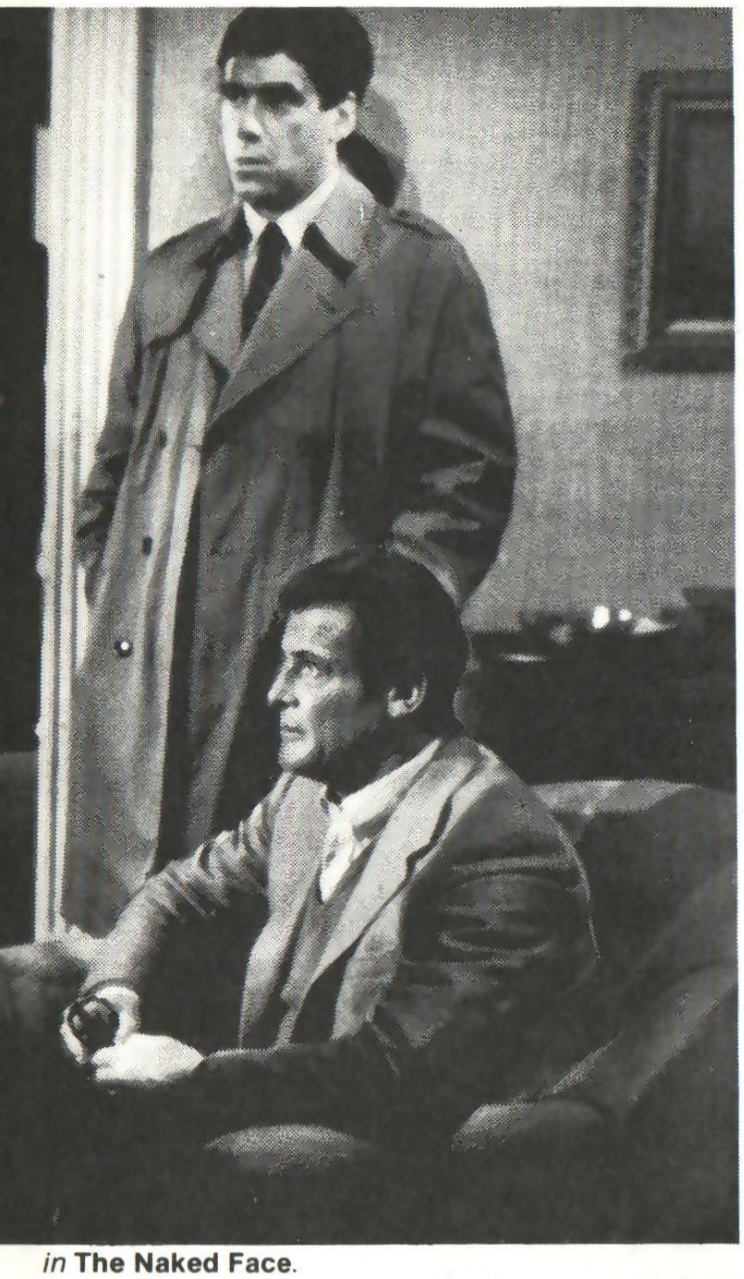
"I told her she had to be kidding! I couldn't dance with those accomplished artists, who had better discipline than any actor ever had—they've been practicing at the bar for hours when a lot of actors are just stumbling in after a cup of coffee!

"She was very funny. She said, 'Can you count to four? That's all you have to do—let's start the music!'" He laughs, observing that de Mille discharged the actor's ballet doubles after the first week. "Thank God Jud's choreography was lumbering and grotesque; otherwise, I never would have been able to do it. I am rather childishly proud—I'm one of the few actors in the world who played, sang and danced the ballet in one movie!"

A variety of roles followed, ranging from the powerful, ruthless Hollywood boss in **The Big Knife** to a crooked boxing promoter antagonizing Humphrey Bogart in **The Harder They Fall** to the title role in **Al Capone**, a searing portrayal that insured his boxoffice fame.

"I originally didn't take the film because I wanted nothing to do with that type of person," the 6', 195-pound star relates. "They made two different offers, but I told them I didn't like the script. One of the producers got a little uppity and said, 'If you don't like it, why don't you take it home and re-work it?' I worked on it for a month and a half, brought it back with a cast list, then told them I wanted ten days of rehearsal—which was *unheard* of in those days! So, I figured I was rid of that film. But, they called me back the following Monday and said, 'We can't give you ten days, but we'll give you *seven!*' I said, 'Well, I'll be a son of a bitch! I had four aces, and you've dealt me five!'

"**Al Capone** came off the way I'd hoped—as a personality study, rather than an indictment—I exposed the man's character, but didn't judge or glorify him. It was an ex-



in **The Naked Face**.

tremely successful film, both financially and critically. I remember when it opened, I was in New York doing **Rashomon** on stage. I had the unique experience of seeing my name at the Victoria Theatre in **Al Capone**, and turning the corner to see it again at the Music Box Theatre in **Rashomon**—a performer's dream in double vision!"

Few actors have portrayed more historical villains as successfully as Steiger. The key is in his approach, he explains, punctuating his words with his hands as he speaks.

"I leave the evaluation of any character up to the audience—I can't judge a person and play him at the same time—that's impossible. No one can go through life judging themselves every moment and actually live a day.

"As I develop a character, I try to interpret and understand his motivation. His actions will designate to audiences what he is—that's not my problem! If I play it right, it fits into the category of their judgment, and *they* make him a villain or a hero."

But, despite success, his track record is cluttered with such acknowledged disasters as **Unholy Wife** and **Run of the Arrow**. "We've all had our mistakes, and I've made quite a few. I may have done a few more good movies, but I've done my share of bad ones! I've gone into films where I didn't think the script was very good, and thought maybe I could change things, or play the part in a way that would at least make it a passable movie. I found out that's almost an impossibility!"

Steiger continued exploring his characters as he stepped into another of his finest roles. "The greatest acting is discovering something about life at the same time as the audience. The closest I've ever come to that was in **The Pawnbroker**. According to the script, I was to look at a dead boy's body, then throw back my head and scream. While the camera was running, I opened my mouth, and suddenly remembered Picasso's *Guernica*—the woman with the sharp tongue. Even though it's only a painting, it's one of the loudest screams I've ever heard—so, I didn't make a sound. Several people told me to scream, but I made $100 bets that my version would work, and I think it did. That may be as close as I've ever come to the highest level of acting, which only happens two or three times in a career—the poetic presentation of life at a high point of pain."

Despite the film's success, subsequent quality roles were few. Steiger points out that he was out of work 18 months before he did **The Pawnbroker**, turning down inferior roles along the way. "I try to do things that I can respect myself for being involved in. I consider myself a 60 percent virgin and a 40 percent whore—and, there aren't many 60 percent virgins around anymore!"

Along with respect comes monetary compensation, which, in Steiger's eye, is inversely proportional to a screenplay's quality. "Assuming I was getting $5 a picture, I've done some films, like **The Pawnbroker** and **The Sergeant**, for $1. I did **The Chosen** for $2, **W.C. Fields and Me** for $3. Then, when I ask for a salary on another film, they'll say, 'Wait a minute!' I tell them, 'If you give me another **Pawnbroker**, I'll do it *for $1*—otherwise, I want $5!' I've run into trouble that way, and driven my agent crazy!

"Money is important in that it gives me freedom in our materialistic society, as long as I don't lose my self-respect taking it," he philosophizes, with an attitude that paid off a year later. After Academy Award nominations for **Waterfront** and **Pawnbroker**, Steiger finally won the elusive Oscar for his portrayal of the red-neck Southern sheriff of **In the Heat of the Night**.

"I thought I was going to win the year before, but I was beaten out by a drunken horse," he laughs, referring to Lee Marvin's performance in **Cat Ballou**. "I think the award was for both **Pawnbroker** and **Heat of the Night**.

"I told my then-wife, Claire Bloom, there was a chance I might win. She said, 'What are you talking about?' I said, 'Well, Claire, you have to realize this is the *first* time I'm playing a *nice guy!*'

"After all, how many times has a villain won an Academy Award? Damned few! I told her I'd come in close, because my character was really a nice loner. He respected Sidney Poitier, and began to understand him as a man—we became like two good gunfighters who developed a mutual respect.

"And I won the Oscar, which was nice. It's good to win any award, because it makes one hot for the moment, and elicits the good scripts. No matter how talented anyone is, we all have up and down moments—it happens in any profession." Following his Award, Steiger plunged into such successes as the gay title role of **The Sergeant**, and a half dozen characters in **No Way To Treat A Lady**, along with disappointments including **Waterloo** and **Happy Birthday, Wanda June**.

One particular letdown was Ray Bradbury's **The Illustrated Man**, made even worse for Steiger by his full body make-up. "They couldn't use decals because the skin slid, and they could never get 'em to match what was shot previously—it was like putting jigsaw pieces in the wrong places. Nine make-up men put the stencil, the outline of the tattoo figures, on my body, then they actually hand-painted it. I laid on a table for seven hours, taking a ten-minute break every hour. Fortunately, the people involved were wonderful—we went through every joke in the world, listened to jazz and classical music, and even brought in a television set to watch anything that would keep my head straight—otherwise, we'd go insane!

"At night, I had to sleep in long johns filled with baby powder, to prevent it from smearing. They'd only get about two days of shooting before it *would* smear, and we'd have to start the whole process over again! It was technically the most trying film I've ever prepared for, with three straight days of make-up from neck to toe—every part of my anatomy, and—since I was naked at one point—I mean *all* of me!

"Unfortunately, the picture was in the hands of people who had never made a film before, and it didn't come off," he says, shaking his head slowly. "I was upset, because Ray Bradbury is a very good friend of mine. He's just sweetly naive, and trusted these people; I think we could have done better by him."

Steiger took a chance on another role—one that almost everyone imitates, but few really understand. Yet, despite some critics, he says he received his own personal satisfaction from **W.C. Fields and Me**.

"It was a tough part, because everyone has their own W.C. Fields. I didn't want to present an imitation—and I don't think I did. Some people didn't like the fact that I presented him as he was—a bitter, lonely, extremely talented and intelligent man.

"Carlotta Monti, the woman who lived with him for his last 14 years, was on the set watching me. Fields had a nickname, which few people know. She was playing an extra, so I was looking straight into the eyes of the woman who lived with him, waiting for her to come over and say hello. I knew if she said, 'How nice to meet you, Mr. Steiger,'

I was nowhere near the part. If she said, 'Oh, you're very much like he was,' I figured maybe I was halfway there. If she said, 'You're just like Billy,' I'd be 75 percent of the way there, but I didn't want that—I wanted that nickname to come out of her.

"After nearly dying for an hour in anticipation, we finished, and she came over to talk. Suddenly she threw her arms around me and cried, 'Oh, Woody, Woody, Woody, you're my Woody!'" he smiles proudly, the natural tone of his voice becoming more notable and Fieldish. "So, I don't care what any critic says—that, to me, is the highest accolade I could possibly get.

"That also happened when I did Ernest Hemingway on stage. His wife came through the door with two of their sons—big, strapping men who looked like John Wayne—and said, 'Ernie, Ernie, you're still alive!' To me, *that* is the final critique!"

Steiger has, nevertheless, been plagued by more than bad casts, bad scripts and bad reviews—he has even been the victim of bad titles! "I was doing an Italian film called **Turn Your Head** in that country. They translated it into English as **Duck, You Sucker**. After it was released here, they realized it was an *atrocious* title which *drove* people from the boxoffice. So, they changed it—a little too late—to **A Fistful of Dynamite**. I thought it was an entertaining film with marvelous music, and James Coburn was fun to work with, but just from the title, I'd run 30 blocks the other way!

"The director, Sergio Leone, spoke English when he had to, and I spoke a little pidgin Italian, so we didn't have any real problems communicating. He's the only person I know who ever came to my house and ate *eleven* corn muffins—he kept stuffing them into his mouth because he'd never had a corn muffin before. *Eleven in a row,* I could not believe it! He asked, *'Que fi que questo pane?',* meaning, 'What is this bread?' I said, 'Corn.' They explained it to him, and he said, 'Marveloso! Absolutamente marveloso!' He went through one basket before my wife could keep up with him! It was like an American in Rome, discovering spaghetti for the first time!

"I had the same reaction the first time I discovered Italian baby lamb chops, which are impossible to find in the United States. When I first tried them, I thought they were gonna have to put me in the hospital, because I ate about 14 of them!"

In 1976, Steiger entered a hospital for a grimmer purpose. Doctors found a coronary artery was 90 percent blocked, and he underwent successful bypass surgery just in time to save his life. Despite his recovery, the operation took its toll on his career, and Steiger suffered more than a year from deep depression, compounded by Hollywood's tendency to view him as a health risk.

"Anyone who walks away from their profession for two years and tries to get back in will see what happens. I wasn't forgotten, but I couldn't waltz right back in where I was before, or get the best scripts.

"After my bypass, I had to do some cameos and things that maybe I shouldn't have been in, but I'm not apologizing—I had to remind the industry that I was still alive, so I did smaller parts. I had to swallow my pride to bring bread into the house. I'm not a multi-millionaire, I don't get $12 million a picture like some people do today," he explains, but admits that his judgment has not always been the best.

"Of course, my biggest mistake was rejecting **Patton**. That was the *dumbest* thing I *ever* did, from a business point of view. At the time, I was at a high point, so my philosophy was good—I didn't want to glorify war, and I wasn't going to glorify Patton. All I have to say is, I made a terrible mistake. On days that I feel good, it doesn't bother me. On days that I feel bad, I could shoot myself!"

Fortunately, Steiger is feeling much better now, with his acclaimed role in **The Chosen** marking another professional turning point. He is still critical of the present Hollywood system, but filled with hope for the future. "The whole film market has gone to the youth now. There are a lot of people with lesser talents who have become sex symbols, and are making millions of dollars; I think they are exploring life about as far as the distance between me and this table," he says, laying his hand on the top for emphasis.

"I have high hopes for cable and the mini-series. That's why I did **Cook and Peary**—I hope now they see more intelligent things can be done. I'd like to to a six-part series on Einstein or Stalin or Beethoven. There's a possibility for that now.

"I predict a golden age of cable television—if the powers that be don't take over cable for a while. It will probably only last six or eight years before it, too, becomes stultified. Fortunately, PBS still exists on public support—even though it's fighting for survival most of the time."

The 59-year-old Steiger stands to don his overcoat. After leaving Chicago and **The Naked Face**, he is off to London to become a Jewish scientist for **The Glory Boys**, a BBC mini-series about an attempt to assassinate eight Israeli scientists. Despite some rocky terrain, he feels he is back on the right track.

"I'm lucky to be able to do something that I love, and make a living while still maintaining my self-respect. It isn't always fun—I don't feel like travelling again, but once I get going, I'll be glad I didn't go to work in a London factory!

"I don't like getting older, but I'm not afraid of dying—I just wish Death would tell me what time it's gonna be. I'll never retire, though—that would be stupid. When I drop dead, I hope to be acting, or directing, or loving.

"That's the *only* way for me!" ★

GEORGE SEGAL

(continued from page 39)

his own camera crew with him. They know what he looks for, and they get it when he's playing a scene. Plus, Burt has the good sense of when he gets it right, and of what he'll need in the editing room.

PREVUE: Like Burt, you're a much better actor than many of the films in which you've starred. Doesn't that frustrate you?

SEGAL: It certainly does!

PREVUE: Do you ever cry?

SEGAL: *Oooh, yes!* But, I'm an incredible fan. You see, movies is discovering that Frank Morgan is standing behind a curtain pulling levers when you finally get to Oz. The difference is, even though there's only a guy pulling strings, it's still backstage at the magic show.

PREVUE: So you learn to tolerate it?

SEGAL: Disappointment is part of the job. The good thing about an actor's job is when it's over, *it's over!* But, he's had months of wonderful experiences with the director and the other actors, who have all agreed to do the best they can possibly do. What it becomes afterwards is between the director, his editor, the composer and many others. It's like Alfred E. Newman says in **Mad** magazine: "What? Me Worry?" He's on to his next project with a grin and a tooth missing.

PREVUE: Isn't there a way, by forming your own production company, to develop roles that have greater potential? For example, with your tongue-in-cheek style of bravado, you could have been Indiana Jones.

SEGAL: That's true, but it was time for Harrison Ford. We all see each other's movies, and all influence each other. I feel there's a lot of me in other movies. When I see actors playing parts, I see characters I've done, just as I've stolen from everybody. It's not really conscious, just a constant trade-off.

For instance, about ten years ago, I did **Fun with Dick and Jane**. When we discover Ed McMahon's safe, which we're going to rob, I say, "*Da-daah!*" Everybody began doing that bit in their own films: they'd say, "Da-daah!" That's an obvious one, but, for about five years, it was done over and over.

PREVUE: That must be gratifying. Incidentally, what is your favorite film?

SEGAL: It's easy to say I like them all, but I do! The pleasure of making a movie is that one goes off into storyland. At the end of Truffaut's **Fahrenheit 451**, the protagonists go to an island where characters from books live—Tweedledum and Tweedledee and so forth—because all the books have been burned, and there's no place for them to go. Actors get to be storybook characters: they live in imaginary rooms, they drive imaginary cars, they love and joke and cry in an imaginary world. And it's harmless, all over at the end of the day.

I had a peculiar feeling about all that when I was a kid. I saw Alan Ladd in **This**

Gun for Hire. I was six or seven years old, but, even then, I knew it was a story and that the actors went home at the end of the day. That stayed with me, and became a way of life.

The movie that impressed me the most was **The Thief of Bagdad**, the 1940 Alexander Korda version. It was filled with magic, fantasy, romance and all the things that spark a kid's imagination. I was ignited in the same way that Steven Spielberg was by **Pinocchio**, or whatever prompted him to make all his films.

PREVUE: Who are your favorite actors?

SEGAL: Spencer Tracy. James Cagney. Errol Flynn. And Gary Cooper—*God, did I love Gary Cooper!* We had all those great heroes and anti-heroes for inspiration. They were the Indiana Joneses of their time. Every generation has them.

PREVUE: Who's your favorite George Segal character?

SEGAL: King Rat, and he was a guy who really lived. He was outside my middle class, suburban upbringing. He had no innocence, and he understood how everybody moved, thought, reacted, much more than I did as the 28 or 29-year-old kid I was when I played him. *That was tough!* I needed all the support I could get, and I got it. It was an ensemble piece, where I was carried along by the whole project's energy. But, the part itself was way beyond me.

PREVUE: You made King Rat very natural and realistic, without the sense of an actor playing a part.

SEGAL: It gave me the kind of education that's very rare so early in a career, and the confidence that allowed me to go on to do all the other roles. Incidentally, the cast—including all those English actors—actually stayed on the camp which was built out here. How's that for realism?

PREVUE: It worked! By the way, I'm particularly impressed by your confidence with the banjo. Whenever you play on **The Tonight Show**, I have a hell of a good time watching *you* have a hell of a good time. You blow the rest of the guests off the stage by playing and singing with that much vigor. How many banjos do you own?

SEGAL: I've got my East Coast banjo and my West Coast banjo, and that's the only instrument I play.

PREVUE: Watching you, I'd say you're self-taught.

SEGAL: You're right. No one gives *that* kind of banjo lessons.

PREVUE: How many songs are in your repertoire?

SEGAL: Not many: 30, maybe 50. By playing what nobody else plays, I eliminate the competition. You *ain't* gonna catch me doing **Stardust**! Actually, I haven't learned a song in years because in the early '60s, I had an act with a girl where I played the banjo and she sang. We had three different sets of tunes. I've been drawing on those ever since—except those I've stolen from George Burns!

But, you've got to understand one thing about my banjo playing. I'm always a guy seeking a character, and the Banjo Player is one of the most enjoyable people I play, because the banjo takes over when I pick it up.

PREVUE: You mean that's not the real George, but George playing a banjo player?

SEGAL: Yeah! George, the Banjo Player. You're now talking to George, the Interviewee. I was just George, the Supermarket Shopper. I think in terms of me in different places. I guess I feel like a spy in my own life. Does the spy ever know who he really is?

PREVUE: We won't tell if you don't. Do you ever *become* the characters you play, and take them home with you until the movie is wrapped?

SEGAL: Yes, and it can screw up life a lot—it has mine! I still haven't found a way around it, although I'm getting better at "removing" myself. While I'm in a movie, I *am* that person. In the case of **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**, it was six months. A part of me always remains on the set. It's a 24-hour-a-day thing—like an addict, I guess. Home life suffers for it, and weekends are the toughest. I'm on hold until they end, and my machine gets going again. It's like turning on a police dog: "Now you're a guard dog! You've been a house dog, but for the next three months, you're a guard dog." That's what the dog becomes, and that's what I become.

PREVUE: It's all right when you're Mr. Rogers, but when you're playing Jack the Ripper . .

SEGAL: You have a short fuse. It's true! Of course, some actors like Cary Grant and Roger Moore have built their careers on playing themselves; charming, witty, urbane.

PREVUE: On the other hand, Sean Connery is nothing like his screen persona, except he sometimes swings a golf club between takes. What do you do to kill time on the set?

SEGAL: I'm on low idle, like a car with the motor on, just sitting there.

PREVUE: I can't see anyone with enormous energy like George, the Banjo Player sitting around doing nothing.

SEGAL: It's two sides of the same coin. I'll keep the banjo in the dressing room, and work on chords and progressions. John Wayne was a chess fanatic, but I don't have the patience for that on the set. I like an isolated dressing room in the middle of the action, trying to cool myself out. The key to acting is relaxation. As much energy as I have, I need an equal amount of relaxation. When I show up on the set, I *don't* want a care or worry in the world. Again, it's that Alfred E. Newman attitude, so that I'm absolutely open to everything that happens. And, that's why I'm always surprised by practical jokes.

PREVUE: What's the best that can happen to you by being open?

SEGAL: Finding a way of being funny, finding off-the-wall ways of expressing myself that I've *never done before.* Within a very circumscribed medium heavily defined by rules, one attempts little twists and turns to enhance a performance. That's where the satisfactions are. They're subtle, but very meaningful.

PREVUE: Do you discuss the intricacies of performing with other actors?

SEGAL: Never! I've never had this discussion before, except with you. It's really tough to analyze what I do, because part of what makes it work is *magic!* Nobody can tell you how a *great* movie is made—nobody knows!

PREVUE: Would analyzing your performance take the magic away?

SEGAL: Not necessarily. Mike Nichols, as a director, is a perfect example of that. He leaves *no stone unturned;* he'll examine and analyze *every* moment. As for myself, I can't discuss a role during filming. I've been interviewed while I make movies, and have no idea what I'm doing. I just give dumb answers: "I dunno! I dunno who my character is."

PREVUE: You have a natural and easy way with people, and a good sense of dramatics. Why haven't you produced or directed?

SEGAL: I've come close to producing a couple projects, but the idea of being a general has never appealed to me. I'm happy being a colonel or a major.

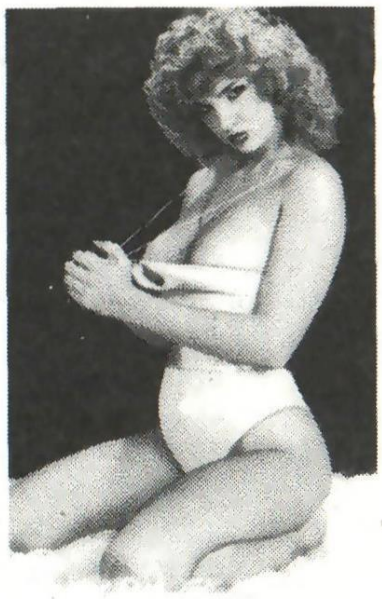
PREVUE: That fulfills you completely?

SEGAL: Completely. It gives me a freedom that I *wouldn't* have as a director. Plus a director has to please everybody—not just the cast and crew below, but also the executives above. I think I'd crumble under that pressure.

PREVUE: Doesn't it also minimize your possibilities?

SEGAL: I'm not sure I can say because I think of myself as a glider pilot. The business is filled with whirlwinds, people with spotlights suddenly on them. Bally-hoo and press agentry buffet them around all the time. One tries to stay above it, because it's hype *hyping hype!* And somewhere in there is the reality of making the actual movie. So, I can't even suggest my dream project; I haven't even signed for my *next* picture yet. There's talk of doing **Requiem for a Heavyweight** on the stage, and a musical is in the works, too. I seem to be moving back into the theatre; I'd certainly relish it.

Burt also wants to direct me in a movie—a pretty funny film—in which he wouldn't appear. There are always possibilities. I'm really a person waiting for projects, for the coin to drop. Usually, when it drops, I'll start to work and say, "This is it!" I'll be two weeks into it, and suddenly have *another* job from somebody else. Remember, "Life is something that happens while you're making other plans." It's a way of life, and it works beautifully for me.★



GIRLS

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Girls in Focus showcases the outstanding attributes of a score of beautiful and voluptuous models in the great pin-up tradition. Supercharged with *highly-erotic full-color photographs*, this hardbound import captures women in lingerie, heels, t-shirts, sunglasses, string bikinis and less, dressing and undressing in unusual and provocative style. *Limited supply.* $14.95.

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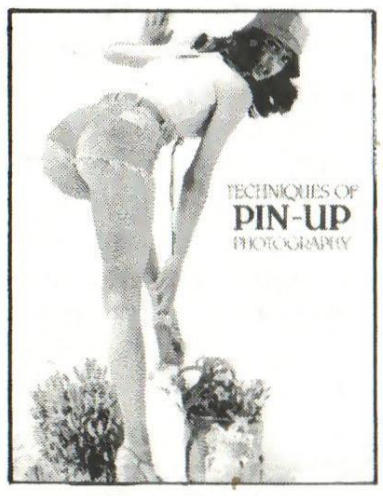
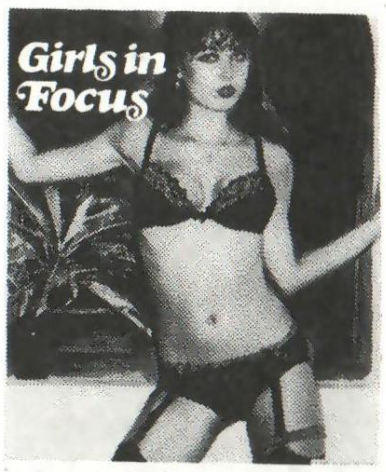
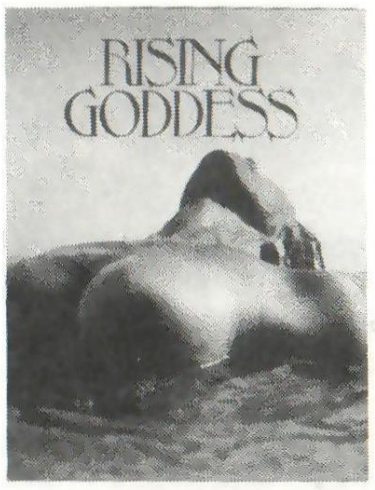
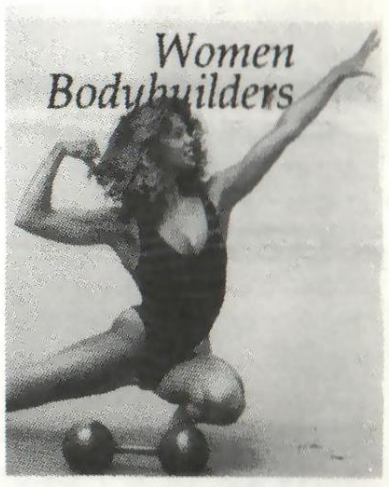
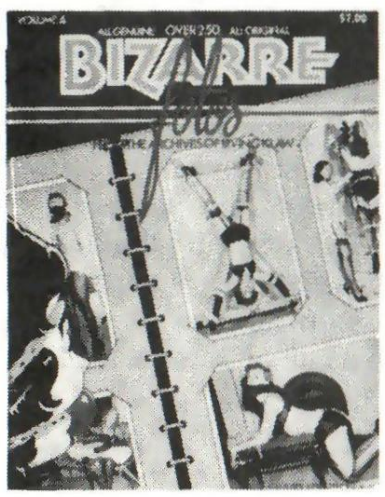


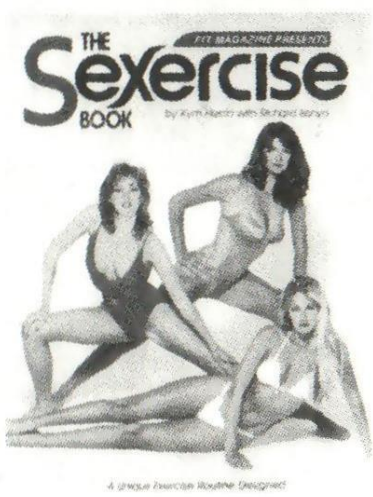








Bizarre Fotos is an unusual collection of images selected from the archives of pin-up king Irving Klaw. The focus in this series is on female domination, with models dressed in high heels, garter belts, silk stockings, leather gloves, bras, corsets, thigh-high leather boots and rubber garments, all tied, shackled, belted and gagged as prisoners of their passions. $7.00.



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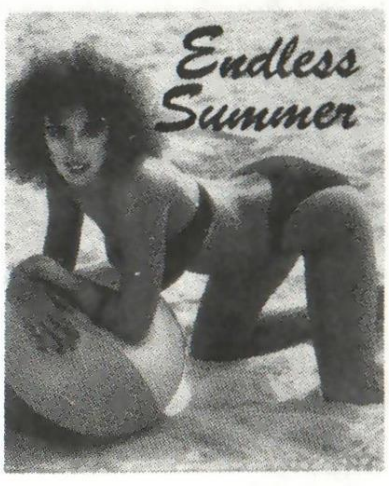
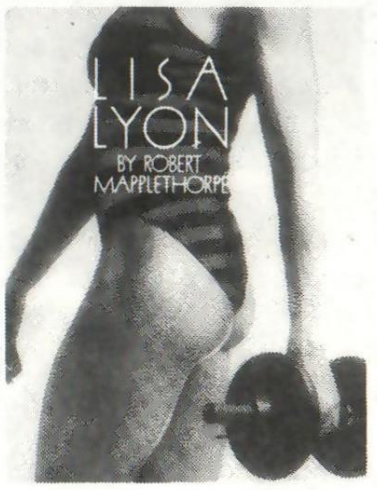
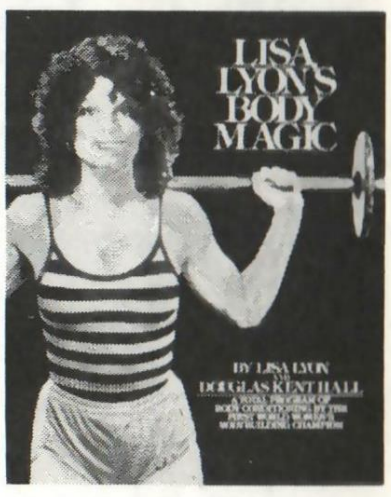


Endless Summer 1985 Calendar showcases a dozen bronzed beauties in pin-up poses for every month of the year. Photographed against sun, surf and sand, the tantalizing temptresses show off their assets *in tiny bikinis, halter tops and cut-off t-shirts.* Twelve color images, plus front and back covers, provide provocative fuel for those hot California summer daydreams—throughout the year! Available in August at $5.95.



Lady Lisa Lyon focuses on the fantasies of America's foremost female bodybuilder. In a *startling pictorial odyssey*, she becomes a street nymph, a society playgirl, a leather-clad bike-girl, a muscular bride, a naked powerhouse, a mud woman, a canny huntress, a bondage queen, a lingerie model, a fashion-plate and a fist-fighting fury. 128 pages of electrifying photographs. $16.95.



Body Magic is a special program for physical conditioning created by lovely Lisa Lyon, the first Women's Bodybuilding Champion. Her exercise and weight routines are illustrated with hundreds of photos—*both naked and clothed*—of the author in dynamic action. Whether pumping iron or posing for the camera, Lisa amply proves a supple, shapely and muscular body always looks best. $10.95.

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Girlie Magazines is the long-awaited chronicle of the paper pin-up girls who have adorned newsstands, lockers and dorm walls since silk stockings came in pairs. *Over 300 sizzling color and B&W reproductions* selected from the hottest books ever published highlight this massive 200-page 9×12″ volume dedicated to the focus, form, and fetish of female flesh. From Petty to Betty Page. $25.00.

Brigitte Bardot is a lavish photographic tribute to the quintessential sex kitten of the movies. She shocked the world as a 15-year-old model who posed nude for a French magazine, and became an international star in *And God Created Woman*. In a large 9 x 12½″ format, this treasury reveals everything from her sensual pout to the ravishing figure that scorched the big screen. A bargain at $13.95.

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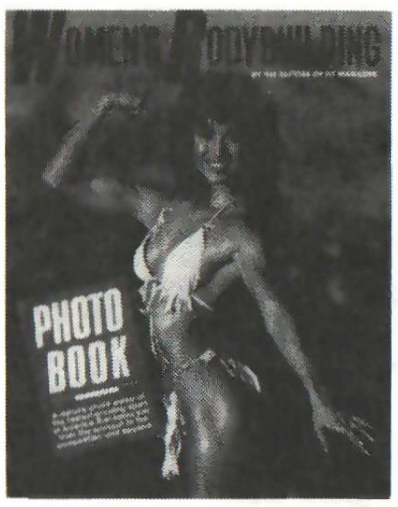

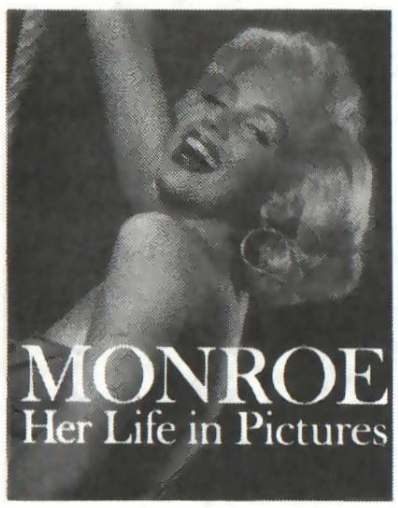

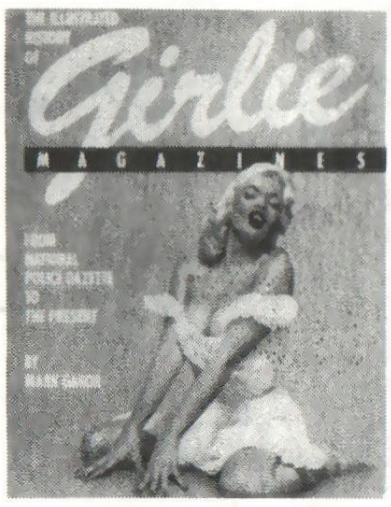

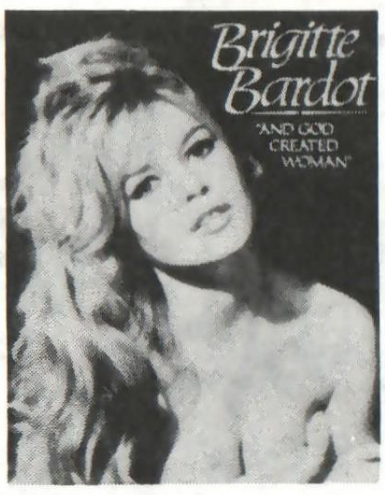

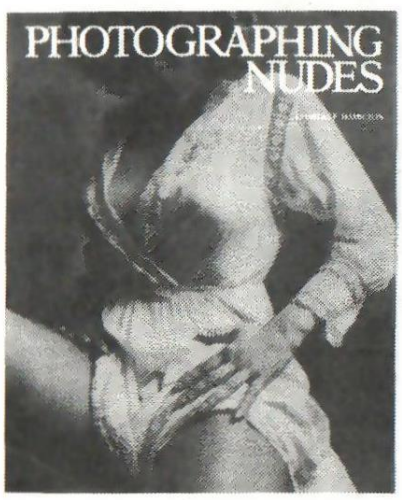

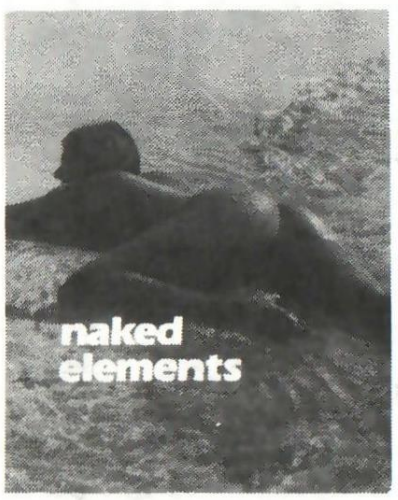

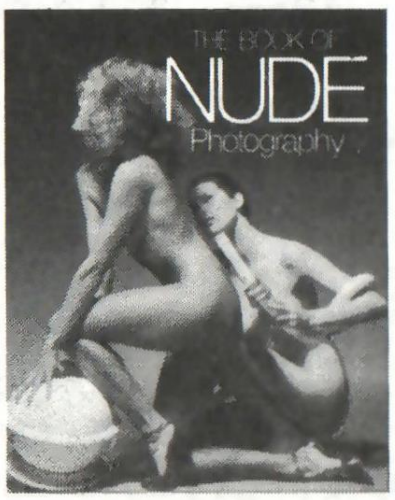

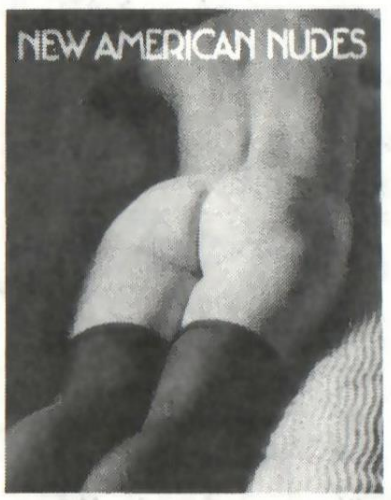

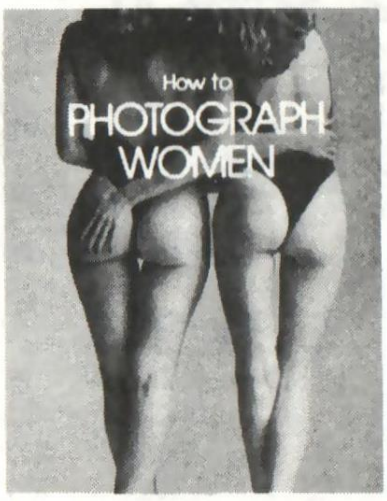

Photographing Nudes provides an expert's-eye view of the world's most fascinating subjects. *Almost 200 fact and foto-filled pages* reveal a top lensman's special secrets for creating powerful, erotic, beautiful and memorable images of the female form. Featuring *more than 100 reproductions*, the data-packed volume covers every angle of nude photography. A high quality manual at $9.95.

Naked Elements is an unusual picture book which concentrates on the compelling curves, arches and sensuous symmetry of the female figure. Photographed primarily from behind, the subjects are posed against the natural elements of rock and water which emphasizes their smooth, lush lines and hidden structural depressions. Larger than 9×12″, this hardbound volume is in full color. $14.95.

Book of Nude Photography is a spectacular guidebook packed from cover to cover with erotically-charged images of beautiful models ranging from super hot pin-ups to classically posed figures. *More than 250 pictures* (most in full-color) highlight this top-quality hardbound volume designed to delight both novice and professional lensmen alike. Highly recommended. Only $16.95.

New American Nudes is a handsome volume featuring a gallery of modern lensmen's most startling, provocative, kinky, disturbing and beautiful photographs. *Both male and female models are the subjects* of this remarkable treasury which showcases the work of leading photographers and the trends they have developed. Artistic, first-class production throughout, color and B&W. $19.95.

How to Photograph Women is a pictorial handbook on the art of capturing the most beautiful, seductive and compelling female images on film. Heavily illustrated with *provocative full-color pin-ups and portraits throughout*, the volume uncovers a range of tricks and techniques to help every lensman and girl-watcher enjoy his favorite pastime. A pretty and practical guide. Softbound. $5.95.

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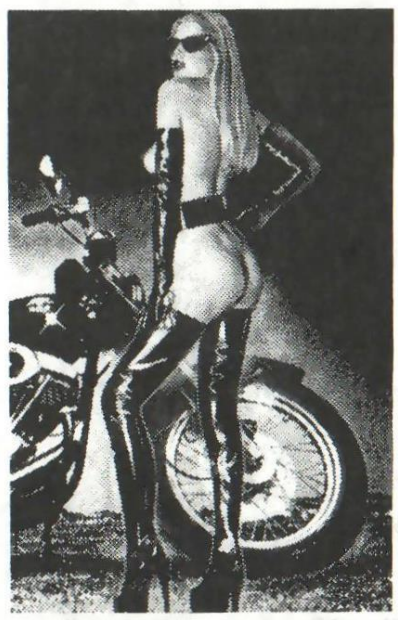
SIZZLE!

Obsession is one of *the most powerfully erotic photography books* we've ever discovered! Raw passion and rampant sexuality fuse with high fashion, sensual fantasy, bizarre landscapes, chrome and glass icons and surreal violence. *The massive 9x12" volume is supercharged with full-color images* of mysterious women clad in leather masks, gloves, boots and G-strings, in fur, lace and less. $30.00.



NEW PHOTO PIN-UP BOOKS AND CALENDARS!

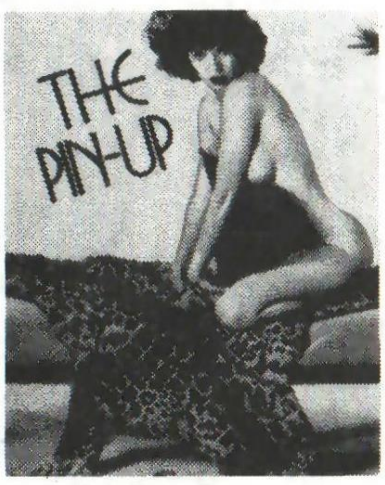
The Pin-up to Today is a sexsational pictorial history of the sensual paper goddesses whose fantastic figures and come hither smiles made he-men of the most inexperienced boys. *More than 250 oversized pages* are devoted to the girls that made girl-watching man's favorite pastime. *Over 200 color and B&W photographs* illustrate the finer points of pin-up art. Hardbound format. $17.95.

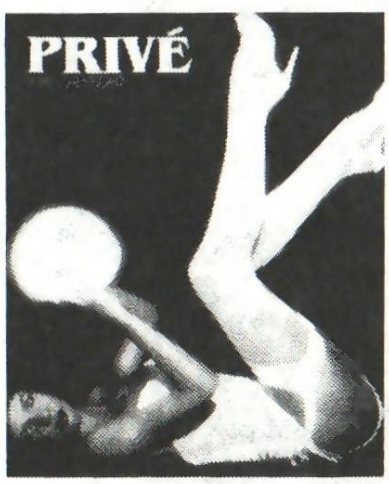
Prive 1985 features a colorful and curvaceous collection of calendar cuties that no connoisseur of pin-up art could criticize! In bikinis and boxing trunks, nylons or net undies, these beautiful and full-blown models were photographed to make every month a sensual experience. *Twelve torrid and terrific ladies in blazing color* will make 1985 a year to remember. Stunning! $8.95.

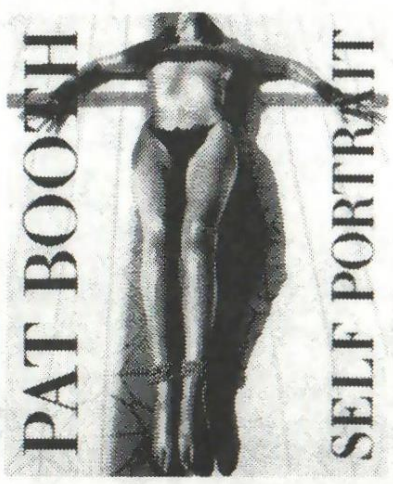
Self Portrait is a striking photographic record of fashion model/author/photographer Pat Booth. The *awesome 11x14" format hardbound* showcases the subject's exploration of her physical sexuality through costumes, bondage, masks, lingerie, boots, gowns, leather gear—and completely in the raw. Lavish color and B&W images are strange, witty, kinky, surprising, and imaginative. $30.00.

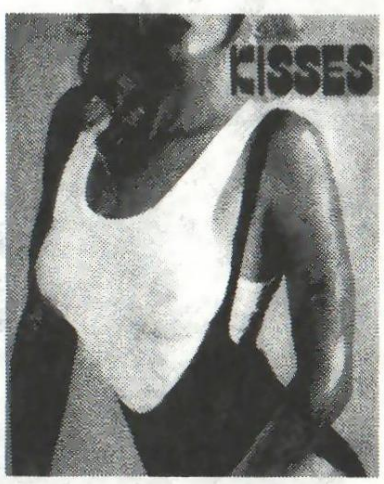
Kisses is a dangerously delightful gallery that delivers *a full year's worth of feminine dynamite!* Twelve scorching full-color photographs focus boldly on twenty-four natural wonders—for those who believe it's *what's up front* that counts. The deep cleavage of a dozen healthy damsels makes every month a celebration in this beautiful, sensual and outstanding 1985 calendar. $8.95.

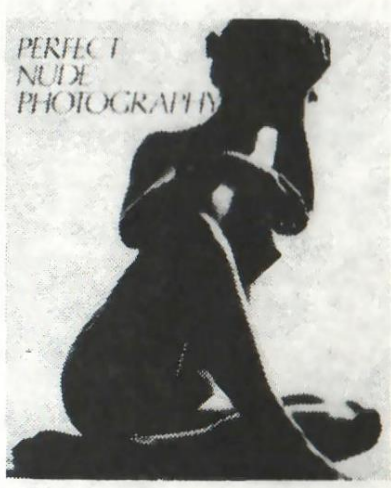
Perfect Nude Photography is a special European import that uncovers the secrets of photographing the female form like few other books in our stock. In high-quality hardbound format with *200 pages of color and black and white images,* the book explores the poetry and perfection of women with style, dignity, imagination and wonder. Rich reproduction. $19.95.



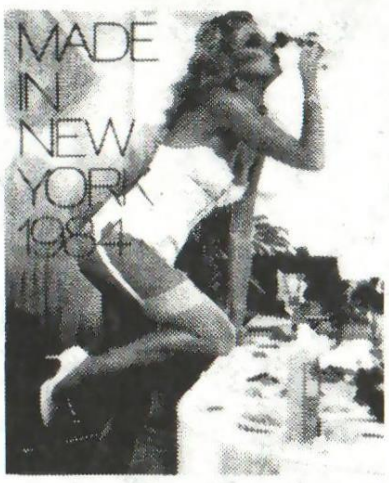




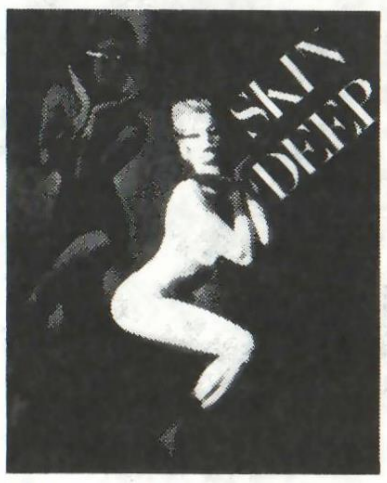




Femme Fatales is a lavish selection of fetish photographs *originally published in France.* The huge 10x13" hardbound format features wealthy women in intimate backgrounds wearing gloves, garter belts, corsets, stockings, heels, black lace, lingerie—or just pearls! An elegant book of color and B&W quality reproductions with a steamy, voyeuristic approach to highly erotic imagery. $27.50.

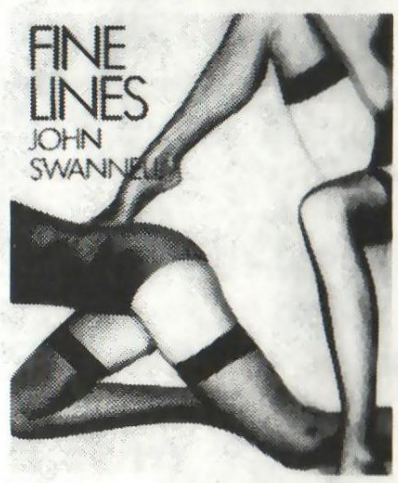


Made in New York 1984 Calendar spotlights a full-color line-up of luscious ladies in provocative costumes. Jungle Girl, French Maid, Hell's Angel, Skin Diver—*thirteen terrific temptresses are revealed in a staggering 15x19" format* that will leave pin-up lovers breathless! Interviews with each model are included with additional photos from the camera sessions. Available at $14.95.



Skin Deep features the most unusual collection of figure photographs in our stock. Draped in bizarre costumes, metallic body paint and elaborate headdresses, male and female models are captured in exotic, provocative poses reproduced in full and double-page images. *The 10x13" hardbound format in full color* explores the sensuality of dance, light, shadow and the human form. $24.95.

Velvet Eden is an evocative album of vintage erotica in hardbound format. *More than 150 sexually-charged photographs* of waitresses, wives, burlesque queens and shop girls who become carnal goddesses for the penetrating camera have been selected for their unusual fetishistic appeal—bizarre costumes, bondage, spanking, furs, feathers, chains, heels and garter belts. $17.95.



Fine Lines refers to the flawless faces and figures of the beautiful and sensual models revealed in this *exceptional 11x14" hardbound volume.* The expressive photographs combine a classic nude approach with high fashion style to capture the erotic images of sophisticated women clad in heels, silk stockings, hats, gloves, panties, masks or just naked, radiant sexuality. Rich, elegant. $30.00.

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ROGER MOORE

(continued from page 41)

out the picture."

Puffing on a long Havana cigar, Roger Moore agrees that his quiet, introspective psychiatrist role is a significant departure from the usual superheroes. "I finally get to speak in a film," he jokes. "Stevens is not a one-dimensional cardboard hero. I don't aggressively look for different roles, but if I don't *fall asleep* while I'm reading a script, it interests me."

In a barren office-turned-dressing-room, Moore removes the eyeglasses he wears on-camera and replaces them with his own, noting that he enjoys the less-frenzied pace of filming in Chicago. "With the Bonds, I go all over the bloody world. I'm always tearing off to one place or another, spending my life traveling. On this—well, we work long and hard, but at least we're in one place."

Although he has already signed for the next 007 adventure, **A View To A Kill**, Moore says there are advantages to playing non-heroes.

"For one thing, I don't have to jump around so much! I'm enjoying this part—there are scenes I can actually sink my teeth into. What do I look for in a role? Well, not too much butter. . ." he deadpans. "Actually, it's what I *won't* do. I won't make anything my children can't see. Eventually, it's going to have to entertain all kinds of people—I don't want to make movies just for myself and Luciano Visconti.

"Acting has always been fun for me! And it's ridiculous—I'm paid for being somebody else. Actually, I'm *overpaid* for being somebody else, but don't tell the producers that!"

Moore says he will play romantic leading man parts until Bond trades in his Aston Martin coupe for a wheelchair. "I'll keep doing them as long as I can get it up!" he laughs. "When I started in repertory as a student, I played 90-year-old men. Maybe when I'm 90, I'll be playing 18-year-old men! I'll make it all go *backwards!*"

Reaching to re-light his cigar, he glances at a recent issue of **PREVUE**. "Why, that shameless hussy—oh, it's Maud!" he notes with delight at the **Octopussy** / Maud Adams cover (issue 53).

"I do so many interviews on the Bond films; on **Moonraker**, I did 388—all of them as 'in-depth, personal chats' which, of course, was impossible," he explains, paging through the magazine. "The Bonds are a bloody circus—they wheel 'em in and wheel 'em out.

"I give all the interviewers the same answers," he laughs. "Well, I will change them occasionally—*sometimes I lie!* But, I have to be a good liar, and remember what I've said before. It's very interesting. For instance, when I'm live before a television camera, interviewers ask about a statement I made years earlier, and I have *no* idea when I said it—or even *if* I said it!"

In **Naked Face**, the accent is on suspense rather than action, which is fine with the quick-witted actor. "I *do* get knocked around by a pair of Harley-Davidsons with a wheelchair between them. And, because I'm not a hero, I get beaten almost to death by the villain, who attempts to take me apart piece by piece. But, it's a living.

"Actually, I don't mind doing some stunts, but *not* in scenes with explosives," he winces. "One of my worst moments was in **The Spy Who Loved Me**, where I got three holes blasted in my rear when a chair blew up—*that was painful!* Those shots are wonderfully effective on the screen, but the audience doesn't have to feel the heat, or *smell* what I do!"

Moore says preparing for his role was as difficult as getting Bond to bed down with a luscious blonde. "I simply had to remember all my experiences with psychiatrists—which is *nil!*" he laughs. "I talked to a couple of them, though, and watched a session. It's really not much different from acting! Acting is listening and reacting, and the psychiatrist does the same thing to get an answer from a patient. I've never really gone to a psychiatrist, though, not that I don't *need* one!"

The cool Englishman adjusts his glasses and reaches for a handful of pistachio nuts. "I got hooked on these during **The Spy Who Loved Me**," he confesses. "I'd take the empty shells and scatter them on the tracks where the camera would be set during the quiet scenes. When they moved the camera, the horrible, loud cracking noise drove the sound men crazy!"

He pleads guilty as well to all charges of joking around after shots. "Even if I'm in a drama, I like a relaxed atmosphere on the set. If everyone around me is serious, I tighten up, and it *just doesn't work*—I need a laugh at the end of a take. I'd hate to do **Hamlet** for three hours!"

Moore is serious only when he praises his co-stars' abilities. "It's very exciting working with Rod, Elliot and Art—we're very different, and provide good contrast. Fine actors are wonderful to work with, so this lot is an absolute delight!

"My first big sequence was with Rod—I'd never worked with him before, but I had to yell at him. I came off the set afterward and said, 'My God! I just shouted at Rod Steiger!' It's like screaming an obscenity at the Queen!"

Finished for the day, Rod Steiger sits in the vacant office which serves as a cast lounge. Intimidating, yet friendly, he says the part of Lt. McGreavy will remind audiences of his evocative acting ability.

"It's irritating to *only* be thought of as a Hasidic rabbi or an old pawnbroker. The McGreavy role first attracted me because he possesses a certain kind of humor. He is also a *younger* character. I thought it was a good chance to show the industry I'm more youthful than they *think* I am, and get away from playing men who are so old. That will come soon enough."

He smiles thoughtfully, and indicates his pleasure at working on the film. "There are no stars on this set, in the sense of someone who wants something extra, or can't shoot if there's no music on the stage. Nobody tries to get any more attention than their work demands. Performers who *don't* have much talent are the pains-in-the-ass of movie-making. They give all actors a bad name—they're 'personalities' or 'movie stars,'" he says with distaste, almost spitting out the words. "Fortunately, everybody in this cast has been in the business more than 20 years, so they never got sucked in by that crap."

Steiger says he has enjoyed working with Forbes, who gave him freedom to improvise throughout the shoot. "One of my favorite scenes is almost an acting exercise. I walk in, see two dead bodies and walk out. Bryan had two people play dead in very grotesque and realistic positions—covered with blood. He told me, 'There'll be a surprise for you when you walk past this partition.'

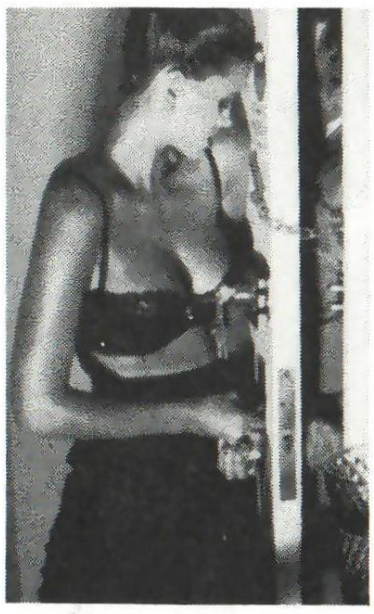
"I enjoy working like that, improvising within a given framework. Anyway, I walked past the partition, and the scene was hideous—it looked like Charles Manson had been there. My shock registered, and everybody there seemed to think so. After that, I added a bit with my imagination. I got a little blood on my finger.

"I was allowed to ad-lib at the end, so I said to Elliot, 'I'm getting too old for this; it's too much for me.' As I talked, I put my hand to my face and stopped dead—the blood was on my finger. I said, 'I'm going back to the office,' looking like I was almost sick and had had enough. Reaction to a line, the way objects are handled—that's how a character is created."

Chicago actor John (**Sixteen Candles**) Kapelos keeps the suspense mounting with his brutal portrayal of a Mafia hitman who stalks Dr. Stevens. As he puts it, "I'm a guy from the West Side who's trying to make his car payments by knocking off a few people.

"One of my first days on the set, we shot a scene where I force Roger into an elevator. I was standing around the corner waiting for a vocal cue from him, but didn't hear it. The director said, 'John, will you please hear the cue?' I said, 'Lookit, the guy mumbles his lines, he doesn't project! If he knew how to speak in English—' Everybody on the set stood with their mouths hanging open, *except* Roger and Bryan. *They* understood the spirit in which it was said, and broke up laughing."

Fortunately, Kapelos' tough on-screen persona helped him cope with a violent scene that was a bit too realistic. "I was to be shot, and the special fx man put an explosive pack on my chest without any styrofoam or leather protection under it—



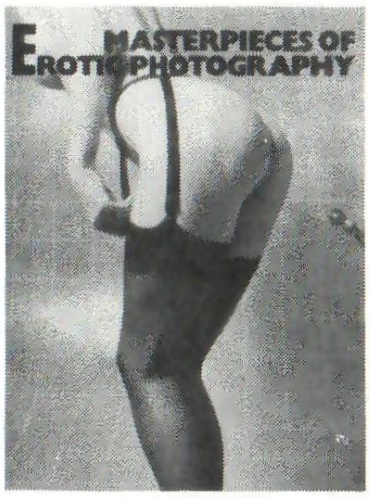
EROS

Sleepless Nights is a *visual odyssey into the bizarre*, by German photographer Helmut Newton. His women are expensive, sensuous and *leave no desire unfulfilled*. Their naked passions are captured in powerfully erotic images laced with fetishism, bondage, leather, chains, spanking and voyeurism. Outrageous, seductive, kinky, cruel but always beautiful. Limited supply. $30.00.

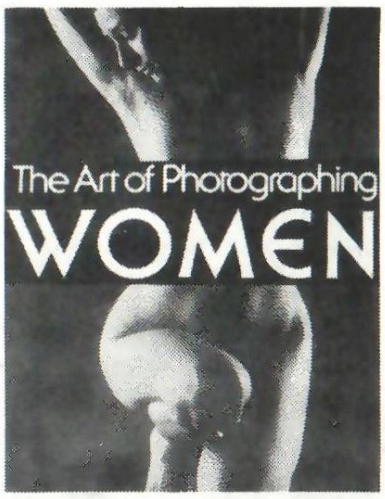
A NEW SELECTION OF FINE PHOTOGRAPHY BOOKS

Big Nudes hints at the subject matter of Helmut Newton's newest collection of *electrifying erotic fantasies*. Only a book this big, 9¼ × 12½", could contain the shocking, surprising and stunning photographic sorcery conjured by Newton's revealing camera. Cool, powerful, passionate, demanding, mysterious, cruel, but always fascinating world of amazons. $30.00

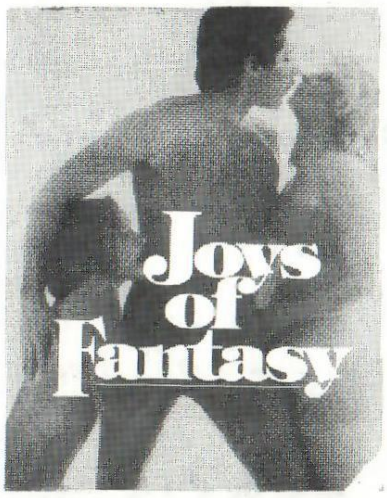
Masterpieces of Erotic Photography showcases the work of twelve top lensmen. Over 9 × 12" in size and *almost an inch thick*, the massive book explodes with *a dozen provocative portfolios* that range in content from bondage to fetishism. Bizarre, shocking, audacious and beautiful, they reveal aspects of sexuality that are both fascinating and deeply disturbing. $29.95.



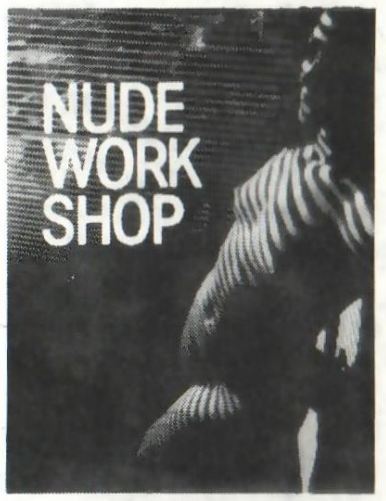
The Art of Photographing Women is a solid illustration and information-packed course on *the art of filming the female form*. From the selection of models to posing the classic nude, this handsome hardbound volume is a treasury of camera-wise techniques which will not only improve shooting skill but the enjoyment of feminine photographs. Over 125 images. First-rate. $19.95.

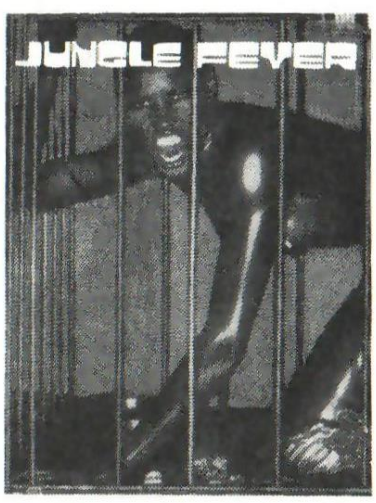


Joys of Fantasy is an erotic picture book which explores the full spectrum of sexual possibilities. *More than 150 x-rated photographs* illustrate a searing series of sensuous dreams and bizarre desires which reveal every facet of passionate fantasy. An oversized hardbound volume of private and personal adventures to please the mind and the eye. *Possitively adults only*. $19.95.

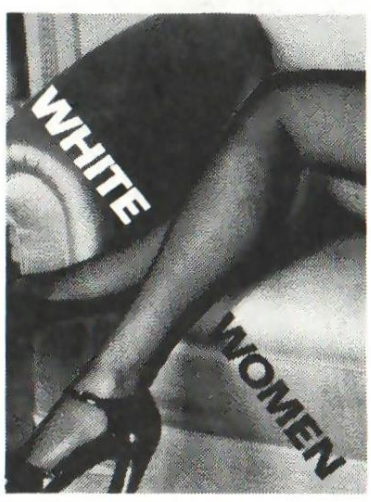


Nude Workshop collects the striking photographs of world-famous lensman Lucien Clergue in an exquisite hardbound volume *almost a foot square*. An art book of exceptional quality, it explores the nature of women, from playful and adventurous to sensual and mysterious. The images are compelling, erotic, surprising and often amusing. *Low supply*. $30.00.

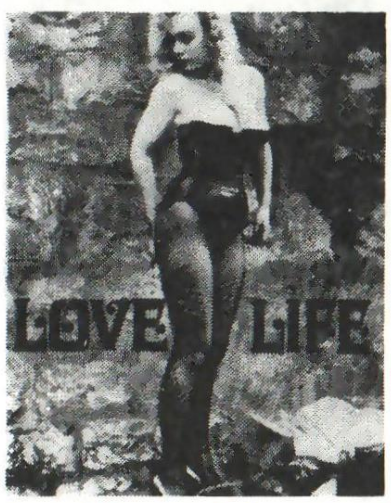




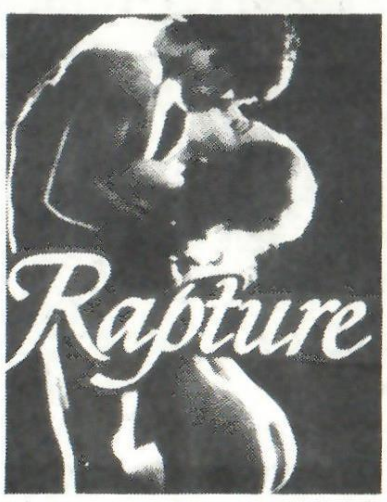
Jungle Fever crosses fantasy and reality in a searing vision of sexuality, fashion, art, celebrity, fetishism and erotic creativity. *This massive 10 × 12" volume* recounts a life-long quest into the world of sinuous, sensuous dark and light-skinned women for the perfect female. *Full-color throughout*. An x-rated hardbound book definitely for *adults only*. $32.50.



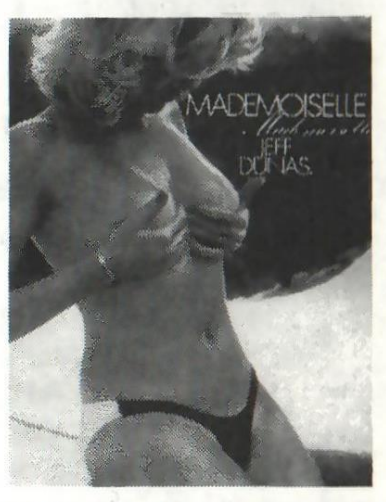
White Women introduces the erotic fantasies of international lensman Helmut Newton in a *high-quality oversized volume* charged with sexual tension. Here is a world shrouded in beauty and luxury where no desire is unfulfilled. Women are expensive, sensuous, stimulating, their naked passions often bizarre, kinky, cruel and violent. Fascinating and disturbing photo visions. $25.



Love Life reveals the story of Irene, a woman of the night with the body of a goddess, the face of a child and the hair of an angel in a series of photos *as powerfully erotic as any we've ever offered*. A provocative pictorial storybook follows the beautiful German prostitute on the passionate streets and into bed with candid, honest yet poetic images of unforgettable sexuality. $17.95.



Rapture takes flight with *13 erotic photo fantasies* rich in imagination, humor, style and beauty. Long out of print, this hefty 9 × 12" volume is a fantastic visual odyssey about lovers, their passions and pleasures, told in more than *150 full-page photographs*. An x-rated study of sensual joy expressed and shared by real lovers. Adults only. *Very limited supply*. $17.95.



Mademoiselle is a superb companion volume to the best-selling erotic photo book, *Captured Women*. Exquisite full-color images explore the breathtaking beauty and overwhelming sensuality of women in fur and leather, aroused and waiting, dressed in transparent silk and stark naked. Unexpected, hot, delightful, dangerous. The *finest book of its kind* in our stock. $27.95.

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they're supposed to use *both.* All they had on my chest was metal, so when the pack exploded, it felt like a hammer hit me!

"Afterward, I peeled off a suit that was destroyed, and the make-up lady dabbed at my chest, trying to get the stage blood off. She said, 'Let me wipe this away.' I said, 'Then be more careful! *That's real blood!*'"

Kapelos filmed during the day, and starred on stage with Second City in the evening, a schedule loaded enough to keep even a hitman staggering. "I had a 9:00 curtain one night when an important TV critic was coming to review the show. I *had* to be there, but at 8:40, we were still filming. Roger said, 'Why so down in the face?' So, I told him about the situation. He stood up and said, 'Well, let's go!' He got the shot set up, and completed in *one take.* They said, 'Go, go, go!' and called a cab. I made it to the theatre with *one minute to curtain*—and walked on stage wearing all my killer make-up!"

Thick smoke billows out as the mobile trailer door opens, and a grey haze almost conceals the occupants around the table inside. Elliot Gould holds his cards close to his vest. Across from him are three crew teamsters, each as serious as the star about their game. All that's missing are the green eyeshades.

"The filming's gone very well so far—but the teamsters are difficult to work with," Gould chuckles. A cigar is tucked tightly in the corner of his mouth.

"The film's been hard work. I guess that's pretty obvious," he says, eyeballing his opponents like they are the enemy. He shuffles the deck and deals. A call over a two-way radio pages the actor, and he sighs resignedly. "I guess this'd better be the last hand. . ."

As the cards cross the table, Gould studies the game as if a fortune depends on the outcome. "I've never played a role like this, although I'm always really straight. I'm usually the only *serious* one in my movies, so I *seem* to be a clown!" He scratches his head. "Think I should shoot the moon?"

Like the other leads, Gould has nothing but praise for his colleagues. "The set is full of tension, though," he comments, but right now the flush he is holding concerns him more. "I win one more hand, I'll own this camper."

As the filming continues, Moore sings a tune from **A Chorus Line**. When Forbes calls, "Action!" Kapelos roughs him up and drags him off-camera by his jacket. When the actors are out of range, Moore and Gould spin Kapelos around and start doing a number on *him!* They take his gun and threaten him with it. Forbes, concerned about his prop, asks Kapelos, "Are you loaded?"

"Is he ever!" Moore grins, and pops another pistachio into his mouth.★

PREVUE

JOHN HUSTON

(continued from page 53)

on the shrubbery. Then, he proceeded to take other things off—his collar, and so on. Little things like that weren't contemplated *before* the scene, they occurred *during* the scene. And sometimes, they really make the *magic* happen.

PREVUE: How do you guide your actors? Do you trust them and let them go, or work the scene with them, describing precisely what you want?

HUSTON: Both. It depends on the actor—each requires a separate approach. Albert, for instance, had complete freedom. While he was rehearsing with the other actors, I'd say, "Albert, work something out. I'll be back in an hour." Very often he'd be ready to shoot, with a few physical directions for the camera.

PREVUE: What happens when an actor believes he has the right direction for the scene, but something is missing in *your* vision? Will you ask him to give another reading?

HUSTON: Yes. I won't supply the other reading, just keep playing with it until the right tone emerges. If the scene is fundamentally good, the truth of the situation will come out of it.

PREVUE: The secret to that approach is casting actors right for the part, whom you work with well. That explains why you've used several actors numerous times in films.

HUSTON: Yes, and very often people who *aren't* actors, who just are the part. I've done some films with more non-actors in them than professionals! For instance, **Fat City** had two or three professional actors, and the rest were just indigenous.

PREVUE: They have their own believability because they're just being themselves.

HUSTON: One looks for that among actors, too.

PREVUE: Albert Finney is certainly a natural for the Consul. Why did you cast him?

HUSTON: Originally, we intended to use Richard Burton, who wanted to do it very much, but was occupied in **Private Lives**. When we had to go ahead, I saw Finney—not as a replacement for Burton—but that he would be great in it—and he exceeded my expectations. I must say this in an aside—his was one of the finest performances I have *ever* witnessed, regardless of my own involvement.

PREVUE: If **Volcano** had been made 25 years ago, who would have played the Consul part?

HUSTON: Certainly an Englishman, perhaps Ralph Richardson or Laurence Olivier.

PREVUE: Would the Consul have died if the film were made then?

HUSTON: I think so; that's necessary to the story.

PREVUE: How many camera set-ups do you prefer for the average sit-down scene?

HUSTON: I *never* use more than one camera. I probably shoot less film than anyone but a quickie director.

PREVUE: That means your plan going in is very tight.

HUSTON: Yes, and I shoot footage so that it can only be cut one way. I don't make separate master shots, over-shoulders and close-ups. I try to find the scene's first shot, and then the rest follows suit. Sometimes that's been to my embarrassment, but nevertheless, it's my style.

PREVUE: Was there ever a film when you just *didn't* get enough in the can?

HUSTON: I can't remember specifically. Sometimes, I haven't shot a close-up when I might damn well have—and I've had to move in *optically* instead.

PREVUE: When you block a scene, do you look through the camera?

HUSTON: Always—*every* shot!

PREVUE: That's an expression of your artistic training and sensibilities. For example, you fill the screen with images in much the same way as you'd paint on a canvas.

HUSTON: Yes; it's implicit.

PREVUE: Do you work from storyboards?

HUSTON: Only for action scenes. For instance, in **Moby Dick**, every shot of Ahab fighting the whale had to be right on the money.

PREVUE: Frequently the material you work with dictates the style the film will be shot or edited in. Do you make that decision up front, or does the material develop a life of its own as you work with it?

HUSTON: Both. I try to imagine the movie's requirements before I start shooting, and talk it over with my cameraman to determine any special approach or technique—such as what the *pallet* of the picture will be, and what will be done with moving shots. Much of **Volcano** was shot with a steady cam, for instance, because so much of the picture was in motion.

PREVUE: You also prefer to shoot on location, for realism. Yet you always keep an emphasis on characters—where the drama is—instead of epic backgrounds and sets. Had Cecil B. DeMille made **The African Queen**, for example, it would have been a travelogue.

HUSTON: I think if you're on location, you can *forget* about the background.

PREVUE: It will be there no matter how a film is shot.

HUSTON: That's right. If I'm there, I don't need to give it any consideration. It's when I'm *not there* that I have to think about it.

PREVUE: So you prefer to work on location instead of a backlot, with the convenience of facilities, just for the extra magic it adds to the film?

HUSTON: Yes; it definitely provides a kind of inspiration, and situations that would not occur on the backlot. Audiences today find the backlot hard to accept; they've *been to* Hong Kong, London and Egypt.

PREVUE: With so much to work with, why

TOUCH

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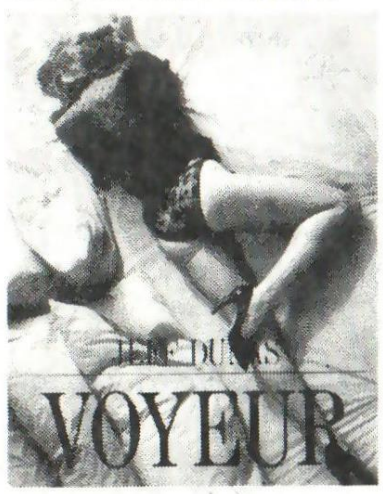

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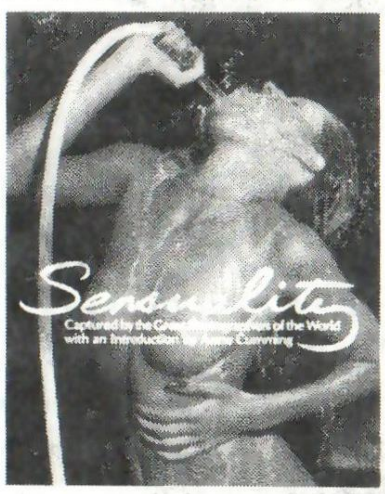

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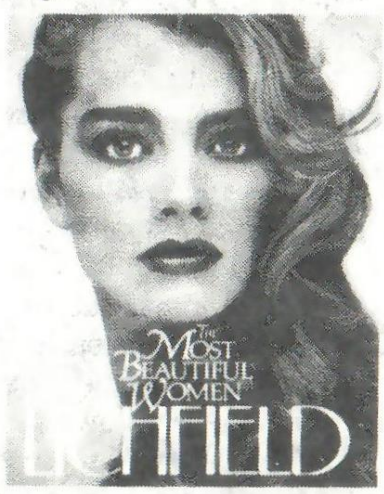

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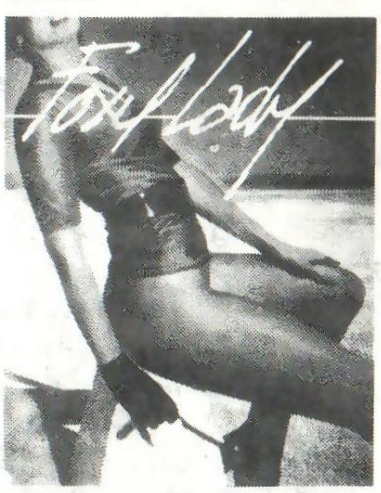

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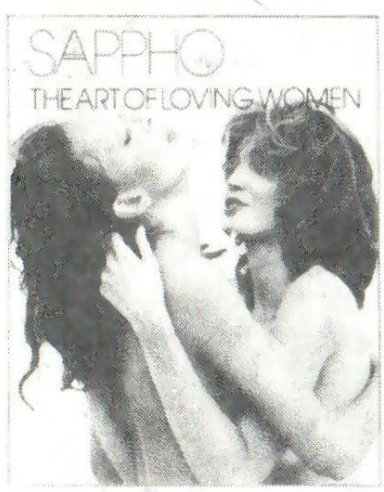

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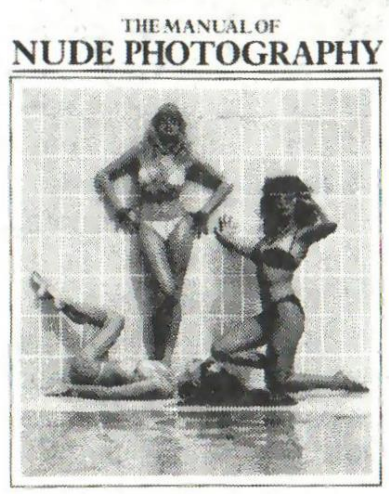

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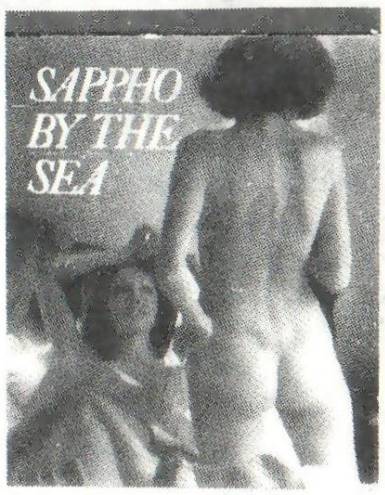

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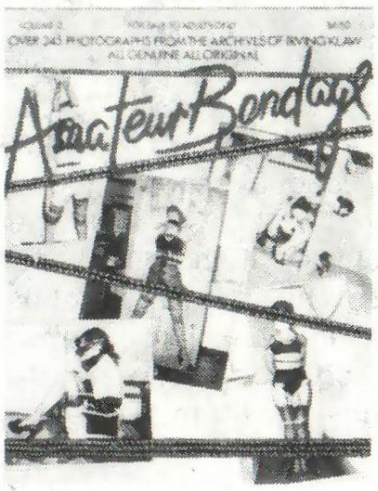

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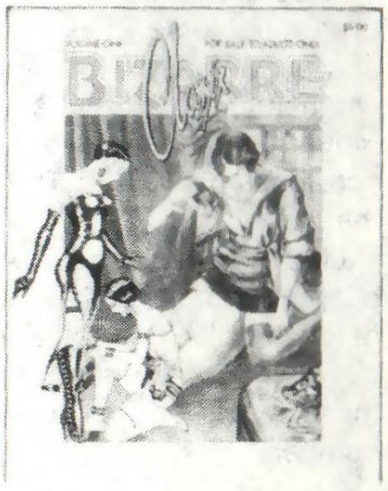

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can't filmmakers, novelists and painters create a higher success rate than they do? Why can't the reality of a concept, a scene or an idea be as rich and strong as it is conceived in the mind?

HUSTON: Perhaps because a purity is missing, but I think we can find solace in the fact that, on his death bed, Michelangelo wanted to rise up, destroy his drawings and break up his sculpture. The *better* the artist, the *tougher* his requirements. Those who are satisfied with their work are rarely satisfying to us.

PREVUE: Were there any scenes cut from the final film because you weren't satisfied with them?

HUSTON: There were only two set-ups, a shot of the brother and Yvonne, the wife, on the merry-go-round, and a shot of the Consul and Yvonne entering his house, that are not in the picture. But, they just *weren't* required.

PREVUE: Have you ever fallen in love with a shot, and had to cut it because it didn't quite fit the film?

HUSTON: That has happened, but rarely.

PREVUE: Is the print of **Volcano** your cut?

HUSTON: Oh, yes. I insist on it when I make a film.

PREVUE: Was there a style in which you felt it should be edited?

HUSTON: There was only *one way* to edit it. That holds true for most of my pictures. The editor is *not* given much leeway.

PREVUE: Your use of color is often very controlled, such as in **Moby Dick**. Many directors had difficulty learning how to use color as a cinematic element, especially when the black-and-white era came to a close. You use it to influence the audience, to create an attitude in much the same way you'd select a camera angle or a lighting composition.

HUSTON: Yes, it was very deliberate, especially in **Moby Dick**. Color is part of the language of film, and I was very interested in exploring it.

PREVUE: I often have the feeling that color film gets in the way of filmmakers. You were still shooting black-and-white magnificently into the '60s. **Volcano** is the kind of film that you may have made in black-and-white during another period. What is your feeling about color film and how to handle it?

HUSTON: Until the last ten or fifteen years, filmmakers just shot technicolor—no plans or visual concepts. It was either in color or it wasn't. I think I was one of the first American directors to do anything about color—for example, whether it should be saturated or shot in neutral tones to tell a story. **Moulin Rouge** was one of the first to do that. **Moby Dick** followed, taking off on another technique. Only the cameramen from the black-and-white generation knew its values. Gabriel Figueroa, who did **Night of the Iguana** with me, was a *great* black-and-white photographer. Most of those values were lost when the cameramen went to color. Now, they're getting it back again. Color today is composed far more subtly than it used to be. It took a long time to compensate and learn what color is about.

Incidentally, I saw **Moby Dick** on TV a few weeks ago. I don't often watch my films, but I managed to get all the way through it—it held up very well.

PREVUE: It's the most epic of your pictures. Why didn't the critics receive Gregory Peck's performance well? I thought he was remarkably psychotic and compelling as Captain Ahab.

HUSTON: I'm glad you said that. I think critics remembered John Barrymore's performance in the previous version, but that was a romance, *not* the story of Moby Dick. In my opinion, it was also Jack's worst performance—he *really* chewed up the sails! I also believe most critics never really knew Ahab because they *never* read the book. They'd say, "I read it as a kid." Well, with its complex language and heavy use of metaphor, no child *ever* read **Moby Dick**.

PREVUE: That's one of your finest films. What are your other favorite John Huston movies?

HUSTON: They don't always coincide with what the public likes. I like **The Man Who Would Be King** very much, and **Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison**, a very simple, modest little picture. It was slight, but good. And so on. There are moments in other pictures down the line. There are also pictures I don't like to think about!

PREVUE: In guessing what your favorite is, I'd say **Treasure of the Sierra Madre** because both you and your dad, Walter Huston, won Academy Awards for it—you as director and scriptwriter, and him for best supporting actor as the grizzled, old prospector. Your dad was such a fine actor. Some of the roles he played, like Mr. Scratch in **The Devil and Daniel Webster**, will never be topped.

HUSTON: Well, you're right: **Sierra Madre** is the favorite of my films.

PREVUE: The dancing scene in **Treasure**, when your dad tells Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt they're a couple of jackasses, is an unforgettable moment in film. You seem drawn to stories about men—tough men—who *find* themselves as they go through a period of crisis. Is there a unifying vision that runs through your pictures?

HUSTON: There may be. It's been pointed out to me, but it's certainly *not* intentional. I have no message to impart or ax to grind. I just go from picture to picture because of what fascinates me in the stories. Undoubtedly, there is a common thread, but I'm not aware of it.

PREVUE: Many of your films can be viewed again and again without tiring the audience. What makes that timeless quality? Can you create it deliberately?

HUSTON: I try to get *reality* on the screen, so that I forget it's a scene in a picture. It's more of a living experience. I hope audiences will forget they're in a theater, and just share in what's happening. If any of my pictures qualify, I think it's because of that.

PREVUE: Let's call it "the stuff that dreams are made of," the Bogart voice is optional!

HUSTON: Did you know that was Bogart's line? It wasn't in Hammett's book or in my script. He just suggested it while we were making **The Maltese Falcon**, and it seemed quite appropriate.

PREVUE: What appealed to you about Bogart?

HUSTON: You know, I never wrote a picture with him in mind. It's hard to believe, but true. Often, after having written a story, there was no one to play it *but* Bogart.

PREVUE: He had an attitude . . .

HUSTON: . . . that coincided with what I wrote. *Exactly!*

PREVUE: You made six movies with Bogart. You wrote or directed most of his best films: **High Sierra**, **Maltese Falcon**, **Across the Pacific**, **Key Largo**, **Sierra Madre**, **African Queen**, **Beat the Devil**. Were the two of you good friends?

HUSTON: Oh, sure.

PREVUE: The barroom fight scene in **Treasure,** when Holt and Bogart beat up Barton MacLane is one of the most violent scenes on film because of its realism, but it wasn't a typical Hollywood brawl. Did you bring your personal expertise into choreographing that fight?

HUSTON: Yes, it's true. I sent the stuntmen away and did it myself.

PREVUE: Did you draw on a real-life barroom brawl to create it?

HUSTON: Not really. As a rule in movies, the one-man-fighting-two is the hero. In this case, I had the two heroes overcoming Barton MacLane—some manly victory!

PREVUE: Why did you play the part of the generous American in the panhandling scene with Bogie at the beginning of the film?

HUSTON: There was no one *else* to do it! It was shot in Tampico, with a Mexican crew, and there were no actors available. So, *I* did it.

PREVUE: I'd love to find the three silver dollars you gave him in a Hollywood flea market someday—just for luck, of course! Incidentally, how important is money to you?

HUSTON: It's only important when you *don't* have it! Good luck finding those silver dollars, but, be careful—there are *several* Maltese Falcon statues out there that owners swear are the one used in the film.

PREVUE: Why did you make **The Maltese Falcon**; it had already been made twice during the '30s?

HUSTON: I liked the book so much. The pictures that had been made before had screenwriters who *didn't* like it. Those movies weren't very good. I think there's a cue here for us. Instead of remaking pictures that were enormous successes, why not remake *our failures*—films that damn well require remaking, because they've had no

success. No great picture ever has been remade more successfully than the original. But, they keep making them again and again, and no matter how well they're done, they *never* match the originals.

PREVUE: **Lost Horizon** and **King Kong** are good examples.

HUSTON: The latest version of **The Bounty** is a wonderful picture, but it can't hope to top our memory of the Gable version.

PREVUE: In the original 1931 **Maltese Falcon**, Ricardo Cortez was much closer to Dashiell Hammett's rather satanic description of Sam Spade. But, Bogart really made the character his own. You knew Hammett; what did he say about the film when he saw it?

HUSTON: He was in the East at the time, and I never heard from him. I only saw him a few times after the picture was made, and I mentioned it. I said, "How did you like it?" "Oh," he said, "I liked it very much." That was all.

PREVUE: **The Maltese Falcon** was the first picture you directed, and it became the definitive detective film. What was the key factor in making it work so well?

HUSTON: The cast was so extraordinary: Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Mary Astor and Elisha Cook, Jr.—and right on down the line. It would be awfully hard to cast that picture so well today. A peculiar chemistry occurred there, but none of us had any idea it was going to be a classic. That was a *complete* surprise!

PREVUE: Do you try to top yourself from picture to picture?

HUSTON: No, I just don't think that way.

PREVUE: Do you ever take a souvenir from your pictures?

HUSTON: No, the film itself is all I take home. That's really quite a lot.

PREVUE: It's more than enough. American cinema wouldn't be the same without your massive contribution. Would you enlighten us on a few points about those classics? For instance, what was your attitude about making an unreformable criminal like Dix, played by Sterling Hayden in **The Asphalt Jungle**, so sympathetic?

HUSTON: One critic wrote a letter publicly denouncing the film, because he said it *glorified* hoodlums and crime—he didn't like them portrayed sympathetically. I felt, however, that understanding them was more important, because it demonstrated their tragedy with much *greater impact.* To do anything about a problem, one must always understand it first.

PREVUE: Both **Asphalt Jungle** and **High Sierra** were adapted from W.R. Burnett novels. His other filmed works include **Little Caesar** and **Scarface**. Were you good friends?

HUSTON: Yes, Bill and I knew each other very well. I liked his books because he really understood—and was attracted to—the criminal element. I hadn't talked to him after I made **Asphalt Jungle**, but I saw his wife after he died, and she said he enjoyed it very much.

PREVUE: Your next film was **The Red Badge of Courage** with Audie Murphy, an actor who was also the most decorated soldier in WW2. Did you cast him in the lead because he was a real hero and you have a soft spot for heroes?

HUSTON: That may have had something to do with it. But, I think both he and Bill Mauldin turned in good performances, don't you?

PREVUE: Yes, and probably did it by just being themselves.

HUSTON: I wouldn't be surprised!

PREVUE: **African Queen** is one of my favorite films because it has everything: action, suspense, romance, humor, drama. But, I've always wondered: considering it was shot on location in Africa, who was tougher—Hepburn or Bogart?

HUSTON: Truthfully, Kate is one of the *toughest* people I've ever known—she's even tougher *than me!*

PREVUE: Maybe she took lessons from you. After all, Richard Brooks once told me that he learned to direct from you, while he watched you helm **Key Largo**. He had a lot of wonderful John Huston stories. Who did you learn to direct from?

HUSTON: I learned a great deal from my father, who approached a part and let it grow, instead of imposing himself on it. He wasn't so much directing as acting. This morning, I was talking to someone about mystery author Georges Simenon. As a director, I sort of feel like his Inspector Maigret. I come onto the set, there's the scene, but I don't tell people what to do. I don't ratiocinate, don't work it out logically like Sherlock Holmes did. I just keep my sensibilities acute in the manner of Maigret. I let things happen by themselves.

PREVUE: Just for the record, which Huston movies were the most challenging for you?

HUSTON: Probably **Freud** because it was such a difficult subject, and **Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison** because it was so *simple*—essentially a two-person story.

PREVUE: If things get too difficult, can you be a tyrant on the set?

HUSTON: Such a thing is rarely required. I can't even remember when I've had to be that way.

PREVUE: What irritates you most about filmmaking today, as opposed to 30 years ago?

HUSTON: Things I hope are all taken care of are dropped on my doorstep. In the old days, we didn't consider where the money for making a picture was coming from. That was *all* front office business. I don't mean to sound as though I'm looking down my nose at the vulgarity of people who had to deal with such matters, but today it's hard to simply be a *director*—much more difficult than it used to be.

PREVUE: I thought you might cite the lack of craftsmanship, the pride in one's work. TV promotes the sensibility of, "Let's just put our eight hours in, and get out." The little touches, such as dramatic lighting, are often missing in today's productions.

HUSTON: Yes. On the other hand, I saw **Terms of Endearment**, and *by God,* that's beautifully conceived and executed. It far exceeded my expectations—beautifully performed, written and directed. Such things will always be in the minority, don't you think?

PREVUE: Yes, I believe that only 5% of almost anything is ever *worthwhile.*

HUSTON: That's true of novels, just the same as motion pictures, paintings and everything else.

PREVUE: And you should know. It must surprise people to learn the various vocations you've pursued, such as a prizefighter who gave up the ring for painting. When was the last time you threw a punch or finished a painting?

HUSTON: It's been a *long* time since I threw a punch, but I paint *every day* when I'm home in Mexico. While I work, I listen to tapes of the classics, such as Dante's **Inferno** and Shakespeare, not for inspiration, but to fill in an element that seems to be missing. I'm a very good draftsman, and I say that quite dispassionately. I paint portraits and landscapes, but don't have gallery shows because I make movies for the *public*—I paint for *myself.* It's very private and personal. As a painter yourself, don't you find that satisfying?

PREVUE: No. In fact, I prefer *not* to look at the work after I've completed it. Seeing the flaws and knowing how short of the mark it is often hurts.

HUSTON: Yes, it does. But, I meant it's satisfying while you're doing it because you're so completely immersed in the work.

PREVUE: It's a temporary satisfaction, and I've never believed that fulfillment spurs the creative urge. But, while we're on the subject, what do you feel is your greatest achievement?

HUSTON: I don't feel I've really achieved *anything.*

PREVUE: If you haven't, no one has! But, perhaps that's why you continue to make films. It also suggests there may be dozens of other projects on your dance card. Would you preview a few of them for us?

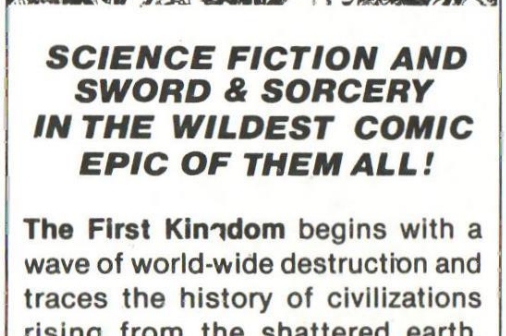
HUSTON: One is based on Anatole France's novel, **Revolt of the Angels**. Another is based on Richard Condon's book, **Prizzi's Honor**.

PREVUE: Haven't you started on that one already?

HUSTON: The script has been written.

PREVUE: You've given us a lifetime of pictures, emotions and entertainment—and are still going strong. How do you feel these days?

HUSTON: Well, I've got a bit of emphysema, so just going upstairs makes me wheeze and cough. And, I've only got one good eye now, but I'm very active and I feel good. My first 78 years have been very fulfilling—I hope *the next 78* are just as good! ★



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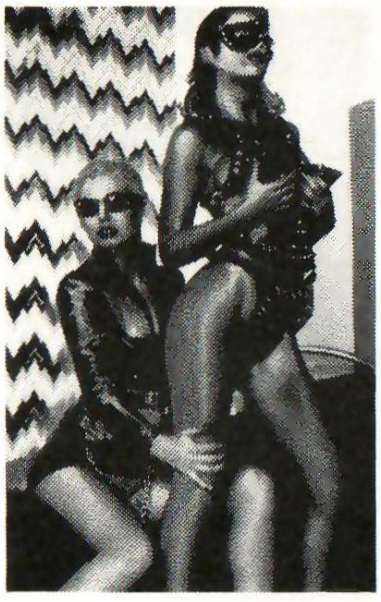
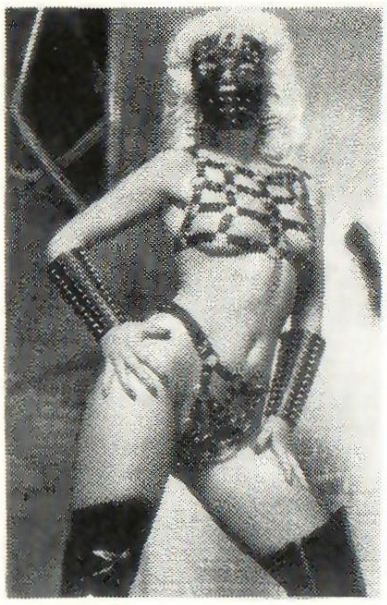
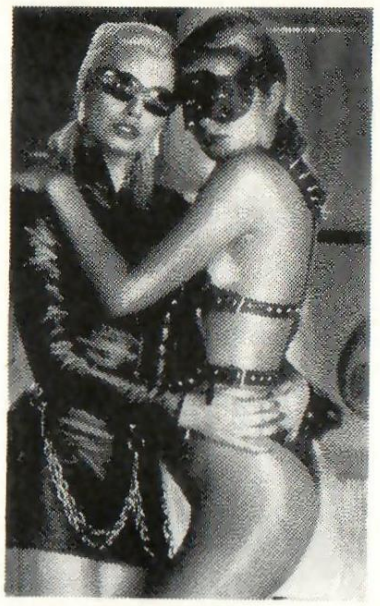




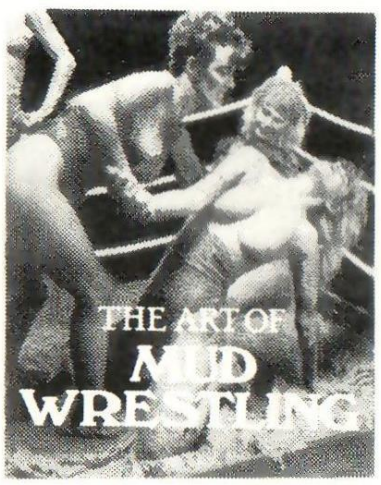
SLINKY!

Touch of Leather is a revealing, spike-heeled romp into a kinky, offbeat world of fetish and fantasy. *Almost 200 pulsing full-color photos* feature a score of models wrapped in black leather miniskirts, high boots, masks, waist cinches, collars, g-strings, gloves and less—all rippling with metal studs, snaps, zippers, straps and chains. A *provocative pin-up book.* Hardbound. $14.95.

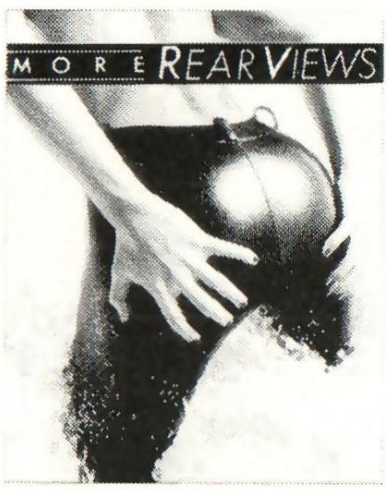


A PULSING PARADE OF PIN-UPS AND PAPERDOLLS

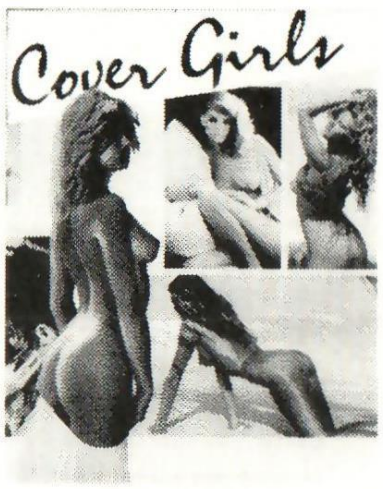
The Art of Mud Wrestling is a bold, bare-chested, no-holds-barred performance by four beautiful and aggressive queens of the kinky canvas. *Over 150 pulse-pounding full-color photos* follow the voluptuous vixens into sensuous combat, a mud-slinging, bikini-ripping contest guaranteed to give girlwatchers' libidos a full-nelson. An erotic delight, in the ring or in the shower. Hardbound. $14.95.



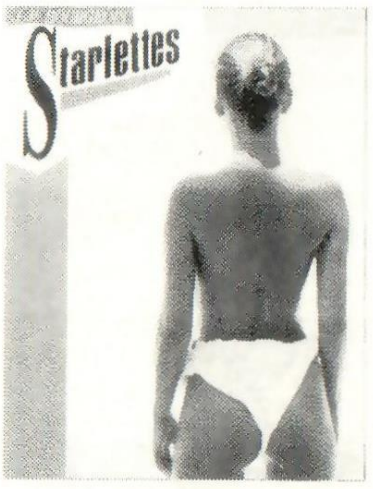
More Rear Views is the second sensational volume of the series that bounced behinds to the forefront of erotic picture books. *Over 100 color and B&W reproductions* provide a peeping Tom's view of the most provocative posteriors since Brooke Shields donned her Calvins. A cheeky celebration that focuses intimately on the bottom line, no ifs, no ands, *just butts!* $8.95.



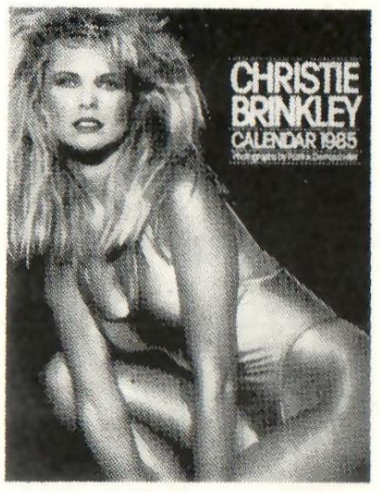
Cover Girls is a torrid treasury of unusually sensual photographs created by Europe's top erotic lensmen. Imported from overseas, this *high-quality 144-page volume* is packed with electrifying images of the most exquisitely beautiful models of any book in our stock. Full-page, full-color pictures further enhance the sexual impact of the luxurious, full-bodied figures. *Limited supply.* $24.95.

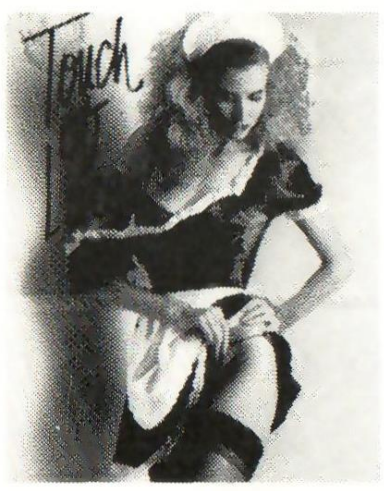


Starlettes is a special book about a special type of woman —enticing beauty, sensuous figure, magnetic eyes and passion that cannot be forgotten. This *new, oversize 9½"x12½" volume* captures the very essence of their eroticism in a gallery of stunning *full-color photographs* framed by the exotic wonders of the Bahama shoreline. Take a dream vacation with these enchanting sirens! $13.95.

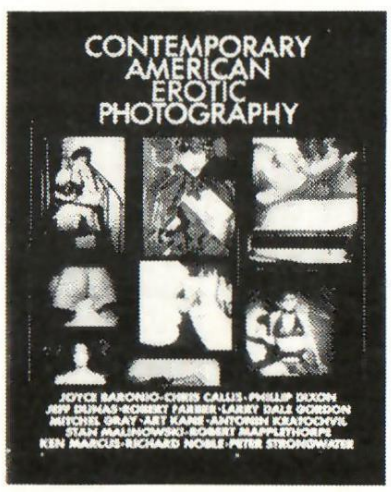


The Christie Brinkley 1985 Calendar is a must for every pin-up collector and girl-watcher this year—not only for its focus on America's hottest figure model, but because of its spectacular size, a *gigantic 16x19"!* Twice as large as most other calendars we offer, it features *the bikini-clad blonde in 13 eye-popping poses* guaranteed to thrill every viewer and voyeur all year long. Only $9.95.



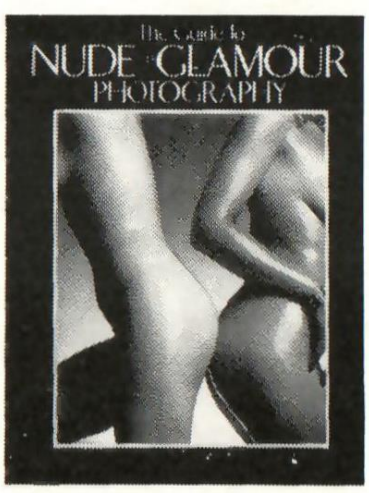


Touch of Lace is a high-quality photo gallery spotlighting a parade of sexy and stunningly beautiful ladies in next to nothing. Pin-ups in panties, lacy lingerie, sheer stockings, high heels, garter belts, tiny teddies and sizzling, see-through scanties are revealed in fabulous full-color—many in full-pages—images. An eye-popping panorama in *big 9x12" hardbound format.* Available at $14.95.

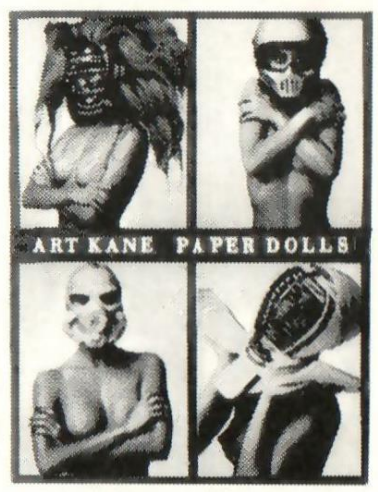


Contemporary American Erotic Photography is the first volume in a series featuring 14 leading lensmen. The extraordinary quality of the *full-color and duotone reproductions,* plus the spectrum of subject matter—which ranges from pin-ups and provocative portraits to bondage and bizarre costumes—make this *huge 9½x13" format* a connoisseur's delight. Startling, sexy, strange! $30.00.

Erotic Lingerie is an unforgettable collection of pin-up photos focusing on silk and satin, lace and ribbon undergarments sizzling with raw sexuality and high fetish appeal. A host of elegant models playing fantasy roles —from French maids to rich debutantes—reveal their most sensual secrets *in more than 120 torrid poses.* Shocking full-color throughout the quality hardbound format. $14.95



The Guide to Nude and Glamour Photography is a special European import detailing the fine art of *shooting the pin-up girl.* Packed from cover to cover with provocative poses, revealing situations and intimate close-ups *in color and B&W,* this quality, oversized hardbound volume features the very best work of top lensmen and their sexiest models, accompanied by text on technique. $14.95.



Paper Dolls is a powerful visual statement by ace American lensman Art Kane. His erotically-charged photographs of scantily-clad women in provocative poses and unusual situations transcend the pin-up tradition to make a compelling statement about sexuality, passion, lust, fantasy fetishes and bizarre perversions. Huge *9½x13" hardbound volume* in full-color throughout. $35.

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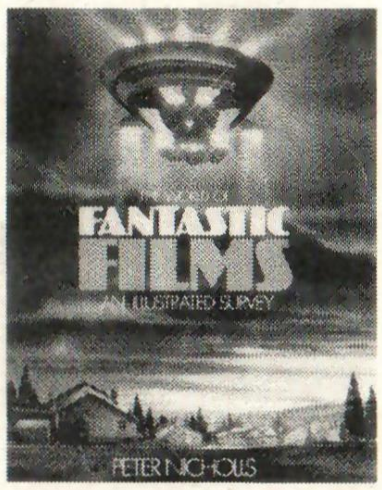
TORRID

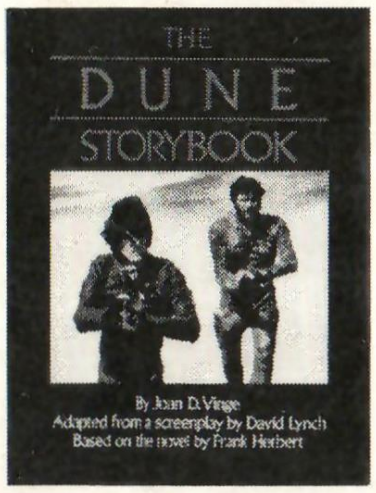
Lure of the Tropix is a photo-packed parade of premordial pin-ups from She to Sheena! *Over 200 illustrations* uncover the wildest white goddesses, slave girls and amazon queens of the movies including Tanya Roberts, Raquel Welch, Yvonne De Carlo, Kathleen Turner, Jane Seymour, Irish McCalla, Maria Montez, Ursula Andress and many others. *More than 250 pages* of ladies in leopard skin bikinis—and less. $12.95.

FROM BIG SCREEN DREAMS TO CINEMA QUEENS

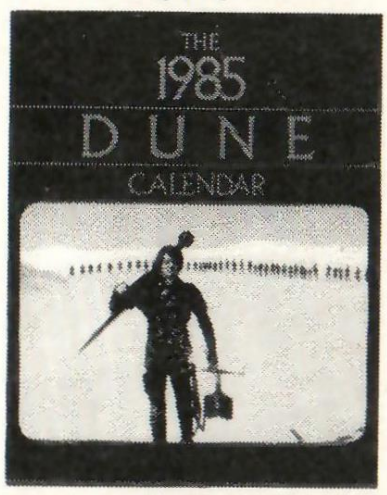
The World of Fantastic Films is the most comprehensive survey published on science fiction, fantasy, horror and monster movies. The *mammoth 224-page volume* features almost 100 color pages, and *covers 350 films in detail, plus 400 more* in a complete filmography. A critical history focuses primarily on the boom after 1968, the creators and their classics, from *Star Wars* to *Superman*. Only $14.95.



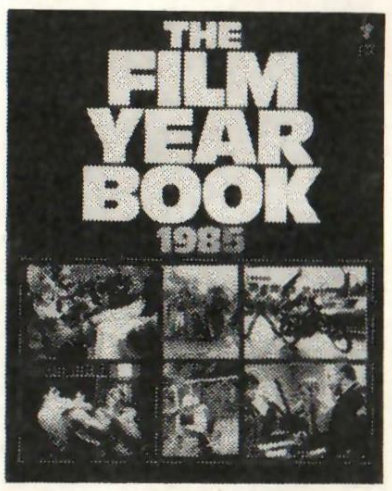
The Dune Storybook is an incredible voyage into the wonderous world of Frank Herbert. This evocative volume—*packed from cover to cover with full-color photos from the new film*—captures the visual magic of the award-winning science fiction classic: the heroes, the villains, the monsters, the aliens, the weaponry, the architecture and the epic drama that captivated millions. $6.95.



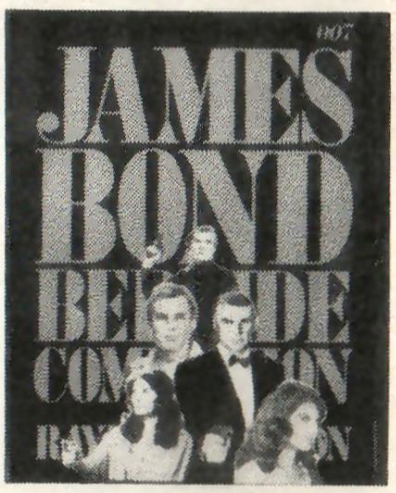
The Dune 1985 Calendar features a full year's worth of images and excitement from the science fiction epic of the decade. *Almost a foot square,* the new calendar highlights a host of key dramatic scenes from the film—from fantastic battles on the arid sandscape of Arrakis to compelling portraits of the characters who make Frank Herbert's extraordinary masterpiece come alive. 24 big pages! $6.95.

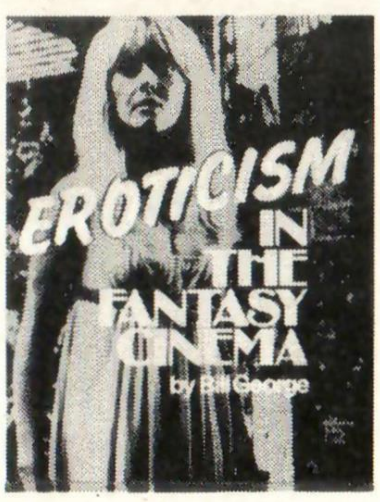


The Film Yearbook 1985 reviews *more than 200 recent releases* including plot summaries, complete cast and crew listings, awards, and more reference. *Over 500 photos,* many in full-color, illustrate the cinema output of the preceding 12 months, with leading film critics covering important entries. Both 1983 and 1984 volumes are still available *at the same price.* $12.95.

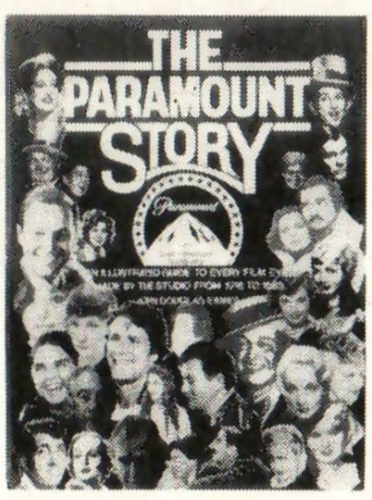


James Bond Bedside Companion is the newest and most definitive volume ever written on Her Majesty's favorite super-spy. *Almost 400 oversize pages* detail the 007 phenomenon, from the history of the books and behind-the-scenes stories of the films, to an up-to-date dossier on Bond and his creator, Ian Fleming. *Heavily illustrated,* the massive work covers every facet of Bondmania, from movies to merchandising. $12.95.

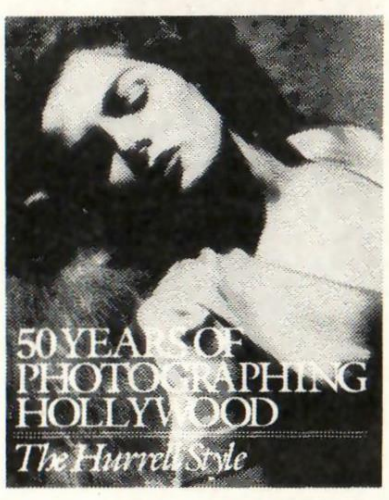




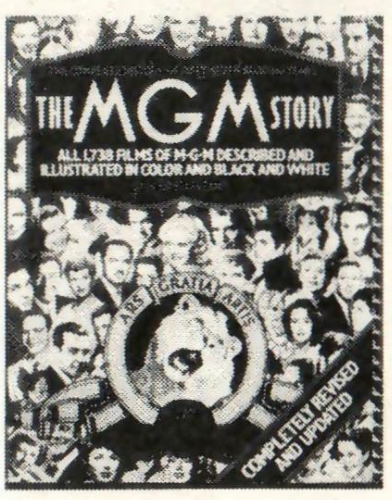
Eroticism in the Fantasy Cinema is a collector's compilation of photos featuring the hottest, most sensual—and often most bizarre—scenes from hundreds of films in the science fiction, horror and fantasy genres. *Over 125 pages* uncover the screen's most beautiful and bountiful actresses, including Caroline Munro, Martine Beswick and Ingrid Pitt, in full-color and B&W R-rated images. $14.95.



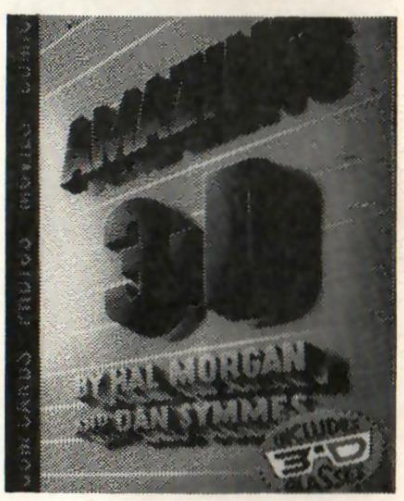
The Paramount Story is the newest historic overview of the great Hollywood studios. Illustrated with *more than 1,000 full-color and B&W photos,* the giant 9x12½" volume details every film ever made at the studio, from 1916 to the present, *more than 2,800 entries.* A fabulous pictorial guide that belongs on the bookshelf of every film buff and cinema historian. Hardbound format. $24.95.



Photographing Hollywood is a superb graphic record of the great movie star portraits created by legendary lensman George Hurrell. *Almost 200 photographs* rich with glamour, elegance, beauty and sensuality are reproduced in an oversized hardbound volume which includes fascinating behind the scenes stories of how the subjects were shot. $16.95 value for $8.95.


THE MGM STORY
ALL 1738 FILMS OF M-G-M DESCRIBED AND
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK AND WHITE
COMPLETELY REVISED
AND UPDATED

The MGM Story recounts the remarkable history of one of Hollywood's most prolific and prestigious studios. Fifty-seven years of big screen entertainment are recorded in words and photos, summarizing MGM's *complete output of 1,738 films.* The mammoth 9½x13" volume is a must for every fan of cinematic entertainment. An invaluable reference packed with photos. $24.95.



Amazing 3-D is the first and only book to study the history, technology and phenomenon of a visual craze that swept through the 1950s and has recently returned to intrigue viewers everywhere. This big, oversize volume features 176 sensational pages packed with 3-D effects, *including 135 dimensional pictures,* 15 full-color movie posters, and a real pair of *special 3-D glasses.* $13.95.

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